

View From the Mirror

The Coral

The room is warm
Thread on a table
The old lady sleeps in a chair

The lamp is dim
Lace ties the curtains
The scissors dangle from a hatch

The tea's gone cold
In her china cup
The cat's curled up by the fire

Behind the door
A persistent sleep
She keeps a lifetime locked away

Her mother's voice
That goes through the past
She cuts the roses to the ground

A book is closed
Her mouth slightly open
The floorboards creak in the hall