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On the Move

There's a silence in the building
Ghosts treading through the hall
We wait in fear and trembling
For the dreaded wrecking ball.

We wrote about our broken dreams
Of lovers lost and shattered schemes
We mused in poetry and
Even when the rhyme was wrong

We laughed a lot and cried some tears
We verbalised our hopes and fears
Maybe our words will linger on
When bricks and mortar are long gone.

Patricia Dreyer