

The House We Sheltered In

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.

Freeman Ng