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