

## The See – Through House

If we lived in a cellophane cube would we live as we do?  
Would we leave shoes on the landing, would we leave socks on the floor?  
Would we be grumpy in the morning, silent and harbouring doom,  
Munching out toast or our porridge, muttering forecasts of gloom,  
Our spouse not even noticed, a disgruntled shadow in the room?

If we lived in a cellophane cube would we behave as we like?  
Would we always be smiling and helpful, never downcast or blue?  
Would we be laughing with pleasure, with our friends always in tune,  
Not an argument or discussion about what colour to paint the room.  
Smiles glued on faces as though still on honeymoon.

Count your blessings, thank your friends, kiss your loved ones and smile.  
We have walls that hide our glum morning faces.  
We have walls that keep our thoughts from view.  
Thank heavens there is no cellophane cube exposing our secrets anew.  
Thanks heavens we can be ourselves not living where walls are see – through.

A house is a place we call home where our hopes and schemes all dwell.  
No matter if socks lie heaped on the landing,  
No matter if dust motes glitter in the sun.  
A home is a place to be yourself in, to laze or enjoy some fun,  
Where you control what happen and relax when the day is done.

Megan Tomlinson