Bourne toWrite... creative writing workshops

Sway

by Fran Duffield

She has never left:
death didn't succeed
in removing her
the figured wallpaper is steeped in her,
the patterned stairs still twist
like her hands in anger

somehow the renovation
has never started
unspoken fear of her
mistral of displeasure
hangs between you
a miasma of distrust

now two old men
trapped together
one in fear and trembling
one in rage and rant
playing out an endless game
of grandmother's footsteps

and when the wolf has finally
caught you both
when the house is at last silent
will you be an eternal trinity
back safe
under her sway