











BIRDS LIVE HERE

By the field of horses. A pylon buzzes above. Beyond the overpass through an empty estate, A fence has been damaged, the barbed wire hanging loosely like broken branches. Mud soaked grass clings to passers-by. Gnarled trees, hollowed and cracked stand still, roots spreading apart the brambles. The field comes to an end before a tall stone wall. It crumbles around a fallen trunk. The garden is untamed and forgotten. A cracked sink sits amid ruin, its facets caressed by strands of ivy. The tower is left, surrounded by canopy. A pair of deer flee into the undergrowth. Ladders lead up to splintered boards. Vines hanging from the windows with feathers tangled in their grasp. The walls are chipped and broken. Up, four levels, the floors crusted with years of desertion, feet scabble in the rafters. A startled dove takes flight out of a once circular window. A feather falls from its tail, landing amidst the debris, white, bright and clean.







