

## My Life Reduced To a Window

One table with a tea cup,  
a nice view of a leafless tree.  
People visit with white faces  
and mouths full of mixed up,  
not sure what to say.

I smile in a dressing gown,  
most of my hair gone,  
serene as a vase  
as they whisper outside –  
*Isn't she brave?*

I like the remoteness of the tree,  
the frippery of the cup,  
I like that I can write my fear  
without spilling a drop.