

# Geist

*'Almost everything in the room will survive you.*

Don Paterson 'The Book of Shadows'

Enter, not in normal guise,  
but perhaps in something soothing.  
Wander about the bric a brac.

The passivity of the carpet a help.  
Calmly it allows itself to be walked on  
day after day, soles bringing to it their fragments,  
their smears, droppings from the great exterior.  
Objects stand at ease. Dust motes muster unseen  
like starlings seeking an evening roost.

When gloom falls, the books are silent,  
the vase's craquelure intensifies,  
they seem patient, awaiting a future elsewhere.

Leave them to their shadows,  
their indifferent stasis,  
their whispers that are not about you.

**Christopher North**