

A DAY IN THE CARE HOME

Brother and sister faced up to the fact
Dad needed round the clock care.
Memory was going, couldn't dress himself...
was chatting to people not there...

The Care Home they viewed – seeming top drawer –
was in many ways, just the ticket.
Just beyond its gardens, a sports ground lay.
In summer, Dad could watch cricket!

They convinced themselves Dad liked the idea.
When cricket was mentioned, he smiled.
Not always aware of where he was,
he seemed happy, just like a child.

'We'd love to have him,' the matron said.
'Why not leave him here for a day?
To see if he likes it? I'm sure he will.
A free trial with nothing to pay?'

On this crucial day, no effort was spared
to create a good impression.
Dad was given a spacious, sunny room.
'As a help against any depression.'

(Later on, he'd be moved to a tiny room
where you couldn't even swing a cat.
There'd be no more special chocolate cakes,
though they kept very quiet about *that*.)

Whilst sitting, he leaned sharply to his left
and was quickly pushed back in his chair.
When he leaned to his right, he was pushed
back again. This seemed to him, very unfair.

'How was it, Dad?' They asked the next day,
served with teas and Bakewell Tart.

'It's not too bad, but I can't stay here.

They won't even let you fart.'