

## *A House in the fields*

The crumbling walls and faded dreams  
Memories of what might have been  
The twilight world that lives within  
Where daylight ends and night begins.

A curtain through a broken pane  
An invalid's supporting frame  
The laughter sadness joy and tears  
A gate that hangs on broken piers.

Along a winding track that leads  
Down to a garden overgrown with weeds  
And apple trees all gone to seed  
With no one left to tend their needs.

And rooks that earn their daily bread  
As sentinels that guard its dead  
Its empty rooms and rusted tin  
A house in the fields  
Too scared to go in.