

6 *Miriam Waddington*

NOISES

Late last night
someone scraped and shuffled
and sighed
against the wall
of my house.

I shone a light –
but no one was there
no one
no one at all.

Yet it wasn't the wind
and it wasn't the rain
so who was it?

Some poor ghost
I suppose
asking to come in
from the cold
and the dark.

The next morning
I found a half-eaten
crust against the wall
where the shuffling
had been.

It was a sign,
my ghost was lonely
but at least
she wasn't hungry.