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

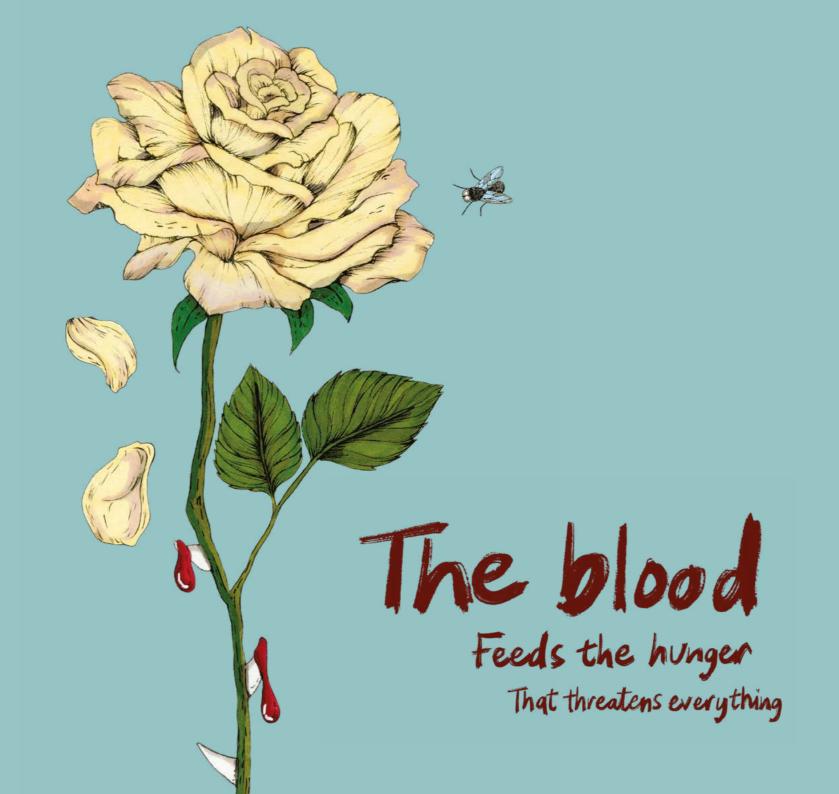
And I think I was meant to be tall flicked up in recognit

So I walk like my toes don't hurt But I wasn't lool

I found my bag under the bed It's cold in the flower sl

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



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