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# The Cripple

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At night, beneath your windows, out of reach,  
I bobble through the palsied streets,  
Of my disjointed world.  
Above me limbs of knotted trees unbend,  
And shudder with each loosening wind,  
Black-veined, like an arthritic hand,  
They arch together as if praying.

Apart from your windows' glitter,  
Each street lamp endures its vigil  
Like a haloed guardian angel;  
All are mute and do not beckon.  
Still I sing and shuffle among them,  
Until the west wind with its night-howl  
Sweeps the streets my footsteps' litter.

Priscilla Clark

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