


You’re not welcome in here
Hinesh Topiwala

I wipe away the tears and dust you down, after you’ve had a bad day.
I wake you up in the morning, with the promise that things will get better.
So carefully and tenderly, I give you the handle of the mug of hot milk.
Then I tie your shoe laces into giant bows, together we cheer.
Here we are, ready to face the day.
What a team we make, an old head and a young body.
Just me and me.

https://doi.org/10.1192/bjp.bp.114.153510 Published online by Cambridge University Press