

## *Death*

This chair, this crooked chair  
The little table, the angle of the light  
These books, the ancient timbers overhead  
Sounds from the busy kitchen  
And the cool hall air from the open door  
The moment of darkness as the frosty grass  
Deepens beneath a far pink sky  
The garden in ice or sun or heat  
Protecting all the days of work  
From hopelessness, the growing trees...  
These are what I cannot leave  
They speak like any beating heart  
And leaving them is just as hard.