

Missing

What an old house it was!

A tightly worn coat of paint fails to mask venerable cracks and sonorous creaking.

Listen, you can hear the dripping of stagnant droplets escaping from frosty fissures.

The growing cancer eating away at the interior, an insatiable hunger.

Purest silence that deafens hearing, perturbed by windswept melodies that scrape and sting.

I came round the bend with the intent to mend, only to discover that my old house was,

Missing.

Giuseppe Gillespie - Apr 2021