

Mrs Harper, three paces behind the yew tree
Abi Loughnane

Gloves smacked on / foam mat down / shins rested
Ah, yes, I remember Mrs Harper from last year's clean, Halloween I think
Soapy water / no peroxide / boar bristle brush
The kiddies were playing hide and seek by the Forbennets in the back-left corner
Clean water from the tap / re-position knees / rinse thoroughly
Mrs Forbennet is irritated by careless footsteps - I put a border up for her and her husband
next door too
Microfiber cloth / clockwise only / reduces streaks
Mrs Harper lies three paces behind the yew tree to watch the hawfinches eat the seeds
Cotton buds for excavation / reading glasses placed / S's are my favourite
Mr Harper dawdled to meet her, he called yews the Trees of Death
Gloves peeled off / palm over granite / scrape unseen debris
They've no kiddies, not by circumstance but by choice, plus it gets me out the armchair
Dry white cloth / nagging back / buff buff buff
I hope someone will do the same for my gravestone someday,
Not yet though,
Please not yet.