

## Rejoice

Sit down.  
We're going to rejoice.  
Your Nanna is dead.

Look for joy in your share house.  
Chaos theory active in the first drawer,  
Goldfish glide between bedroom walls.  
What do you think the seventh home looked like?  
We hold a passion for seating, three opinions are minimum.  
Smoking is never restricted.  
Her 70s floral glassware weeps broken on cold tiles beside suffocating carp.

Seek joy at Xmas.  
Cards are now in lowercase.  
O Xmas Tree you do not smell of plastic and the names on the present matches the face.  
Where is the devil and his eggs?  
We always pour more wine, it stacks perfectly.  
This home is small.  
Her 70s Elvis record patiently awaits more tender scratches.

Search for joy at birthday parties.  
The Mix Master misses his mistress,  
Colourful woollen blankets are no longer wrapped.  
Who will hold us during our summer sweats?  
We hope for smokes gazing at a carton of doves.  
Her 70s dressing gown yearns for more ash burns.

Hope for joy on Tuesday.  
Stand next to empty post boxes in California.  
When will we visit the towns where they were first stamped?  
We pause in front of framed collections, smile, hope the bastards didn't steal them.  
Her 70s sleeves are empty and no one uses handkerchiefs anymore.

Gather rocks holding joy  
Select the sediment with precision  
Look down and smile at cracks in the pavement.  
Forget the brick behind the back wheel.  
Hold warm hands to your cold fingers, heart and feet.  
Why don't you hold more hands?  
Stay out of trouble as it will find you.

Find joy.

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