

## House Party

49 48 31 211 106 18

My house is always a party  
And everyone on the block knows it  
I mean how could they not  
The way speakers blare our native tongue  
Zouk la ce sell medicama ou need sak fe sa?  
Zouk music is the only medication you need  
So it's no wonder we scream it at the top of our lungs  
As the red and blue lights  
Pour from our front yard

It's actually kinda ironic you see bc  
I'm never really at the party  
I'm just kinda within the vicinity  
And if this were basketball  
My brother mom and dad are the first string star players  
And i might be getting my sports terms mixed up  
But I think we all agree that my dad is the mvp  
You know most violent person  
And my sister is the coach watergirl and referee  
You know, the little girl  
in every dysfunctional family  
forced to be a woman tryna put out fires being lit faster than she can quell them  
And I'm not 2nd or 3rd or 4th string  
If that's even a position  
Maybe it doesn't exist  
Like me  
You see I never quite made the cut in this family  
But God took pity on me when my father neglected to pull out  
and let me pull in  
So I've always been on the sidelines with a towel  
Wondering if people understand that you dont need to be in the game  
To be on your knees at 2 in the afternoon  
Cleaning up the blood sweat and tears that also belong to you

It's always a party  
And I'm always the one left cleaning up the mess  
When the blood spills like confetti  
And i want to interject and speak up for myself  
But have you ever tried to speak with the scent of bleach in your nostrils  
You cant....  
Not without inhaling more toxins so I just scrub in silence

The rosey red tint of the crevices between the floorboards are the only sign of last night's fiesta

The hangover  
That they will pretend never happened  
But on the inside  
Everyone's head is pounding  
Their minds shaking and shrieking in anticipation  
For just one more rush  
For the chairs to scrape for one more dance

And I curse my 5' 5 because if I had a few more inches-  
An ounce of courage  
Maybe my dance would be with my father  
But I'm only 5'5 so if I need an outlet for my anger  
The wall becomes my partner  
He said this is my house  
When you punch the wall  
it's like you're punching me  
And I can't help but ponder the inverse  
You said it was for our own good breaking in those walls  
But you've been doing renovations on us for a while now and this house still isn't a home

I think maybe that's where the habit comes from  
The way my pinky knuckles dip a little lower than they should  
Maybe they learned keep their heads down too  
When your knuckles scar as much as mine do you start to pick up on things  
Like I swear  
I can always tell when a storm is coming  
When my knuckles stare to ache  
And I'm in the shower and the speakers  
Go on again  
Do I know this song?  
"Let the bodies hit the floor- let the bodies hit the floor"  
And i come running towel in hand  
soap in my eyes  
It burns it burns  
Remember who put out those fires  
My sister is gone though  
She couldnt be here for 106 18

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It doesn't matter where we live  
We just can't help ourselves  
I guess it's in our blood

49 48 31 211 106 18  
And I'm snatching that white sheet of paper taped to the door

As fast as my battered hands will move  
Hoping that no one on the block with 20/20 vision and a white picket fence will see  
You perfect motherfuckers

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My family?  
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Everyone on the block knows  
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