

Homecoming

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I'm never sure how to navigate it
How to slip back into the corpse I left behind
To raise it from the ground
And be the girl that I once was, before I left
Each time
It feels as if I am relearning all that I have unlearned
I am rummaging through all the stuff that my mother gave me
Neatly placed at the corner of my room
For this homecoming
I am wearing shoes that are too tight
Because I am afraid my mother cannot afford new ones
Because for her, tight shoes mean familiarity
They mean bubble of safety
They shout change is hard and I've had hardships enough
I fear that she will never be able to unlearn
And I will always have to shed this skin
In preparation
For my homecoming.



Hide by Kitty Cheung