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Finding Home

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Finding Home

By Ean Savage

Waking up, my memory
fogged I try to remember...
but can't?
Where am I?
Who am I
What happened to what I used to know?

In this foggy town
I can hardly see my silhouette
I look around,
No one is like me
I begin to wonder
Do I fit in here?

NO, something isn't right
It doesn't feel warm here
This feeling of
vulnerability,
Isolation,
cold
I don't like it

Am I in someone else's home?
Am I invited?
Am I wanted?
I don't know

I take a closer look
Their warm smiles
comfort me
I feel loved

Where did I come from?
I don't know
Who invited me to this world?
I don't know
Do I even have a home?

The fog clears
I know now,
This is my home