

A home away from home

A home away from home, I wish for...

The place where quiet comes without regret,

Where my existence isn't a burden to the rest,

Where my wounds aren't opened up to seal up their own,

Where my existence can grow without treason,

Where my torture isn't seen as a citizen's right,

Where my flesh isn't torn and tethered by the blood-bound

Where my bed isn't turned to its side when people can't sleep

Where my happiness isn't seen as an injustice to the rest

Where I'm not ritualistically suffocated under the heaps of morales

Where being on my own isn't seen as a rebellion

Where roaming around in silence doesn't make my steps heavier

Where every thing I do, isn't every thing I'm not supposed to do

Where I'm not made to count my blessings over and over

Where every sound I make doesn't turn into a noise

Where every emotion I express isn't turned into a political debate

Where my nails aren't sharpened against the walls

Where my silence doesn't have to be bought with screams

Where being neurotic and paranoid isn't a virtue

Where every one's miseries isn't my sin

Where my wounds aren't a joke and my jokes aren't a wound

Where my flaws aren't crimes against humanity
Where I'm not out of order all the time
Where my apologies carry the same weight as everyone else's
Where every breath I take doesn't have to be justified
Where my sitting idle doesn't cause the Earth to stop spinning!

A home away from home I wish for...

Where I can watch the trees without having to count their leaves
Where I can watch the river without having to know how many rocks it turned
Where I can watch the sky without birds looking at me
Where I can be happy and unhappy without having to pretend otherwise
Where I can exist as somebody with a first name
Where I can live outside the king's rule
Where I can just.... be myself.... and not feel sorry for it...
Every. Goddamn. Moment!