



This is the house we sheltered in.



These are the hands, nimble and strong,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans

Of the house we sheltered in.



This is the soap that washed the hands,
Again and again, and again and again,

That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



These are the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,

Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



These are the games we played for fun,

After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



These are the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,

After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



These are the stories, read and told,

After the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,
After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



These are the beds, so toasty warm,

After the stories, read and told,
After the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,
After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



These are adventures free of harm,

Dreamed by sleepers, toasty warm,
After the stories, read and told,
After the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,
After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans
Of the house we sheltered in.



This is yet another dawn,

After adventures free of harm,
Dreamed by sleepers, toasty warm,
After the stories, read and told,
After the video chats that pulled
Far off friends into the room,
After the games we played for fun,
After the meals we shared as one,
Passing food with grateful hands,
Washed with soap again and again,
That cleaned the knobs and panes and pans

Of all the homes we sheltered in.

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Please pass this on to anybody you think would enjoy it, especially parents who might want to read it to their children or teachers that might want to share it with their classes.

You can download the PDF of this book, as well a PDF of a black&white version of this book, at:

www.sheltered.life

I created the artwork in this book with an AI-assisted computer process. You can find more of my digital art at:

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