

Lar of the Little Comforts

When the Empire fell
and we went our separate ways,
he took the gods with him.

Whilst I wept, he emptied out the house.
*It's yours, he said, but the contents
I shall carry to Elysium.*

He left me the kitchen stool I sat on,
the small scrubbed table
where I laid my head,
that old gas cooker - impossible to shift.

The slam of the door
echoed around the empty chambers
but what opened my eyes
was a warm whisper near my toe,
Cup of tea Missus?

A tiny god, a Lar, three inches high
and wielding a wooden spoon
had conjured me a fragrant bowl
of steaming bay leaves.

Upending his conical backpack.
he tumbled out the Basics Range
from our local Spar.
Everything we need to make a cake!

We started with a simple sponge,
spread with a little jam
which he declared a victory.
Neighbours began popping in
to wonder at the fragrance.

Venus called, hair awry,
the remnants of my Dunelm apron
tied about her lovely waist.
*I've blown up the air fryer - she sobbed,
and short-circuited the Kenwood.*

I'm not the woman he wants,

I don't suppose...?

Lar addressed her left ankle
with stern politeness.

My Lord's old mates, his yes-men
wail through the letterbox,
Bacchus, Mars and Jupiter;
*We thought we were immortal,
but he's boring us to death!*

We leave them out there in the rain.
Begin to make a lemon drizzle.

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