

The Open Day

It was open day at the Drop-In Centre
Harrow Lodge was open to all
It advertised its services
And the Mayor paid a call

Clients and staff mingled with visitors
And explained the drop in centre
I stood around awkward
But it was quite safe to enter



There were photos, captions, information
And leaflets on display
I had even written a robin poem
For the open day



Photographs were taken
and there was a newspaper reporter I believe
And food was laid on
Hungry we did not leave



I had my fair share of Indian food
Sandwiches and tea
And little of the spread remained
By the time the clock reached three



Our new mini-bus was parked outside
Provided by the national lottery
O thank you Lord, thank you Lord
For this charity



I stood and sat around for several hours
Not sure of my role
Was I an exhibit
mad but in control!

Sometime before it closed
I decided to go
Having seen the general public
Sympathetic on the whole

The day had gone quite well
No-one had had a turn
And something about mental illness
The public had managed to learn



We may not be saints
but nor are we irredeemably mad
And that I was there that day
I am quite glad

Brian Harrigan