

Homesick

I am homesick for the place where I grew up,

I want to go home and take you there.

The place I spent my life getting away from,

Running away from, many times,

And getting into scrapes.

One which I haven't seen for many years,

And didn't think I would ever again,

But I know it's still exactly the same.

And i know I was safe and secure there,

More so than anywhere else, snug in my cocoon.

I want to be little again and be back there.

I didn't know at the time, and didn't want to,

But the world can be a dangerous place,

Unwelcoming and lonely.

I'd thought previously it was beautiful and free,

And if there's anything you and I have,

It is a home, always out there, somewhere.