

Home

The destruction begins where life has ended.
From a hollowed-out roof, a view is reclaimed;
Sheep graze on green hills,
A distant huddle of houses
Where a spire peeps through.

Here is the space where a door has tumbled.
Like a pulled tooth, it beckons us in
Past a row of sturdy hooks
Where once they hung their macs
Neatly, in size order so
It doesn't seem quite the ticket now
To gawp through the gap at the gaudy paper,
The brief striptease of bedroom chintz
Where she never cried out in ecstasy.

It's all topsy-turvy these days!
The world has crept in through the cracks
And weeds grow round the fallen chimney stack.

Now just one room remains.
Its empty pendant swings
Where once they took tea and cake
In Sunday best,
Admired the neat garden,
The prize dahlias.

And oh, the tears for Daisy rabbit
Laid to rest with scattered rose-petals
Deep down beside the tumbling shed
Where father kept his prize and joy.

Tonight, wind and rain
Whistle round the bones of a house
Where all our hopes and dreams
Are laid bare.

For who recalls
Frank and Doris and little Evie
And the lives they led?

Only sun, moon and stars remain
To light their ghosts to bed.