

Sarah Dixon

Home

My bedroom walls are painted the colour
of your hair, slate grey, smoothed,
as your fringe
set in gel across your face.

The skirting
is the olive-green of your eyes
as they take in my smile
and sparkle with mutual mischief.

My curtains are beige and hang
as straight as your bare arms at your sides,
not a freckle or a mole,
as if you are emulsioned, free of blemishes.

My clock has an honest face.
It never lies to me,
as you have always told me truths,
even those I could not admit to myself.

My dresser has a mirror
that reflects the parts of me I am happy with
and plays down the things
that I would change.

My mattress is stitched with lines
as fine as those on your hands
as I pretend to draw constellations,
to read a future that includes me.