

OPEN HOUSE AT THE HARBOUR

Vacant eyes - shuffling feet
Walk along a leaden hallway
The people of the sallow - cheeks.
Looking, feeling, thinking - but
Eyes dulled by mental illness.
Drugged to calm their spirits.
Shocked to bring back equilibrium.
Shut away - fast ... to the seclusion
Of silence anchored.
Pray for these people, give hope
Love them as Jesus loved humanity.
Atmosphere - grey - ghostly voices
Echo along a corridor of tears
Hope - freedom, physical and spiritual.
Years go by - styles change.
Fine ways - inside nothing alters.
A life of mail catalogue clothes
Shapeless - conformity to a system
That will not bend like a willow
But remains like the oak.

Bill Archibald.