

## PROSE POETRY

How tired my failing legs  
Stood here in this passage of endless days  
If only my back were touching the wall  
I could rest a little

Why treasure me yet ignore me  
So belonging yet not belonging  
Once your mother's pride and joy  
Here in this house

Back in the shed I was fine  
Damp and dusty amidst old friends

Hurry up woodworm  
Finish me off