

*The Home Within My Head*

By Isabel Turner

Everyday feels as though we are  
Playing hide and seek with death  
Unsure of who he might wish to take  
Whose breath

So I make a home inside my head  
Plant flowers in the beds of my brain  
In the hopes that their bloom is beautiful enough  
To fight back against the angst of solitude

My head is now my home

That's what I tell myself when death comes knocking  
At the door of another soul

I wonder how others tend to the homes within their heads  
How they choose to nourish their own flowers  
When they feel there is no space for them to grow

I'm grateful for the house within my head  
And my head inside my home

But when life feels like a head within a home, it's hard to imagine  
A world with all those heads and all those homes  
And when death is out to play, we are not allowed to leave  
Our homes within our heads  
And those who must, I fear, face the greedy grasp of death

So I stay within the home inside my head  
I lock the door and back away  
From the homes in the heads of others  
Praying they don't unlock the door to smell the flowers  
Within the home of another head  
As tempting as a sniff would be  
As warm as another head's home could prove to be

Death stalks between each home and head  
Waiting  
To smother the flowers that try in earnest to bloom  
In the isolation of our own  
Heads, our newfound homes