

Home

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FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL | 9TH GRADE

I walk through the place
I called "home"
The place I left with
An opened wound

"Home" such a strong word
Like a book filled with secrets
but always left unread

"Home"
Is like a crime scene
Everyone talks about it
but no one bothers to explain it
They just expect you to understand it

"Home"
I have moved from place to place
Hoping to find a place
I can call my own
But I didn't

"Home"
such a popular word
Everyone I meet always says
"what's your home,
the home to your heart?"

I don't respond
"why do you want to know"
I don't want to tell
I don't even know
But they ask
and I tell

"Home"
Such an unexpected word
but everyone seems to have one
Except for me

At least everyone tells me
"you will find it someday"
they tell me
I smile

