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## Leaving Home

By Jazmine Isha

Maybe it was the way the sun hit the curtains differently

Or the way my coffee touched my lips not hot but gently

There was something about this world that was new

A place I'd created, always dreamt of running to

Like a face all painted to look best and bright

Because this is what I wanted, right?

A house of my own to decorate just right for me

But with an atmosphere of thick uncertainty...

And there's this feeling, almost grief

That sticks around showing its teeth

Bites and shouts in the quiet times

Or sits in the loudness and hums its whines

And there's this phrase, leaving home

Implying that I'm all alone

A nomad, homeless, a vagabond

Living in a place left feeling despond

I think I'd liked the way the sun was bright

When it touched my eyes in the morning light

Or when my coffee was boiling to the touch

But made with love (so so much)

So no I am not leaving home

But starting an adventure on my own

Moving out not moving on

From a place where I belong

When I found that home isn't a place

But a person with a familiar face

(This poem is about missing the small things my mum did since leaving home)

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