

## **Common Ground**

*By Zoe Andres*

If I had a dinosaur I would name him Frederick,  
because I feel like it would suit him.  
Nobody would ever believe me when I tell them "he's my best friend",  
because you can't imagine being friends with someone  
so different from yourself until you actually are and you realize  
how much common ground we all share.  
We breathe the air,  
need water to drink,  
food, sleep, and time to think.  
So why do people keep looking at me strange when there's nothing here that needs to change  
except perhaps the way we view others.  
In the end we're all the same:  
living things with different names  
looking for a friend.  
Maybe nobody ever thought it mattered that Frederick might like ice cream  
or that I like ice cream too.

## **Growing**

*By Zoe Andres*

I could start a new year  
with the wisdom of the old  
knowing  
what came from these past months,  
that crushed me and reshaped  
the pieces of my body  
to make me the person  
I am  
sitting here  
weaving words and wonders  
waging wars  
and praying for peace  
a new start  
following arbitrary end.  
I am just who I was yesterday  
but not the same as I was last week  
Where was the change?  
The shift in time  
where life stood still  
or transitioned from F to G?  
How did I arrive where I am  
but through constant movement  
an evolution  
from old  
to new

and beyond  
because I am not done  
the blossoming continues  
from tiny buds to giant blooms  
A vine growing longer  
putting down roots, new shoots,  
alive and healthy.

## **Home**

*By Zoe Andres*

Have you ever imagined what it would be like  
to walk into a room full of sticky notes  
and thought it would be the most beautiful thing you've ever seen?  
Walls covered in coloured schemes,  
of things to do and story themes  
a window into someone else's mind.  
Ideas scattered, yet held together by invisible threads  
seen only by the one who caught the train of thought.  
To others, it is nothing  
but a glorious mess.

It makes you want to make a cup of tea  
and read every single one,  
create your own story from what was there before  
move them around and see how long it takes  
before you break the code  
or until the artist notices that their  
ideas have changed and no longer match the rainbow universe within their brain.  
It makes you want to lie on the floor and watch the kaleidoscope swirl overhead as a gust of wind  
sends ideas floating like paper butterflies.

I wish I could live in a house made of sticky notes.  
Surrounded by colour and joy, alive and dancing as the summer breeze  
whispers thought the walls.  
Sunshine glowing yellow, green, and pink through the ceiling.  
Everything clean and spotless,  
perfect lines and corners,  
like an Ikea ad,  
until rain sends colours bleeding,  
tattooing stories onto my arms and legs.  
Hair dripping with orange and pink.  
A work of art painted on my skin, striped with raindrops and splashes from puddles.

I wish I could live in a house made of sticky notes.  
A place within myself where laughter never fades  
and people never age

and I can call it home.