

## **The Cobbled Shack**

They tell me that home  
Is where you choose to build it  
But that philosophy is fickle and judging

With no blueprints or instructions  
I was never taught  
Where my foundation should sit  
Nor what materials are trustworthy  
Or which pillars are sturdy

Trial has taught that people  
Are not a support system  
And self-esteem is full of holes  
And I am not worthy of a house  
But a cobbled shack  
Demolished by everyone that has left  
Wary of all who arrive

It leaks and groans  
And sometimes I'm caught beneath the rubble  
Limping for months and shelterless  
Wading through an existence  
Built on isolation