

I like Basel but

When I wake up I make myself
At home I have a coffee
And I try to write, sitting on the sofa that is a bit like a boat adrift - But not as hard, and ash-grey.

This flat is an Ikea showroom we said
We'd stay in for 3 months - no longer - but since no assistant has made us leave We're here still, and
sitting
On too many chairs, all dark-blue, and not at all comfortable.
Not like the armchair I wanted when I was ten and warm in my yellow puppa.

I tell you I want my roots to feel like there is soil around them -
Like there hasn't been since splitting my Gran's earrings and bracelets on the staircase between my
cousins. We were unscrupulous gem dealers in an alleyway
While everyone tried not to succumb to the devastation.

So, black coffee, in one of eight white mugs, even though there are only two of us here, and we have
No friends
To pour for,

To pull out a blue chair for,
To use the cocktail shaker for,
And I've tried Tarot on the ribbed rug, horoscopes on the toilet (brand new), but it's Hard to escape the
feeling of lukewarm water
Up to our chins
That judder, learning German over Zoom.

I like Basel, but when I could draw the road network of Silksworth on the palm of my hand With the
nearly-dead red sharpie in the kitchen drawer
While my Dad does the washing up, singing at the top of his lungs,
I want to snap the backs off our blue chairs

Rub pasta sauce on the white walls and Piss in our dishwasher.

C. Haley