

I knocked down all the walls,

first thing;

first go

Sealed over the windows

(I'd prefer a lamp to the sun)

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The family gave me a property from the onset, cleared it as best they could, and were always keen to lend a hand in the construction of my house. Kind of them, I'm sure. But there were a few mishappers within the idea.

They bolted a Victrola to the Southeast corner of the foundation, for my comfort. They are very common in this part of the world, and most are equipped with some volume of a spoken text. Before everything arrived, of course, I slept out there in the open. But it was in a superb locale, and what rain fell did not perturb me.

For the sake of the gift, I listened, but the words were not of the Earth, and they were not comforting. *Cast away your borders*, the Victrola said.

Do not dwell on what you see, for it is not your concern.

Do not lock your door, for it should remain open, lest you suffocate.

And it continued on like this. I could not bring myself to destroy it, for it felt ungrateful of the whole property. But its words chafed me, and their design, I knew, was not suitable for my house.

The air, unfiltered, deposited all manner of pollen in me and I sneezed. *If I don't shut the door, I really will suffocate!*

I became familiar with locks.

I decided I would build enough to obscure the sight of the thing from the road, and then