
Sound of Home

Samia Rachel Anderson



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The sneering snake hisses at its

Invisible, intimidating enemy.

A dog barks at

Nothing seeming to

See what we cannot

Fathom. Inconceivable,

Unincorporated hate rallies

At the cool blue crater of

A pool of crass exclamations screaming

“Boo! You crude, corrupt, corroded animal of

The sad system out of which you were birthed.”

A fish filters water through its gills yelling about

The ills that are plaguing our

Insufficient hours of sifting through media like

Instagram is a grain of sand and

Facebook is the filter. Filtered out and

About. Society rounds the astounding

Mounds. Piles of shit

We animals are climbing like

Our menial lives depend on it. The

Denial we are all in that

Life is a lie. But God IS

Real. What we feel comes out of instinct, and

We make up a precinct of flat Stanleys’ trying to



Find our purpose, but
We never will. Will
Is power and
Power is knowledge and
You don't ever know what
You're talking about. A tide rising on a
Shore falls back lacking the
Wit it needs to stay put. The door is
Wide shut. Eyes filled with grit. And,
Crawling out of your gut is
A sprawling, silky spider only wanting to
Weave a dome of web that we can
All call home.