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Smoke Signals

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This is the House that Jack Left.

By George Fox, Esq.

This is the House that Jack left.

This is the basement, dingy and dark,
In the house that Jack left.

This is the chest, so rarely opened,
Covered by carpets and dust and webs
In that basement, dingy and dark
In the house that Jack left.

This is the drawer that's almost stuck shut
Inside the chest, so rarely opened,
Covered by carpets and dust and webs
In that basement, dingy and dark
In the house that Jack left.

This is the pouch, all moldy and rotten,
That's in the drawer that's almost stuck shut
Inside the chest, so rarely opened,
Covered by carpets and dust and webs
In that basement, dingy and dark
In the house that Jack left.

The power of attorney is
Not durable any more,
'Cause it's in the pouch, all moldy and rotten,
That's in the drawer that's almost stuck shut
Inside the chest, so rarely opened,
Covered by carpets and dust and webs
In that basement, dingy and dark
In the house that Jack left.

Here's the healthcare paper
Which Jack had filled out,
But nobody knew it was next to
The power of attorney
(Not durable any more)
That's in the pouch, all moldy and rotten,
That's in the drawer that's almost stuck shut

Inside the chest, so rarely opened,
Covered by carpets and dust and webs
In that basement, dingy and dark
In the house that Jack left.

This is the Will, all ink-smearred and blurry,
And perhaps never signed,
With the healthcare paper
Which Jack had filled out,
But nobody knew it was next to
The power of attorney
(Not durable any more)
That's in the pouch, all moldy and rotten,
That's in the drawer that's almost stuck shut
Inside the chest, so rarely opened,
Covered by carpets and dust and webs
In that basement, dingy and dark
In the house that Jack left.

This is Jack's family
Who Jack "shushed" away
When they asked 'bout his papers.
So when he was unconscious,
They fought about treatment,
Maybe adding more morphine
And who pays for his funeral
And who wants to take what,
While his bills mounted up and
His mortgage went unpaid,
Because nobody knew
(Until one claimed that chest)
That Jack had a Will, all ink-smearred
and blurry,
Maybe signed, maybe not,
Next to the healthcare paper
That said what Jack wanted,
That was next to the power of attorney
(Not useful any more)
That was in the pouch, all moldy and rotten,
That's in the drawer that's almost stuck shut
Inside the chest, so rarely opened,
Covered by carpets and dust and webs
In that basement, dingy and dark
In the house that Jack left,
That the interested couple gave up on buying.

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A reminder: what's above is general
information, not legal advice. Get legal
counsel before acting on anything in it.

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