

## **It feels like home**

### **- Jerome Coetzee**

I knocked on a door  
that had bright colours and varied faces.  
Faces that screamed positive messages.  
The welcoming mat was clear, it  
submerged me in the  
freedom of the sky.  
The door was not creaking, it had  
the sound of rolling hills and  
Ice-cream trucks cruised by.  
I stepped inside.  
There was no hope  
No light  
No laughter  
No grace  
No mercy  
I sat down, the voice spoke slowly  
and creaked and dragged every  
syllable.  
“If you sit you stay,  
It’s your choice to plant yourself inside”  
My response:  
This feels comfortable, feels like eternity,  
feels like home.