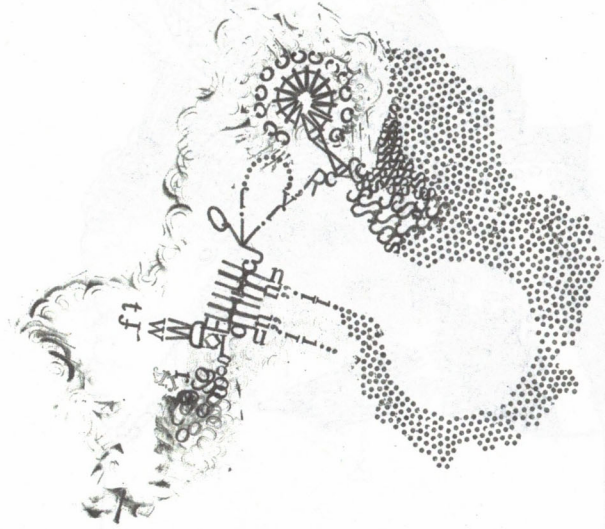
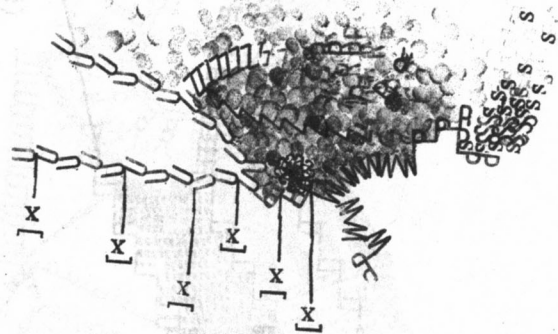


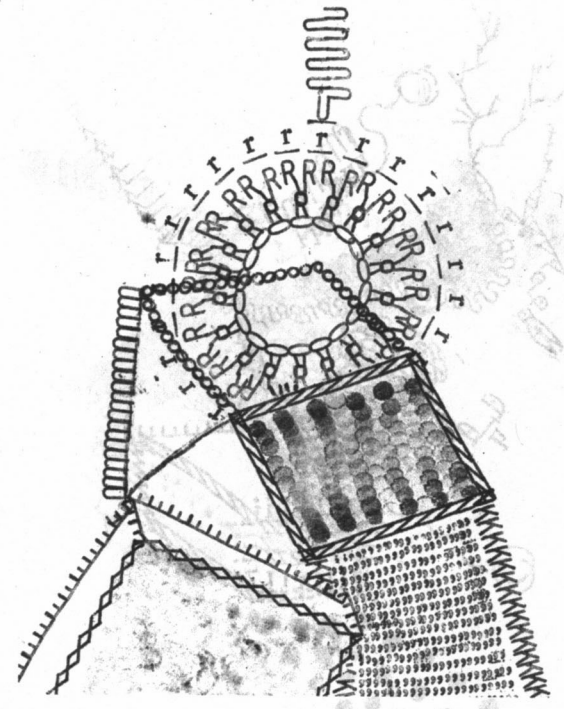
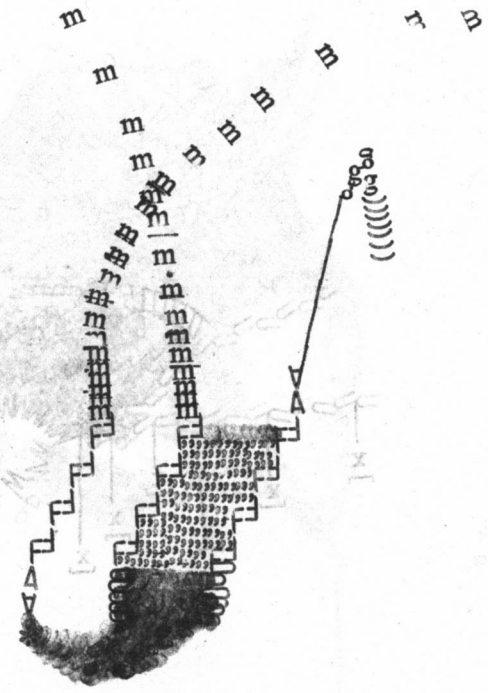
Houses

