

## Nightfall: This Side of Port Alberni

What is it makes a house a home,  
Puts onus on the ridgepole to stand straight or else  
We'll all walk slanted into the street,  
Laugh at those who think Pisa leans  
Too heavily to the side.

What is it makes a guest stay on;  
These gardens which are good enough to die in,  
Smell of leather garden gloves on the firebrick,  
Chamomile and dill;

And the bishop's chair in the foyer  
Worn to a rounded seat,  
Gives airs of just desserts;  
Excuses the guilty-minded afraid of  
Wearing out their welcome  
As if it were a doormat.

What is it makes a house a home,  
Like good seed to his soil, lends a poor man richer,  
Makes lonely streets pine through windows  
At mantles and kitchen tables, crockery  
Roosting on the shelves, cold feet under flannel;  
There is a saying in the country:  
Hang your hat in the hall where you'll be sure to find it  
Should the lines go down by night.

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