

## THE WOMAN

An old clock pendulum ticked  
As another layer of dust  
Took rest on the frame housing her  
Sepia reflection of time

For every visit I found her  
Discarded, unloved, unwanted  
A portrait, a snapshot of  
A beauty I had seldom known.

What was her name I politely  
Enquired with the shopkeeper  
Gertrude Adams came the reply  
Isn't she a lovely lady?

Is the portrait for sale I asked?  
What? Old Gerty. Who would want her?  
I do. She is enchanting, yes,  
She is, but also dangerous.

Thirty years passed before I returned  
For Gertrude, she still looked down  
More faded now, unloved, unwanted  
Her story safely locked away.



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