

## MATHILDA

A chipped enamel cup  
on a roughly-hewn board.

Cobwebs, densely woven,  
adorn rafters and studs.

Panes so filthy,  
only presumed to be glass.

The welcome sign,  
too rusted, to be of any use.

The floor, rough timbers,  
grown soft with rot.

A roof, not fit,  
to keep rain and snow out.

All rattle a rhythm  
an oh-so-slow jazz

Life carries on,  
whether happy or sad

As creak under footstep ...  
A groan in the walls ...  
As winds of approaching winter  
blister and howl.

Reach for me, Mathilda.  
Reach, my love.