I keep spare change in a coffee can, a secret of quarters tucked in a fist-sized hole in the sheetrock of my room. I paint her walls a fresh layer of baby-blue to bury the marks of a half-spent, half-lived life.

But she creaks and moans, cleaving silence clean through, crying out for confessions never made; moth-coughed curtains and smoke-clouded windows and spiderwebs of cracks in teacups.

I listen as she sings the song of slammed doors, of chapstick lips hissing sins into mouths, snakes for tongues, spitting out poison, and a single strand of pearls, slipped around splotched necks.

I slip my hand in the hole, count my change twice. The quarters clash just like cymbals, and this house echoes a symphony of screams.