

Home of a refugee

by Betti (Theodora) Calin - final version

I grew up
And was so joyful
About creating a home.

But then I got scared
When I realised
That nothing was going
As I planned.
My roots were too strong.
The home idea of my parents
Kept me back and made me slack.
Nothing felt welcoming and warm
As my old home was the norm.

I was like a refugee
It just wasn't made for me
And the place I came from
Isn't anymore the right place to be.

Places I didn't belong
Habits I couldn't adopt
Feelings I couldn't feel
Made it impossible to call it "home".

But then
Rather than a place
Home became a bubble.
One step in front of me
One step behind me
One step in front of me
One step behind me.
I was the center of it.

I transformed my home
Into a part of me.
I became
A place to be.