

## MOBILE HOMES

“So what was it like if you don’t mind me asking?”  
Similar to a broken futon that can only recline so far  
No bed sheets to change  
No bed  
You drive to away as if, it were someone you were going

Living in a car            puts me near back parking lots of high schools  
Empty streets            of Aurora, IL  
You feel lost in your home town  
Never left the doors unlocked  
Sleep soft  
Waking to raccoons rumbling through trash cans  
The night feels like stranger  
I wear a chin too young to blossom any stems of maturity  
Shaving pain is frightening when alone

Became in tune with self and nature as if they two were separate  
Clocking the odometer to map just how far from God I had driven  
The God that kept my mother believing her alcoholic husband would change  
It was the only thing that kept her content  
Nothing kept me comfortable  
Seat belts never grant you safety when parked, but it was something to hold onto

I hung my shirt in the window of the door to block the rising sun  
Imagining I was in my childhood bedroom where the semi-street curtains use to hang

Cramped, but still I stretched my thoughts into smooth roads  
And attempt to run them over  
Paint lines of intention to go home but never found the sign to guide me

The armrest propped my head  
No leg room  
I curled up into a youth of lost  
Bed sores  
Hot summer/fall nights leaked through cracked windows  
Clothes for pillows their scent reminding me of what used to be  
Drool stains on shirts I would find mid-day in English or Gym class

Living in a car is convenient  
The glove compartment is your pantry  
Backseat the bedroom  
The trunk, your closet...  
the mobility of a home is comforting, when you believe home  
can be found wherever you find comfort