

Home is fire

home is my heart

I used to think it was where you lived

To be home is to be able to be everywhere
and nowhere

I learned to keep bad secrets, because men
are always right

Once upon a housing scheme

To move it to another part of my mind

That is what women do

Boxes. I keep boxes in my cupboard
Ready for next time

I have never gotten over the culture chock of
moving home

Her arms stretch out to each side, holding on
to the rail of the ship, disguising
the horizon line

Fierce. Strong. Steady.

There is nothing to fear in travelling alone

The future is here!

It is in the jewellery box in my bedroom

They say home is where the heart is.
But not my heart

Everybody lives in my mind and my heart

I am not going to live here for one day, two days.
I am living here all my life.

It's the difference between fitting in and belonging

My life is managed by my google calendar, which
is full of rainbow colour

Back home no one really had any money.
We made what we needed with our hands.
There was love and contentment

Home is climbing trees

Home is a star pattern on the ground

There were so many blackouts

But even though I'm in my safe space, I
always have the TV on, even if low.

Try not to panic

Family by logic

Try to make toast for 300 hundred people

You don't always get it back

Roots are for plants and other people

A rose to remember