

HOME

Written by Maya B

The wallpaper is crimson,
A dust-coated red
A thousand hidden rooms
Reveal velvet-curtained beds.
Memories like candlelight
Flicker on the walls,
Casting shadows that dance
Down stairs and corridors.

The thrum of rain and heartbeats
Echoes through the house
Secrets, linger, quietly awaiting
Someone who'll let them out.
Hanging, faded photographs
Of old family trees:
The crumbling remains of
Forgotten legacies.

Tales of love and heartbreak
Fill a thousand bookshelves,
Waiting for the stories
That we still carry with ourselves.

The place that we've been looking for,
The place where we belong –
Someday we'll realise that.
It's been *here* all along.

In our solitude,
We've never been alone.
Just familiar strangers
On this rock
that we call
home.