

Marty Willson-Piper

"The Saddest House In Stockholm"

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The saddest house
In Stockholm
Remembers former glories
Of views without the railway tracks
And flats with many storeys
Its towers were a splendour
But now I just feel pity
To see the broken windows
And the walls full of graffiti
I long to sit alone inside
And recreate the past
Imagining an antique clock
That ran a little fast
And suddenly, it's all bare boards
And giant walls and ceiling
Witnessing this empty shell
That once was full of feeling
The rain beats on the rooftop
But the hearts already topped
The fading yellow Stockholm paint
Around the bend bulldozers wait
The gnashing blades of blood
And hate
Anxious just to satiate
Condemning her to her cruel fate
Her ugliness to take his shape
A shadow cast from his dark cape
That dwarfs the curves and crashes
Her gate
Her doors will split, her stairs innate
Dust and rubble in the grate
She so young, but it's too late
The saddest house in Stockholm
Settles on her rock
Remembers her friend
His fingers and hands
The ticking, though, has stopped.

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