

*Poem January 2021 inspired by Mary Anning's house...
View from my window on to the lockdown building site of my garden.....*

LOOKING OUT, LOOKING IN.

Plasterboard. Damp.

4 x 2's

Crazy nails, used up screws.

Stalagmites that sit in clay (but sway occasionally, sway alarmingly!)

Other people's gardens;

Exposed....

Sometimes, voices tinkle over soggy lawns and

Drip, Drip Drips from gutter-flows choke on leaves,

The trees have none just

Outlines in soft grey, the new colour of 21 (with yellow too) but,

Where *is* the sun today?

And you Mary, you have only the sea to view from dusty little squares,

(like boxes for your fossils)

You can be distant, your work is hidden (a bit like you!)

And those elusive creatures.

But Mine,

Mine frames all of me.

I *am* exposed, rusting.

Looking out, looking in;

Pity.

As

Outside, the birds still sing.....on the pink bath.