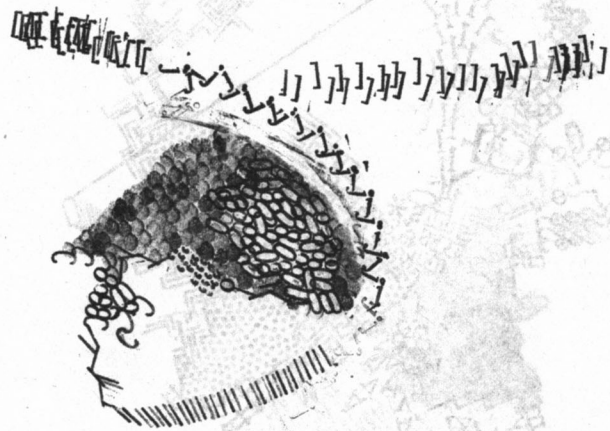
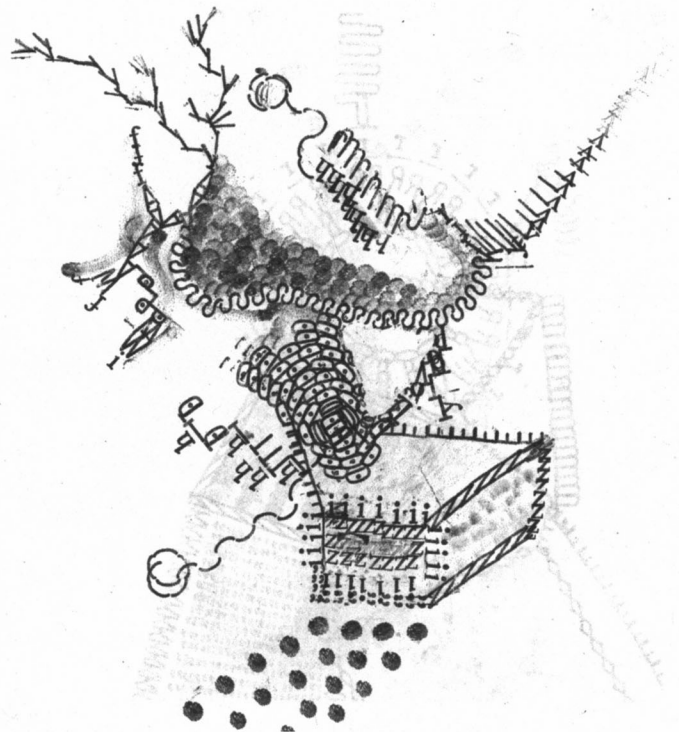
Sacha

