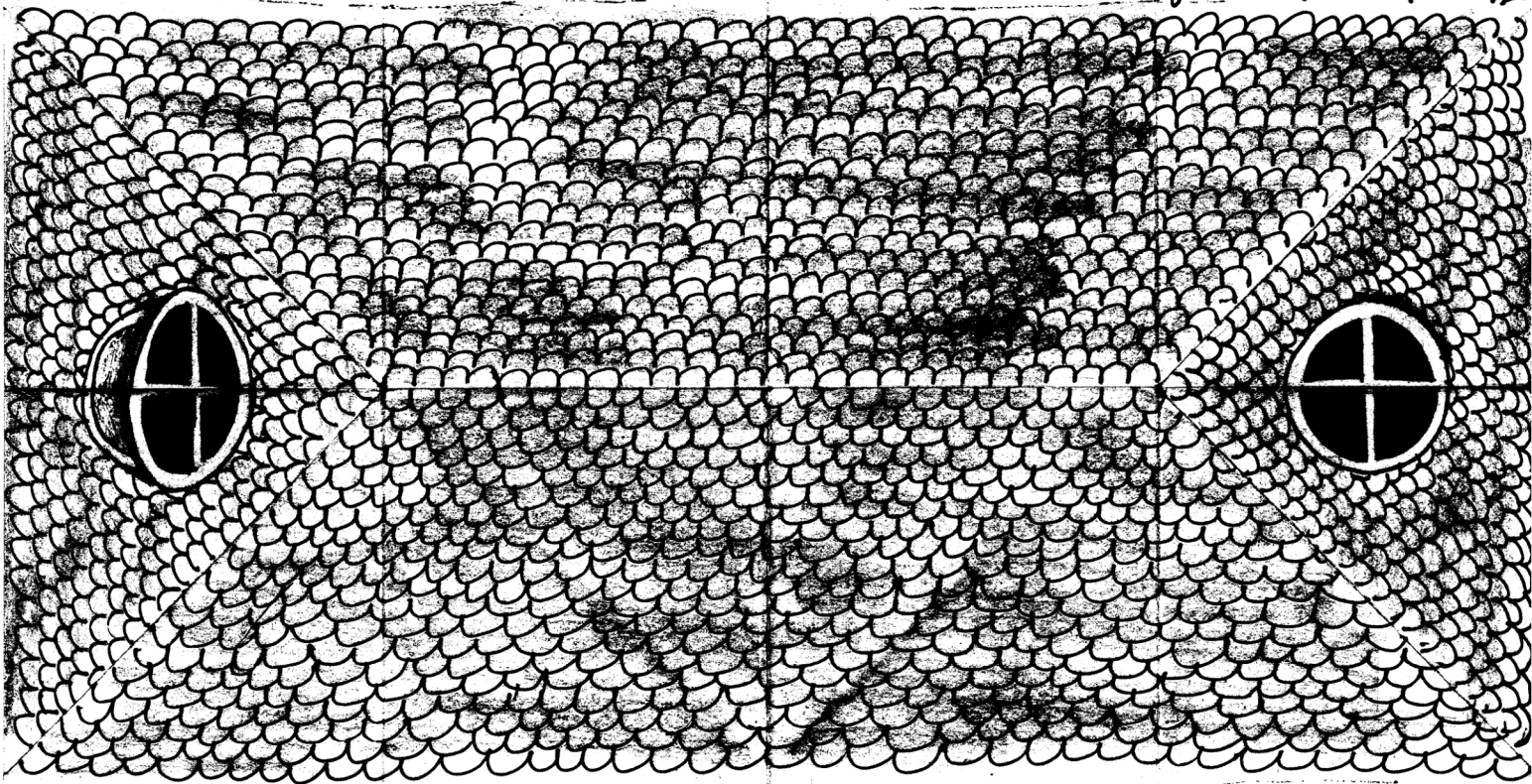
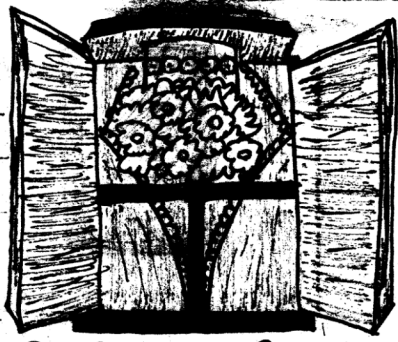


This is not my house. I will be 20 this month and I have lived in eight different houses. 'I lived' because I stayed long enough for me to accept the house, but never long enough for the house to accept me. I agree, it is my fault. I got too attached to things which will eventually crumble to dust. But then who am I if not the places I have been at, the thoughts I have amassed, scattered across the country and yet remarking that I truly did live after all. Perhaps I am my own house.



This is not my house. I have never slept in a bed that is too small for me. Every year, I leave for college to a different bed and each year, I come back home to a different one. I want to go home, but home is never there, I don't know which light switch is for what lights and right when I learn, it's time to leave again. I hustle across time and memory collecting switches, addresses, maps which do not exist anywhere except within me. Perhaps I am my own house.

