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LADY MEWS

He stood still, contemplating the mist that lay like a wet sponge over the trees in his garden and waited. It had been weeks, or was it months, since he had seen her last. She was the fleeting light rippling through the dappled shade, the tilted head of a baby magpie watching the observer, his grey plumage gently lifting in the breeze. After minutes, or was it hours had passed, the man allowed his shoulders to drop and turned away, the weight of her absence filling every inch of space. He shook his head, his watery eyes ranging over the contrived austerity of the room. In a moment of desperation he had even torn the carpet away with his bare hands, in the hope the exposed boards would encourage her light step to enter once more. The dust had made him cough for days. Now the time had passed and his heart was left dry. With steps that paid no heed to the passing of time he shuffled to his desk and pulled out the wooden chair. The sound of its legs scraping brought a faded smile. He sat heavily on its worn surface and closing his eyes rested his head on the pile of papers that lay before him. The sensation of sinking through the layers to finally rest deep in the scent of old wood was comforting. He imagined himself becoming one with his life's work, the thousands of words that had poured over the surface of the desk now flooding his mind. He let go, vaguely aware of her cool fingers caressing his brow, and drifted away.