

# The Visit Hall Beckons

the visit hall beckons  
familiar faces  
conjure up images  
of freedom.  
one hour of dad's infectious laughter  
the weans are runnin riot,  
mair interested in sweets.  
mum asks, 'how you doin?'  
ah tell her, 'ah'm fine.'  
'Yer brother came hame drunk', she says  
'he'll end up in here wi you.'