



## 66

This house is a home  
This home has a heart  
It lives and breathes  
It loves and breeds

Familiar shadows in familiar halls  
Creaking stairs and groaning walls  
Sounds of laughter cries and tears  
Haunting memories of childhood fears

Time passes  
Nothing changes  
Time stands still  
Everything changes

Dust settles on faded chairs  
Discarded dolls and teddy bears  
Favourite books with well-worn pages  
Gramophone records not played in ages

Lives begun  
Lives lived  
Lives ended  
Lives remembered

Boxes tins and albums full  
Of people smiling  
Of people laughing  
Of people born  
Of people gone  
Of every day  
Of celebrations  
Of private moments

Moments shared  
Never lost  
Forever  
Together

The Forties, Fifties, Sixties  
The Seventies, Eighties, Nineties  
Even the Noughties  
Here collected  
In drawers, on walls, on floors  
Trends and fashions  
All reflected

Novelty soaps in ageing shades  
Shaving sticks and worn out blades  
Plastic combs with old grey hairs  
Flannels and towels with age old cares

Empty hangers  
Once loved clothes  
Bags and shoes  
And cherished jewels  
Knick-knacks  
Presents  
Children's toys  
Old board games  
And dominoes  
Candlewick bedspreads  
Candy striped sheets  
Fibre glass curtains  
Dazzling white nets

The 'New World' gas cooker  
World weary and old  
Providing meals  
For everyday and treasured days



Christmas Eve  
Mince pies and pierogi  
Mixing soup  
with whisky or vodka - Na zdrowie  
2am not time for bed  
But ripping open Christmas presents  
A slow awakening on Christmas morn  
And never lunch till well past dawn

Creepy crawlies  
Scary spiders  
Battered deckchairs  
Izal paper  
Locked inside by cheeky brother  
The outdoor toilet  
Cold and damp

Rhododendrons and roses  
Chrysanthemums and dahlias  
Carnations and fuchsias  
Hydrangeas and hostas  
A profusion of colours  
Textures and scents  
Creating a wall inside and out

But Johnny the Tortoise  
Is King of the Garden  
Eating up cherries  
That fall from the tree  
Crashing down fences  
For succulent leaves  
And fresh runner beans

Moving so fast  
To see who is there  
Attacking the feet  
To welcome or scare?  
Best friends with the cat  
And so sad when he's gone

This house is a home  
A home with a heart

The heart of the house?  
Not a table and chairs  
Not a warm coal fire  
Not a purring cat  
But rooms that echo  
With laughing and crying  
With fighting and shouting  
With loving and caring  
With people who linger  
And linger forever

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