

A Picture of Home

Paper chains and Parker pens
An old dresser
A teddy bear
A Hot water bottle
China doll
A guitar that once played the blues
A tatting doll
Pair of dancing shoes
An old school bell
Resonant and heavy,
Loud metallic echoes
Warn us that time is up
We must go inside

Take a closer look at the objects
In the window framed picture of our homes
Watch
as they play out old stories
Listen
they quietly hum your favourite songs
Feel
them wrap you in warm memories
Breathe in their smell

The Smell of leather
Now quite old but still like new
Shuffle hop, step and tap
The sound of the clickety clack
I love to dance
Like Fred and Ginger
Every time I have a chance

A Pretty face and denim dress
Little hat I call her Jess
Holding teddy in her arms
From my aunt a birthday gift
Makes me happy gives me a lift

Dip pens
Blotting paper
The smell of school
Proud recipient of 1,000s of cherished words
to family & friends

It is silent
Wooden
Painted
Black, white, red, green and yellow
Reminds me of being a child
Being with my family



A garden full
standard roses carefully tended,
Scent filled air
The greenhouse with its sun-bleached chair
Trays of tomato plants grown from seed
Chrysanthemum heads the size of tea plates,
Sandstone rockery,
Sunny day memories of a child

I gave him his pretty bow
He stays beside my pillow
In the morning I say 'hello'
In times of woe
I have a cuddle
He helps me when in a muddle

Ancient colour
well-worn dresser
Enjoyed and savoured every year
In my thoughts
My sweet daughter appears
My parents too
The joys of
Blessed days
of Yuletide fun

Cuddly duck
Lavender hugs
Give me comfort

Faded yellow
Fur tattered and worn
Smells like biscuits
Of grass on the lawn
I imagine a song
Named after a Beatle
Forever my companion

Neglected for years
It lies in my loft
Once it jazzed to curves of sweet Georgie brown
Snarled the miners defiance to Thatcher
Harmonised The Lord's anthems
And screamed the devil's blues

As you study the picture framed by our windows
you find more than just objects
you discover the taste of a moment
the touch of a once forgotten story
the smell of comfort
and the sound of a memory's footsteps.



This poem was created from the fantastic words and phrases that you and others from the Our Day Out groups sent to us, put together by Poppy Stevens, and with illustrations by Sophie Clouston

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