The bookcase we carried in a beaten up ford transit
With the cracked glass panel
That was born a mile away
And squatted awkwardly
In the corridor of our previous house
Blocking the way to the kitchen
With spite
Spitting design books
And dog-eared kids stories
And the magazine she once worked on
At us
Every time we walked past it
Rattled
With King Kong like thrusts
The Nike of Samothrace statue coughing dust
Missing head turned away

Ashamed
Of the devil below
Unable to catch the forty year old
painted blue elephant
I'd carried across the world and back
As it launched itself suicidally
Towards certain death
And the Hei Tiki cried
Jade tears
And the Egyptian sand buried itself
into the shadow of the Golden Pothos
As the walls creaked
And the Incan calendar rattled the metal
frame
Refusing to count any more
As he kicked the dead elephants splinters
Along the hallway
towards his room
Sick of the injustice of it all.