

MAKEOVER

Walter Nash

Today's vogue is for Makeover—
reconstitution of your domestic schemes
when your bed and your bath and your gloryhole under the stairs
are ripped out, ruthlessly, by expert teams
who then take over
totally, and build you the homes of your wildest dreams,
which are real nightmares.

Myself, I prefer Shoveunder
for tidying-up. I do not like your sleek
patternless fabrics, clean lines, intrusions of brick,
or your plaster pillars modelled on the Greek,
and I wonder
when the clients open their eyes for that little peek
they are not instantly sick.

What do they feel, Dayafter,
when the drawn curtains make bereavement plain?
Where is the cordial mess, the clutter, the orphaned shoes,
the sagging bookshelf, the historic stain,
the old laughter,
all made over *à la mode*, and how can you choose
to make it again?

They should call it Fakeover,
it is like moving house for moving's sake—
that kind of motion's a foolish move, too soon, too far,
on the wrong premises; a gross mistake,
don't make it, rover,
wear slippers, and whatever steps you take
stay where you are...

"Makeover" © 2007 by Walter Nash

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 4 2007