

Living Room

by Eleanor, Year 8

His eyes were year old frozen fish,
and his hair was the shower plug's treasure
and his cologne was my week old lunchbox
and his mood was under the weather
and his teeth were like the cheese grater
and his laugh was the creak of a door hinge
and his friends were the mites in our flour
his ears were the shell of pistachios,
and his scalp was the showerhead covered in year old mould
and his nose hair stuck out like a knife in the fork drawer
his spots were the lumps in my sugar
and his eyebrows were the carpet yet fuller
and his smile was the colour of the bathroom floor
and he cowered behind the bannister rail
because his back was bent like pipe cleaner
and his teeth were crooked as the novels on my bookcase
but his dreams were the attic's boxes,
all hidden and packed away.
give him a chance, just give him a day
All he needs is some living room.