

We dream the roller rink inside his stomach, in his heat, in our sweat from skating circles. Then we collapse to the center island made of beds and sleep. White covers float on yellow wood floors and red light turns the sheets pink. We have managed to find some colored fluorescents that adapt to the curved walls of this roller rink. Their slight hum is audible now that we have stopped skating. All we hear lying exhausted in bed is the hum of the lights mixing with the inner purr of Vito. A purr undoubtedly sounds different from the inside of a cat than the more usual position outside as he sits beside or on a lap. When encouraged by pets he hums louder. But inside, this sound is everything. What if the sound were to end? Sleeping inside an angry lonely Vito would make nightmares.

There are dreams, and they are shared between us. It is one of the properties of this house that the inhabitants live the same dreams. We see Ghost Office driving to a hardware store to pick up a rainbow of paint and then driving to the previously researched roller rink. We spend days painting the building into a bright bird, an appetizing bird. We let Vito out of his cage—he is ravenous! (We have only been feeding him occasional dental kibble for two days while painting). He has been howling and singing to us a painting song. He glares at us and then pads out across the parking lot to the great bird in its center. Slowly, so as not to divert his attention, we skirt around his gaze, walking quickly we reach the side door of the building and as we enter we look back at Vito prowling nearer the bird, this building in his sights. A few minutes later he pounces, we feel the building shake, and then he swallows us, the bird that is the building with us inside. It is hot. We hear his hum, we skate in lapping circles in his stomach and then collapse from exhaustion.