We grow up looking for ourselves
On phone screens,
In movie scenes,
In the streets.

Listen for the sound of voices
that ring perfect cadences
over our own.

Not everyone gets to see
themselves when they're young,
We're told we'll find our tribe –

When we join the right club,

Go to the right sixth form,

Get accepted into the right uni,

Try the right passion,

Marry the right person,

Find our found family.











And we often do –
Eventually.

Doesn't make it any
less lonely.

So we spend nights curled around curled pages of reread books,

Under covers with phone torches,