

## **Home**

*By Patrick Harvey*

You should not have gone back to the old Home  
Does not smell of paint but dead air and damp  
Need more than petrol to light this lame lamp  
Sadness a symptom of another syndrome  
Memories in empty rooms freed to roam  
    Marks on walls only place you left a stamp  
    Once new carpets fit only for a tramp  
Not the old house, just an old person's home.

See her singing to her own reflection  
As if she's still there, now she's fixed the hat  
Ready for her close up, she is perfection  
A short, sharp, stare and a stop to backchat  
Photo now faded and like the house old  
Those eyes still see hope, not lies to be told