

The Victoria Hotel

27 October 2014 at 08:04

It's raining in Rutherglen this morning
soft kissing the tin-roofed verandah
outside our window.

Little secrets about our love affair
being whispered here and there
between smiles and approval.

The Victoria holds its lover's stories
seeped into her bones
on hot summer harvest nights.

Disguises cast to the wooden boards
as promises were made and kept
either side of lace veils over open windows.

In the Sunday night stillness
a last toast to time
before we penned our chapter.

and the rain
and the roof
smiled as if,
we were the first.

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