

Houses/Homes

March 2026

Your House, Our House

Paul's dad's got a nice house

He goes out of his way to drive me home in his lime green Rover sometimes

So i felt terrible when I peed m'self on his leather back seat

Waiting for him to stop talking to Kev's mum, after the party

"Wait in the car, I'll be there in a minute."

Kev's mum's got a nice big house

You can cycle round their back garden it's so big

Wonder what Paul's dad thinks of our house?

Probably regrets taking me home that night

One time, i don't think he liked me asking him how he voted in the election

"I don't discuss that with anyone." he said

I could guess though, from his house

He could probably tell how me dad would vote from ours

Paul was dead quiet in the car after the party

I wonder if they could smell it

Craig's house, next door, is really quiet, and his dad is nice

He's like Perry Como, gentle, and quiet

When i'm in there it feels all calm

Craig's dad likes to read - he gets his books from the library

Sometimes we hear him making something in their side entrance

That's next to our front room

He works for Ford's and has a nice blue Escort

Some kid threw a stone at it and chipped the paint

He took us out in it once with Craig's mum

Going over Runcorn Bridge i spewed up over the back of her seat

It was quiet going home

I don't think Craig's mum likes me now

I could see her tryin' to clean it when we got back

I was watching out the window

I hope she managed to clean it all up

[Continued](#)

Your House, Our House - Continued

Robbie's house smells of boiled cabbages
 It's bigger than ours but it's right next to the train line
 His sisters shout and use bad language
 And their mum's dead hard and laughs at the girls
 She decorated their front room with two different kinds of wallpaper
 She didn't have enough of either one
 She asked me if i thought it looked alright
 It didn't but i said "yeah, dead good"
 She hit Craig's mum - punched her all round the front garden
 His sister was screamin'
 I saw them out the window
 Robbie's dad works down the pub
 He has a moped like me dad's
 But he's not nice to Robbie and the girls
 He's a right bastard actually. I hate him

 Our Ste's new house is smart
 It's a semi on the new estate
 The woman next door is Spanish and looks dead nice
 His garden's big enough for a decent game of footy
 Me dad kicked the ball dead hard and it hit the back wall
 Ste told him off - it might've smashed a window
 He's got a Cortina, yellow with a pin stripe
 I don't want to be sick in it or piss me pants
 I'm getting too old for that sort of thing now

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Returning Home

Day is breaking as we begin
 to make the descent,
 gauzy sun lighting
 buffs and moss greens
 of the South Downs,
 pockets of mist hugging
 each dip and fold.

 The plane begins to bank,
 circle and sink lower.
 I can now see the Thames -
 a sinuous eel - slipping
 through the city.
 We drop lower and lower.
 Twin lines of tapering lights
 rise up, keep rising - wide arms
 embracing us home.

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Granny's Home

*Granny's Home is where I went on Friday,
The best day of my week,
A hot lunch, cup of tea, loving chat and up the hill for Bridie,
And more Sums.*

*A small terrace, with black lead range, full of memory,
8 children had lived there and a Grandad,
But now just her and the cat,
But how we could chat.*

*There were parties, laughter and joy,
Auntie Chrissie on the Piano, and singing,
Cousins full of fun . Sweet cakes and Tea.*

*A gas light with Mantle and Chains,
A rag rug , wooden rocking chair,
A Glorious Sideboard full of china, silver,
And endless cups and saucers.*

*Neighbours popped in,
Front Steps were white edged,
And proper standards were kept.*

*There it is in my memory still,
I can visit and see her.
Granny Ruth with her sweet face,
And Silver plaited Hair*

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Great Aunt Gracie

(agoraphobic recluse)

*Let me take you from your hidden home,
my arm linked through yours, to walk
beyond the garden of fruit trees,
wild flowers, watering cans, chopped wood
and planted vegetables - on through the gate.
You could do it, do it - one step at a time.
We could go at dawn, not in bright sunlight.*

*Let me take you along a river bank, listen
to rustling reeds, wing flap and birdsong.
Let me take you to an Art Gallery - a non-busy
mid-week morning. I think I know what
you would admire - atypical works, assembled
with vivid imagination and commitment.
And let me take you to my home, where you
could see the treasures you gave me
in proud position on book shelf display.*

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First House on the Moon

Day 1

*The Sun came up over Little West Crater
What a glorious sight
Who would've known the Sun was so bright?
I might even get my paints out later*

Day 2

*The silence here is so nice
Just the hum of the generator's motor
Running to keep us on our daily science rota
Note to self - remember to feed the mice*

Day 4

*The Sun wakes us up at about 9
Busy, busy, busy up till around 5
Must keep the house from becoming a bit of a dive
One mouse down - not a good sign.*

Day 6

*Up again at the crack of dawn
Wonder what they're doing back down on Earth
I'm missing all that beautiful ocean surf
Both of us feeling a little forlorn.*

Day 8

*Sun came up as usual...yeah, very nice
The silence is deafening, really starting to grate
If i'm honest, can't believe it's only day 8
Oh, and another one's gone, so no more mice.*

Day 10

*Oh Lord, give us some noisy traffic
Anything to drown out his blasted breathing
The whistle from his nose leaves me seething
I really think I might do something drastic.*

Day 12

*If we don't get off this feckin rock soon...
I swear to God he's driving me insane
Property for sale, not overlooked, no chain
Would suit quiet retired couple; address, the Moon.*

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I've Always Had A Home

*I've always had a home, a place to belong,
And each one I've loved, like a verse in a song.
It started in Catford, a ground-floor flat,
With a garden to play in, imagine that!
The number was 144, on Brownhill Road,
A memory I've kept, a happy abode.*

*Then off to the bustle, to Soho's delight,
A three-story house, a beautiful sight.
With a courtyard so peaceful, that grew with the years,
Into a garden to banish all fears.
Then marriage, and Bromley, a new little nest,
A two-bedroom terrace, where we both could rest.
For four fleeting years, the memories are few,
But a friend lost for Brighton once came into view.*

*Back into London, to Fitzrovia's charms,
A third-floor flat, held in welcoming arms.
And there, in that flat, a new chapter began,
With the birth of my son, my wonderful plan!
A country retreat, in Rochester, Kent,
A weekend escape, a place that was meant
For quiet and calm, but I quickly could see,
It was just a commute, not quite wild and free.*

*Then Woodhall Spa called me, in eighty-six,
A change of direction, a different mix.
I sold up in Rochester, followed the call,
And planted my heart there, once and for all.
Now, life is much gentler, retired and at rest,
In the wonderful place that I love the best.
I miss the old excitement, the London delight,
But the joy of true friendship has made my days bright.
In the heart of a community, steady and true,
I've found a new home and a wonderful view.*

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