

The Spare Room

The Spare Room was the stranger's room.
It lodged the spinster aunt or irksome nun,
Or one of our beautiful cousins on the run
From awful Uncle Tommy and Stepmother Joan.

Everything there was for someone who lived alone:
A single bed, an upright chair, a chest of drawers,
A print of the Child of Prague, a vase of flowers,
A view of the toy-strewn garden, after hours.

When heavenly Susan came with auburn hair
And passed the night in tears in my mother's arms,
She slept in that room, and went to London from there.
It held her warmth. The rest is her affair.

HARRY WHITE