



'Nursing Homes'

By Amaal Fawzi, Senior Runner-up aged 17 from UK

No one thinks about the souls

Wandering around the halls

Of nursing homes.

Two hands, shrivelled with age:

One clasping my alien-blue scrubs,

The other pressed against the poisoned glass

Of a bedroom window,

Tainted with mist from breath whispering,

'This is a safe space between us -'

A smile, crumbling to dust,

When every ten seconds I must ask

Somebody's grandma

To say 'I love you' through a face mask -

My pupils, those tiny swirly spirals

On a loading computer screen

As a I stare and stare

Through a little black fan

Of lines

Stamped on blank little irises,

Waving hello and goodbye to pixels

Calling themselves people.

No one hears about the souls

Stumbling through the halls

Of nursing homes.

I get home and peel off layers of plastic

That feel more solid than skin.

I wake up, go to work, do it all again.

My friends say I'm brave.

"So brave for going in there every day

And living by yourself.

Never seeing anyone,

Always there to help."

I'm not brave.

I'm just a person trying to keep other people sane.

One old man asks me my name

As I come in with his usual breakfast on a sanitised disposable tray.

I've known him for a year

But I tell him anyway.

He smiles at me. Says he wishes he could see my face.

I steel myself till I'm safe within my one-bedroom-fully-furnished cage.

Till it's too late at night to keep it all at bay.

No one cares about the souls

Floating around the halls

Of nursing homes.

Some of them don't even have a contact to dial into the phone.

They sit on their favourite armchair or bench

In a silence that makes me hesitate before I break it

With a suggestion of playing cards or tea.

My limbs have become polished, whitewashed cave walls.

You could drop a stone down my throat

And feel the echo reverberate in my bones.

But I'm still here.

With the wilted hands and the constant fear.

No one knows about the souls

Drowning in the halls

Of nursing homes.