

RUINS

The safe house wilts
Beams buckle under the weight of the past
Brick dust memories eddy
Caught in the last breath
As the walls heave a sigh
Spit the powder of words
Which fall
To be wiped from window panes
Cobwebs dance in the picture frames
To swathe by-gone faces in jewels
Ancient laughter treads bare foot
Its dress snagging on splinters
Whispers in the floorboards
It murmurs secrets
But no one listens

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