

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.