

MY LIFE; MY HOME

Dedicated to late writer Lucy Freeman and Susan J. Clair
By Ilona Spiegel

I haven't written
a poem,
Since I've moved to
my new home
The rooms are precious,
and newly painted white
white
Embracing me I
can feel my might.

I glide across the glowing golden
wooden floors.
I have three whole rooms,
closets, a locked front
door –
To which I alone possess
the key!
After so many years in
a box...I'm finally free!!
If I don't want to
reside in one room; I
have another
And if that one
doesn't suit my mood
there's yet another.

Each spacious, possessing my
belongings
Where I can live breathe,
do different things
Play my guitar, watch cable
write my book.
I have to pinch myself to
realize it's real
I'm finally free to live my
life and feel what I
feel
There's nothing to conceal
Drop by for a meal
I'm a superb cook
Come into my haven; take
a look.

Free to create in despair
Free to feel elation
Realizing life is a celebration!

Yes I'm alone
I take pride in me
Feeling others' love
All around my home.

In my books the songs on
the radio
The pictures of those I
love on the wall
Washing dishes watching
a tv show
At night gazing out at
the stars aglow
In everything I do: in
my three rooms
I became me from you ...
The memories loom!

So really I'm not alone
And if I am what's wrong
with that!
So much fills my new home;
The times I've had ...
The people I've known
Brought me to where I'm at!

Sometimes I have a
great time
Drinking my slightly frozen water
with a piece of squished
lime

Strolling from one room
to another
Occasionally getting a call
from friends, sister, mother
or brother

This place is my home, my haven
my shrine
It's special most of all this
Place is mine!