

## *Beeches—48/4*

by B. Anne Adriaens

---

Down below a view of trees,  
through a strip of glass high up,  
you can breathe  
sawdust, teak oil and white spirit,  
smell the whetstone in its cradle.  
The tools—sharp, abrasive—  
pinned against their own shadow  
on a soft wooden board  
come with due warning  
along with the offcuts,  
the improvised toys.

Repeatedly, you ask to enter  
the mausoleum of spiders  
mummified in candyfloss webs.  
If the mood is right, he moves the chipwood panels  
along the back wall, holds aloft a lantern.

Yellow light bobbing through a maze  
shines upon the dereliction upholding the house.  
Hidden entrails of cinder blocks and bricks  
bleed stalactites of concrete onto sand and grit.  
And while your hair tickles the sagging stone belly,  
you fancy yourself an explorer of underworlds.