**A Shallow Indent**

We were in bed,

and finished.

The night sea moved a few stones’ throws

beneath your window.

You leaned up on your arm and

in that intense, Levantine, way you had

you said:

I have lain alone in this room half asleep

when I heard soft footsteps entering,

out of the rain.

A cold stray cat

I believed

lay down close near me on this bed.

I felt it stir.

I heard its breath.

But, opening my eyes, there was not a cat.

Only a shallow indent where some small,

unseen thing was lying.

I supposed it to be Death.

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