

House

We are building
a house. It has felt-tipped
shingles, cardboard walls,

a blanket floor. Baby will not
sit straight. Her sewn-on eyes
stare at the ceiling. We bring her

juice and raisins. We stroke
her hair. Baby
is crying. She doesn't like

her new hat. She wants
more juice. She likes her hat
and wants another.

At four o' clock, we are all
yawning. Our house shudders
in the sudden draught.

Sophie Nicholls. In *The North*. 54. Summer 2015. pp14-15