

## **Curtains**

The curtains were aged and cobwebby fine  
The woodworm were marching an orderly line,  
The flagstones were cracked and in need of repair  
The spiders built mansions with their threads everywhere.  
But this was all mine and would one day be home  
I'll lovingly restore it this house made of stone.

The feeling is instinct I've felt it before  
another project to nurture and restore.  
Not quite a carcass or a ruin as such  
I can feel its great beauty will develop with my touch.  
The plans are complete, the materials on hand  
A folly it will not be, but will stand proud on its land.