

The Christmas Dolls' House Sadly, a true story

A house gestated in paternal love: Each polished screw deep countersunk with head Aligned, each arris planed, ply sanded smooth Through Advent nights of toil when she's abed.

At last my house-on-wheels, pyràmid roofed, Was packed and holly-wrapped.

The mulled wine spread, And fire aglow, we sensed her thrill to come.
Our three-year-old's response? 'What is it, Mum?'

This poem by Peter Sparks is reprinted from *Not Averse*, the Girton Poetry Group website, at $\frac{http:}{www.girton.cam.ac.uk/about/groups/poetry}$