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### Cold Comfort

There is a comfort in shortening days,  
in dark-at-five and damp roads shining.  
Rain on the window whispers permission  
to bolt the door and let the curtains sigh  
along the rail. Outside, the pressure's low  
and the moon's demands are muffled  
in cloud. A rose bush, straggled with age,  
taps at the glass and an ill-fitted door  
knocks a little, now and again.  
It's not quite cold enough to light the fire  
but I'll do it anyway, lay the kindling  
across paper, rattle coal from the scuttle,  
wait for the crackle and draw. Nothing  
is happening, no-one is calling  
and I'm glad of the night, the rain.