

My Static Heart

I have been on the same shelf for many years
I cannot even muster any salty sad tears
A dowdy lady lovingly cleans me once a week
I get pestered by insects - their bloody cheek!
I get to bathe in occasional rays of sunlight
But endure my fears through the dead of night.

Ever since the break-in, I've been depressed
Take me with you, was my immediate request
He had scanned my shelf with expectant eyes
Which turned to anger, as there was no prize
What a waste of a moonlit night he mumbled
My static heart nearly totally crumbled.

I get no peace from the big chiming clock
I used to get comments from strangers a lot
Like - 'What an unusual ornament you have'
'From my time abroad' said Dad.

I've had no visitors lately not even the cleaner
But wait what's happening.....
But yes, it couldn't be clearer.....

I was being assessed by a notable valuer
I'm worth two thousand pounds in parts of Asia
Oooh I'll finally be going homeward bound.

Turned out I'm in The Will
I've been left to the dowdy cleaner!

(24 lines)