

## Creep

I love to creep around these old ancient buildings  
Situating in a time zone not available now  
The dark deserted homes  
Where a blazing fireplace kept off the chill cold winter  
Creeping upstairs through the curling steps  
With the portrait oil paintings hanging  
To remind them of their dearly beloved ancestors  
Who they never met  
But wished they could  
A feeling of ambience enclosed in the magic of existence  
As darkness creeps into the night  
It becomes intertwined forever in desertion

Renata Dawidowicz

