



Patches of Damp

by Sho Botham

Dripping wet and cold, stood I
Puddles forming beneath my skirt
For a long time, I did not move
from the dark wood-panelled hall
Water seeking a route between
Oak flooring of wonderful age
Shivering might have taken place
I know not how to remember

Arms hanging rigidly by my sides
Feet leaden - unable to move
Blonde hair plastered to my scalp
above shoulders innocent and thin
Water spreading patches of damp
Old oak swelling its response
Fear might have risen in my breast
I know not how to remember

Looking down at my sodden mass
Becoming smaller with each drip
Teeth chattering into the silence
No longer able to sense my anatomy
Water continuing its journey to where?
Ancient oak absorbing it all
Death arriving slowly at its own pace
I need not know how to remember