

Nameless

They arrived late, to prepare the garage floor. They were supposed to come last week.

They packed down the soil and gravel. It was loose they said. The cement came, flowed in, and sealed your fate.

You won't have to complain, ever again my love, that I disturb you.

***Maree Collie** loves the idea of FF. So much to say in such a little space.*

She also dabbles in short stories, monologues and plays.