

Sonnet No.7.                    Alison Tutcher.

In every waking dream I see your face,  
You could not choose to haunt me if you tried:  
I put you there myself, your wispy trace  
Upon the space you used to own inside.  
With every evening's shutting of the door,  
Retrace your steps across the frosty grass  
That snapped and tinkled, falling to the floor  
In shattered fragments, ringing out like glass  
Chimes, tolling past times. Your crystallised heart,  
As cold as ice upon the frozen pond.  
The pattern chilled and etched in winter art,  
The night you stepped, and faltered with your bond.  
Your memory is as the winter blight,  
A sleeping heart-break waking every night.

Sonnet No.7 Copyrite Alison Tutcher 2020.

Alison Tutcher discovered a connection with poetry at Royal Holloway College.  
Inspired, by form, economy and subtlety, she became a milliner! A perfectly balanced hat, is not  
so very different to a poem.  
She added words to her creativity five years ago and now writes and sews in equal measures.

Favourite poem: 'Binsey Poplars' by Gerard Manly Hopkins.