

## The Old Lady

She has her little secrets  
shared with prayers and her pets.  
She sleeps with running TV  
under her shabby plastic tree.  
She counts every now and then  
the stockings full with greyish coins.  
Her canary, he knows it all,  
the scandals, the films, even the little crime  
that left her lover without a dime,  
and the cat, it listens patiently  
to the stories full with melancholy,  
about a life lost in jerky unrest  
until age and ailing added the rest.  
Alive but an almost forgotten shell,  
she looks only back and remembers,  
remembers so well.

F Sz 20 Okt 2007 AlbernD