

## **Hero's *do* Wear Fur**

**By Amanda Checker**

Stranded alone she sits by the window,  
but her eye to the outside world  
is now a gaping, unseeing hole.  
Raw and bloodied by a virus.

The street is cold and empty.  
Grey without life to colour it.  
The children's laughter, whose joyful tendrils  
once snaked through the cracks to  
fill her home, is now strangely muffled.  
Held in a bubble she cannot reach to burst.

Nameless shadows with half hidden faces  
scurry and slither by without pause.  
Eyes flicking desperately with aimless purpose.  
Fearful to meet, terrified to not.

She gorges herself on these wraiths of life  
until finally sickened by their rotten taint  
she turns away, sighing long, and shudders.  
The pile of ragged fur upon her knee  
protests with muted yowl and crackling stretch,  
creating spaces of cold in the cosy warmth of her lap.

Distracted she pats the loose bones within  
and soothes as she smooths the tufted,  
age coarsened fur until,  
the whispered purr swells to a grumbling roar.

The sound reaches out to encircle her heart  
And cradles it close, warming every part.  
Rushing onwards and outwards, bringing life  
flooded with unnamed colour.  
And as love lays its balm on her poor wounded soul,  
she smiles knowing that, she was never truly alone.