

**Martin Robertson**

**Mariana in Miniature**

She waited for him, waited.  
He did not come. She waited.  
Unnoticed the formal garden  
found itself as a jungle.  
Round her the house grew old  
slowly, quietly rotting,  
dustily, gently flaking,  
dropping to pieces round her.  
She could not lift a finger  
with all the time in the world.  
“Oh God, I’m tired” she said.  
“I wish I were dead.”