

BABY TEETH

This time
I am Immy
Usually
I think
I would know
What that means
By now
My boots don't fit right
They rub my toes wrong
The leather still refusing to give in and
Be mine
But they're keeping the rain out
And they make me feel tall
And I think I was meant to be tall
So I walk like my toes don't hurt
I found my bag under the bed
Wedged in a corner

Missed in the clear out
I shouldn't have it
It shouldn't be mine
Anymore
But the strap is already worn
Right where I like to rub my thumb over it
When I'm nervous
So I dyed it
Beige to black
So the others wouldn't recognise it
And I said I found it
In a charity shop
And maybe an eyebrow
flicked up in recognition
But I wasn't looking
It's cold in the flower shop
It smells of petal and root and dirt



*The blood
Feeds the hunger
That threatens everything*

It's cold and it smells like the ground and it
welcomes me in the way the ground will not
And I like it
I like it
It's cosy
It feels
Nice
It feels
safe
I touch petals and stems
I like the red flowers
They remind me of Freddie
I like the orange ones
They remind me of Henry
I'm not sure which would remind someone
Of me
I wonder if maybe
I'm the bits under the ground
In the dark
The bits that hide
The bits that burrow
I pick up a yellow rose
And hear the words
"That one suits you"
And I turn
I turn
And there
There
Is a girl