

Sara Moss

COLD STOVE MISERY

for Arthur

*Ash in a dying grate
they left only memories*

Their council house
strained with sadness.
Cold stove misery crept
into every corner.

He sat iron deaf,
sealed by silence,
as she raged—

*I could have been a scholar
now I'm washing yankie clothes
for pocket money.*

He paid for every pain,
knowing his invasions
made their own army
of mouths to feed.

He took her wrath like a statue—
his only allowance
an occasional fag,

and a twitch of the jaw,
as if words
struggled for freedom.

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