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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.