**I remember that day, like it was just yesterday…**

47 years have gone by.

But it still makes me cry.

You took me to homes,

to take care of their daily ‘norms’.

One day I was left alone with a man.

You went to the shop to buy him beans in a can.

When you returned you called out my name.

He shouted, ‘we are up, here just playing a game’.

You entered the room and I looked at your face.

I knew you were aware of what had taken place.

We left in such a hurry,

your face showing signs of worry.

I longed for your arms,

to soothe and bring me calms.

You told me to not ever speak of this “tale”.

The reason you give, “your dad will go to jail”.

But it wasn't my dad who caused me such pain.

It was a man called Norman, don't know his last name.

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