

Memories from Trøjborg by Hejsa Iben

Sitting on the front steps of the house with the white walls.
The morning sun warming my skin.
A new day is beginning.

I close my eyes.
Memories come floating back.
Memories of long lazy days in the house of the white walls .
When we turned the house inside out.

Sofa on the gravel in the yard.
Children climbing the trees eating cherries for breakfast.
Dinners near the bonfire
Long nights of music, talks, laughter and friends at our side.

When I open my eyes the day has begun.
I hear talking and smell coffee being made inside.
Outside the birds and hens, letting me know it is time.

I smile. A deep warmth spreads from me inside.
I am ready for another day in the house with the white walls.

This poem was written in response to a writing prompt from Enda Wyley as part of a series of writing classes at Richmond Barracks. These classes are part of *Culture Connects*, a Dublin City Council Culture Company programme.

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