

The Tiles on the Roof

The tiles on the shed roof need replacing
When the rains come damp leaks over
the racks of tools and carefully stored tulips
Mould grows

It won't get mended now

She rarely visit shops,
has lost the ability to make lists
and discuss the practical issues of DIY
with blank faced young men at the trade counter.

Instead she wanders, glass in hand, among the swathes of wild
poppies, and sees the way the nettles are choking all the
raspberry canes

She sits on a wooden seat rotting, overgrown with moss
and watches a woodlice clambering with dogged perseverance
along the decking at her feet.

Shadows leap across the grass, the air grows cold

Turning to go, she sees at the edge of sight
a rose shoot, vulnerable, soft,
struggling to reach some light above the docks

Her hand wrenches at thistles and clears a space
then fetching a spade to dig the roots
she hears herself humming.

Sheena