

Homes Sweet Homes

By: Paris Delbone

When I was young
I would see a perfect home,
A picture perfect family.
Home sweet home.
Home.
Singular.
So where is my home?

Busiling like a city
Loud, late nights
But the ground is stable.

Board games scattered on the floor
Responsibilities invisible
Blind to the outside world.

Early bird gets the worm
Newspapers open to the crossword
Image of perfection.

Do I have to choose one?
Do I have to conform to society?
Pretending to have the conventional family.

I feel sorry for my old self.
So focused on needing to pick one home,
That I felt I had none.

I reflect.
Each home giving me some of my best qualities;
Unselfishness from my mom,
Humor from my dad,
Unconditional love from my grandparents.

So much to celebrate,
To see how far I have come.
I am the strongest I have ever been.
All because I have three homes backing me up.

