

The Last Resort

I have the time to stand and stare,
But what's the point 'cos I don't care
What lies beyond the window frame
Day after day it's just the same.
A still life painting, no alteration,
This is what's called 'isolation'.

Without a wash my hair grows lank,
I have a bath – I'm not that rank.
Apart from that all gone is vanity,
Soon to be followed by most of my sanity.
I search my brain for some solution
Or I'll end up in an institution.

I could, of course, break all the rules
And take a walk like other fools.
I've seen them on the television
The subject of extreme derision.
Don't really want to be that sort
So I'll leave that plan as the last resort.
Carolynne McKee