

THIS HOUSE

By Charissa Coulthard

In two days' time we're moving.
It will be FUN, they say.
You'll have a brand-new bedroom
and your friends can come to stay.

I walk around the messy rooms
with boxes on the
This isn't just a house to me;
This house is so much more.

It's stars up on my ceiling,
the height chart on the wall.
The scuffs along the paintwork
from my cartwheels down the hall.

It's late-night talks and torches,
it's noisy kitchen fun.
It's more than just a house to me;
It's everything I've done.

In one day's time we're moving.
They say: 'A brand new street!
Think of your new neighbours
and the friends you'll get to meet.'

Although it's not the biggest
- in fact, it's rather small
It's more than just a house to me;
THIS house has it all.

It's every crack and corner,
each hidden hiding place,
The nook behind the sofa
where I built my secret base.

The cupboard full of dress-up
where we like to play pretend
It's more than just a house to me;
This house is like my friend.

Today's the day we're moving,
and I don't want to go.
It's more than just a house to me;
It's everything I know.

The way it feels, the way it smells,
the kitchen tap that squeaks.
The bathtub where my tooth fell out.
The single stair that creaks.

The raindrops on my skylight,
The old and withered tree.
It's so much more than just a house;
This house is part of me.

The rooms feel strange and empty.
I'm going to miss them all.
I say goodbye, then one last time
I cartwheel down the hall.

We pull up by the new house,
behind our moving van
And standing on the garden path
I see a white-haired man.

'I've loved this house for years', he says.
'I lived here with my wife.
It's more than just a house to me;
This house is all my life'.

He takes my hand and passes me
a rusty golden key.
'It's never just a house, you know.
Come on. Follow me.'

This tree is best for climbing,
this cupboard's good for games
And underneath the carpet here
we wrote our family's names.

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‘You’ll find a secret cubby here -
this brick comes out the wall!
Plant flowers here in early spring
and they’ll grow super tall.’

‘I know it’s hard to say goodbye
to places we’ve outgrown.
But know that who’s inside it
is what makes a house a home.’

It’s five weeks since we moved in.
I’ve found new games to play.
I painted my new bedroom
and I had some friends to stay.

I use the secret cubby hole
I love the climbing tree
And now and then the kind old man
pops in and stays for tea.

I’ll always love my old house
but we’re making this our own.
It’s more than just a house to us:
This house is our new home

