

Poetry

Into something rich and strange

by Lisa Giacalone

There's a house on the hills of Segesta.

A hand

so wet,

it drips when it knocks.

Passioned plastic, porcelain mothers

nail their wooden sons to the cross.

There's a house on the hills of Segesta.

The gas stove's leaking taste,

saline.

Brack water,

black

brine fed to us in the mornings.

Long

have the Gods been drowned.

There's a house on the hills of Segesta.

She called

from beneath;

Our father heard her

calling, too:

He cried out from the shore,

he knew, yes, he knew.

There's a house on the hills of Segesta.

So you

went — you were wicked —

you had to die.

You

would breathe water.
You went under and I —

There's a house on the hills of Segesta.

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