

EILDON VIEW



I left the home I had for 50 years,



with a suitcase and a sigh, holding back my tears.



All the memories my house did accommodate,



The images retreating as I closed the gate.



How could I settle in this empty place?



How could some photos ever fill the space?



Look down the menu what's for tea tonight?



If only I had some sort of appetite.

Meet the residents what's left to say?

How's the weather, then we look away.

What's on TV and who's coming in?

Sit and watch the happy lady sing.

One evening with the tables cleared and getting late,
I sat like I did on my first date.
We talked and in silence watched the daylight wane.
My life's companions came to me again

Goodnight, at last, my thoughtful friend,
I can smile and know I don't need to pretend.
A memory of looking forward to the day
of voices and laughter come from far away.

Who'd have thought it could end like this?
A cup of coffee and a stolen kiss.
After so many years to come alive,
And to fall in love at 85.