



# When will I see my love again, it's always been the two of us

My husband lives in a care home, my husband cannot speak,  
Sometimes he utters a 'yes' or 'no', but his eyes are sad and he's growing weak.

At first, I could still care for him, and still feel like his wife,  
But since this lockdown started, he has been vacant from my life.

I 'visit' every day to see him through a windowpane,  
He waits for me and grabs his coat, in the hope he'll get home again.

Everyone is hurried and silence is all I fear,  
I have no-one else to turn to, yet to rules I must adhere.

When will I see my love again, it's always been the two of us,  
I want to scream and shout sometimes, but don't like to make a fuss.

Should I bring him home again, I ask myself each day,  
We cannot go on living like this, I need to find a way.