

COMING HOME

I am home from school
I open the unlocked back door
and step in from the sunshine
The house smells of all things good

Mum I'm home
I call out up the stairs

It is 1958
and the ones I love have yet to die
Nothing shakes my world
My life is calm, solid, safe I have yet to have my heart broken
or woken from nightmares
I have yet to see people jumping hand in hand from burning towers
No suicide bombers haunt my dreams

I am surrounded by love
Goodnight, sleep tight
Sweet dreams
Mum, I'm home.

Andrea Neidle

HOME

A piece of cardboard
An old duvet
This is my home.

When you see me
What do you see?

You hurry past
Without a glance
I have feelings too
Give me a chance
I am a person
Just like you
Say hello
Why don't you?

I had a home
Kids and a wife
Until I was thrown
On the scrapheap of life.

This is my home
An old duvet
A piece of cardboard.

Why don't you
Say hello
Just like you
I am a person
Give me a chance
I have feelings too.

Without a glance
You hurry past.

What do you see
When you see me?

Andrea Neidle

Home

Before central heating
every morning
we scraped ice from the inside
of our bedroom window
It was the life we knew.
There was just one TV channel
black and white pictures
and a very small screen.
No arguments over the remote
There was no remote!
Before dishwashers
there was endless washing up
but time to talk.☹
Precious moments, lost forever.
Before ready meals,
microwave food and TV dinners
there were families
sitting together round the table talking.
Before showers and endless hot water
Friday night was bath night
I watched my dad shave
while I sat on the loo
It was the life I knew.
Before digital cameras
and dozens of photos
taken in minutes
there was one roll of film
and twelve opportunities
to take one good picture.
Before cordless phones,
mobile phones, answer phones
and everywhere phones
there was just one phone
and you had to be waiting in the hall
to catch that important call.
Before emailing, texting, sexting
and online chat rooms
there was real conversation
with a real person.
Eye contact, flirting, wooing,
dating, mating.
Before word processing
there was my old faithful
manual typewriter
carbon paper, Tippex
and a bin full to the brim
with screwed up paper.
Before every home had a car
we played in the street
without fear.
Running, chasing
skipping, racing.
We were free
to use our imagination

We were free.

Andrea Neidle