



Cardboard Box

Sitting in my cardboard box in the doorway of a very upmarket store on Oxford street, I stare at the clouds. In the distance I can hear a dog barking, and it brings back memories of my departed pets.

A young boy stops in front of me. He stares at me before handing me a cup of coffee. He speaks slowly in a cockney accent, barely above a whisper and inquires if I am ok?

I take the lid off the cup and slowly drink the warm liquid before I look up at the young lad and say, 'Thank you'.

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28/3/2020