

The Creeping Shade (Poetry Sample)

It's back again, the creeping shade,
My constant companion in the damp.
Upon the wall, there is displayed
The old, cold landlord's tight-fisted stamp.

We've been up and down with water and bleach,
Blessing the four walls of our small flat.
Saturday morning, the songbird's screech,
Offers music for our labour, that
Evidently, was all in vain,
For the crawling shadow's back again.

My, isn't this a dull refrain?

About The Poem

The Creeping Shade is a poem heavily inspired by real events. During my second year at university, I moved into an abominable flat around the corner from a popular bar in Leamington Spa. The most complimentary thing that I can say about this flat is that it was close to a cheap watering hole...certainly, living in that flat was enough to drive anyone to drink. The cupboards were broken, the toilets leaked, the walls were filthy, the oven didn't work...but all that paled in comparison to the mould. The mould spread so quickly that, in no time at all, it was creeping up and down nearly every wall in the flat. We contacted our landlord, who helpfully advised us to try opening a few windows. One of my flatmates looked up how to deal with mould, and we ended up filling buckets with water and a few drops of bleach, and spending several hours wiping away the mould with paintbrushes. This ultimately proved to be futile; the mould returned with a vengeance three times throughout the entire year. *The Creeping Shade* highlights the tedium of performing a dull and repetitive task that you know isn't going to work.