Country House

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COUNTRY HOUSE

Country house
Forbidding
I view cloth stuffed like
a turkey in holes too many
to count.
Inside the dust shifts and
resettles as the uninvited
wind takes a look around.
A balmy sickness breaks into
pieces as my heavy body rests
its weight on the weak floor­
boards.
A fireplace drooping to one
side, stares at me signifying
he’d tried.
Even the crackle of its once
blazing fire was no match for
the house.
The only furniture, an old
wooden table.
On it sits an old wine bottle.
In it live the new tenants.
Showing the mistreatment of
weather and years, the beggarly
ceiling hangs with no sign of
life.
Who knows the folly and laughter
unfolded between these walls.
The old house — long forgotten,
All footprints — vanished,
Leaving no history of its
beginning.
Soon mine, swept away by time,
will leave no trace of my visit.

Annie Jessup