

*(Mary wrote this when we had to move from No.55 to 57)*

## 55 Queens Drive

We are going from this place:

The place with the wooden table that has words in the grain

The place with Andy beavering away in the office

And the kettle always on the go;

Art work on the walls

So you remember Debs and Genevieve

And Elizabeth who is gone,

And the other people who come here often but are not here today;

And the quiet room next door, and the carpet that arrived

To save us from cold feet, the heaters on our backs and the door

With the rubber seal that keeps the cold world out if you lift the handle right up;

The soft blue chairs;

The dark treasure room, filled with cloth and beads and possibilities.

And it's OK

Because this has always been a place from which you could go out to another place.

Mary