

**OPEN HOUSE**  
**Theodore Roethke (1908-1963)**  
**from *Open House* (1941)**

*My secrets cry aloud.  
I have no need for tongue.  
My heart keeps open house,  
My doors are widely swung.  
An epic of the eyes  
My love, with no disguise.*

*My truths are all foreknown,  
This anguish self-revealed.  
I'm naked to the bone,  
With nakedness my shield.  
Myself is what I wear:  
I keep the spirit spare.*

*The anger will endure,  
The deed will speak the truth  
In language strict and pure.  
I stop the lying mouth:  
Rage warps my clearest cry  
To witless agony.*