

Home Sweet Home

The sound of laughter, with parties galore, Mum and Dad dancing, Twister on the floor
A stocking at Christmas, nuts and sweets, a shiny new sixpence amongst the treats
Paper chains and a big red bell, tinsel and glitter, a cooking smell
Christmas pudding, a sprig of holly, a new red coat and a dolly
Christmas carols, 'Deck the Halls', Twiglets and cheesy footballs
Grandparents visit, Uncle John and Aunt Sue, a home filled with love, and memories too

A bath on Sunday whatever the weather, a good, firm scrub with Imperial Leather
Long garden with trees and a swing, flowers and plants not Dad's thing
Avoiding the nettles going out to play, water from hose on summer's day
Making a camp beneath the trees, coming in late, with dirty knees
No fitted carpets, rugs on lino, no central heating, frost on window.
Coal fires and blankets, Ovaltine, stew, a home filled with love and memories too

Mum always baking, smell of fresh bread, cakes and pastries, we were well fed
Dad hated night shift during the winters, toiling away at the local Printers
The smell of ink hung in the air, on his hands and in his hair
In early October the aroma of yeast, as Dad tackled the annual beast
Bottles lined up, demi-johns and hoses, that awful smell filling our noses
Dad was the master at making home brew, a home filled with love and memories too

My very own dog, I called him Brandy, unknown breed but fine and dandy
Tracey next door had a poodle named Spud, never was very keen on the mud
An Alsatian called Ollie lived the other side, a giant dog gentle and kind
Tracey was my very best chum, Auntie Joyce her darling Mum
Playing with teddies in early years, innocent times without any fears
Then on to bikes as we grew, a home filled with love and memories too

I slept in the small room above the front door, a sheepskin rug by the bed on the floor
Going to sleep when the sun was just setting, peeking through the window netting
Blankets lay upon brushed cotton sheets, a bedtime story was one of my treats
In every corner books piled high, fairy tales and stories to get me by
Hugs and cuddles, fond and light, as Mum or Dad said the last good night
Prayers and promises made anew, a home filled with love and memories too

The house still sits on the same ground, but Mum and Dad are no longer around.
Over the door the red rose bush climbs, bringing back memories of happy times
Dad picking the first bud with pride, remembering his wife as a young bride
Sixty years since they moved there, young, in love, and without a care
A house where no one was turned away: a drink, a meal, anytime of the day
And now I know this is all true, my home filled with love and memories too

499 words