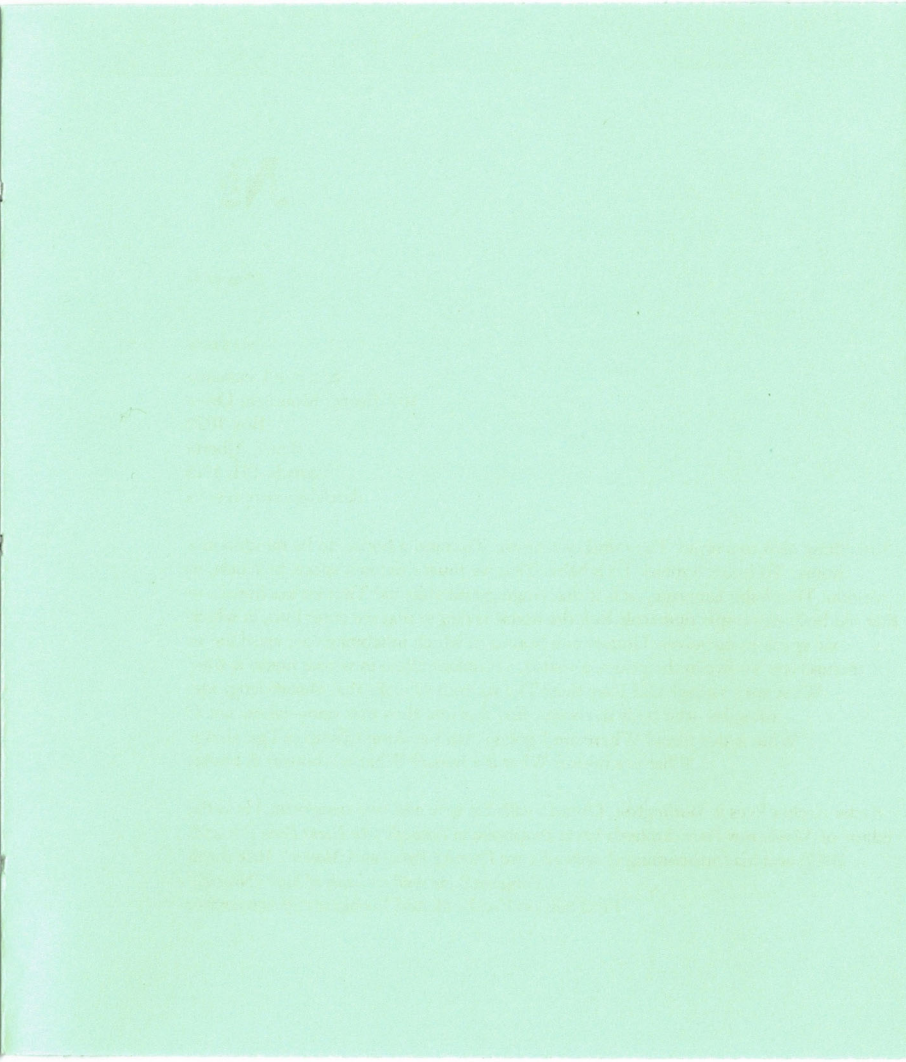
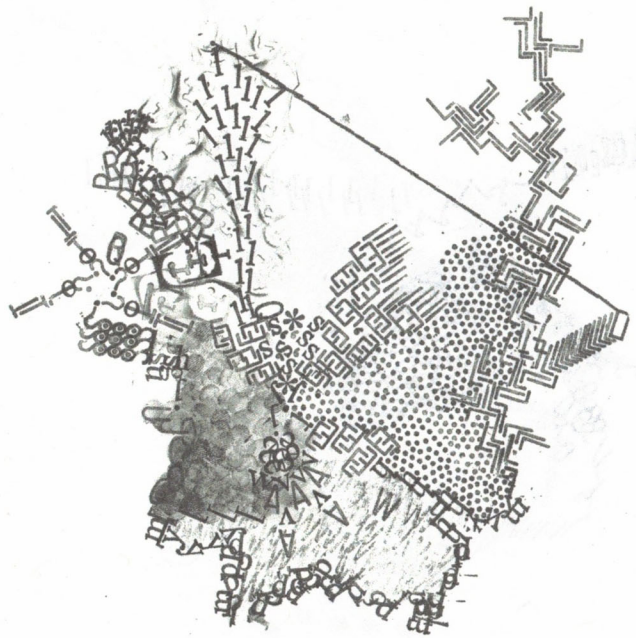
Archer











# No

60 copies

No press

c/o derek beaulieu  
107 Tunnel Mountain Drive  
Box 1020  
Banff, Alberta  
Canada T1L 1H5  
derek@housepress.ca

Something akin to a mind. The mind of a house. To mind a house, to be mindful in a house. To house a mind. To inhabit. That we must exist in a space, in action, in motion. To inhabit language, or is it that language inhabits us? That we are houses—that old body-as-temple rigmarole but, the house is empty that we enter into, in which we speak to ourselves. Houses and houses in which inhabitants are speaking to themselves. To live in the poem, a visitor, a moment alone in whose house is this?

What am I saying? Did I say that? The warmth of walls that absorb language, thought—the body in rooms, first this one then that one—where am I?

What is this place? Where am I going? Am I making this up as I go along?

What is a house? What is a house? What is a house? A house.

Sacha Archer lives in Burlington, Ontario with his wife and two daughters. He is the editor of *Simulacrum Press*. Archer's latest chapbook is *Inkwells: An Event Poem* (Noir:Z, 2019) and his forthcoming chapbooks are *Framing Poems* and *Mother's Milk* (both Timglaset), as well as *Lines of Sight* (Noir:Z).  
Find him on Facebook and Instagram @sachaarcher