Home

If I asked you what home was

I wonder what you would say,

Because home for me is sunny afternoon spent outside

With laughter echoing in the garden,

Along with the barks of playful dogs.

It’s where the potted plants

Have decided to break their confinements

Soil spilling all around them

Which is why you tread carefully

So as not to impale your tender foot

On the sharpest acacia thorn.

The unapologetically loud people

That let you fade out of the conversation,

And instead just sit back

And listen to the words

In a language that roars.

Your family gathered around one cooking pot

The kitchen stuffy with the aroma of good food

With the ear-piercing noise of the cat demanding

To be fed.

It’s your younger brother

Coming into your room seeking guidance

Dependant on the idea that you know

Just how the world works

Trust evident in the way he speaks to you.

Most of all, home is where the people

Love unconditionally

Fearlessly

Humbly

Passionately

Without needing to say a word.

That home is only ever as fast away as

The distance between me

And everyone you’ve ever know

And you.