

Moving into a Cot

I want my future home to feel like the cot I had as a baby
I knew if I cried someone would rush in with open arms,
hold me till I my skin felt less brittle,
colour the darkness of my hunger with milk.

The cot had four walls made up of poles
with spaces between — the architects
considered breathing space, knew
a body should not have to suffocate
in its own home.

The walls of my cot were white,
but I will add some colour
to my future home, have it blue
as if the sky came to visit.

The floor outside my cot
was my parents room floor,
the rug soft as buttery icing.
Sometimes when crawling
I stepped on a few scattered Legos'
and it stung like an iron burn,
but my legs always returned clean.

I know the roads outside my future
home is made of asphalt,
parents sleep in their own home,
away from their grown child.

I heard there are bumps on asphalt
that feel like Legos' except they are shaped
liked Banks and ATM machines and sting
like a stab wound, blood heavy as loan interest.

I want my future home to feel like the cot I had as a baby,
I was never evicted from the cot, only evolved from it.