



# The House Guest

By Marty Gervais | Windsor's Poet Laureate Emeritus  
*In honour of Ken Saltmarche at Willistead Art Gallery*

I'd like to think the tall thin man  
I met in the upstairs gallery is still there  
a ghost among the wide open rooms  
and imagine him still busy with painters  
and poets and musicians, still finding  
ways to put pictures to words, still  
finding words to paint the stories  
we carry with us

I imagine him moving in the after hours  
feeling his way through the splendid  
darkness of this august place that sits  
amidst Elm and Chestnut  
and Kentucky coffee trees

I'd like to think the tall thin man  
finds a moment each night  
to settle down before an easel and paint  
yet another and another and another  
of this place he calls home

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# Mary Walker at Willistead

By Mary Ann Mulhern | Windsor's Poet Laureate

It was her home  
This mansion of many rooms  
She planned every detail  
Decorations, furnishing, colours  
Paintings, each piece  
A reflection  
Of her gift for art

Now, all these years later  
Mary Walker is at peace  
Knowing all is well  
With her beloved Willistead  
She rejoices to see the rooms  
Filled with people  
To hear the voices  
Wordsmiths from all across the country

It was her gift to all of us.