

Soiled Matter

It rains
every day,
black-soot streaks across a cracked façade.
A lone candle flame flickers,
fades,
goes out.
A ghostly pillar flows against a spattered pane.

There is only the rain.

Cold silence,
like a dense fog,
creeps into the frame
and settles,
suturing gaping imperfections.

It waits for either discovery or erosion.

— *Freya Holloway*