

**Chapter 1 Poem**

**Link - https://youtu.be/XLy4Uad-ioY**

**Introduction**

when I tell you to tell me a story

I really mean

welcome home

my ears are the AirBnB

on the holiday of your dreams

when I say your dreams

I really mean my purpose

if you’re on a journey then, baby,

I’m your designated driver

solid 5-star Uber review

you

passenger accomplice

 willing companion

 synchronised compass

northward

on the highways of our histories

have you ever rode the waltzers

solo

after stuffing your face full of fairground fodder

then you stand

and try go out through the in door

pushing at the pull gate

 dizzy

 and

 sick

afterburn of life rising in your throat

Earth’s rotation s p i n n i n g between your ears

I have

a lot

which is to say

I have a lot of experience

standing still when the way we move through space

Is the smallest force pushing me around

put another way

I’m a good man in a storm

I’m good at floating

the water never gets above my head

only directly to

I mean

I will never let you drown

when the oceans of this world

wash inwards

and carve coastlines to your front door

my body will be sandbag and sail

It’s been a while since I’ve had to bail out the storm

I mean

I won’t bail out on you

if you ask me, I will carry you

over every horizon

which is to say

I know I say a lot, have said a lot

I know I talk too much

but I’ve swallowed down

so many stories that didn’t agree with me

I got tired of bringing up the past

so tell me one of yours

lace your voice with starlight

cause god knows I’m scared of the dark

when I say the dark

I mean

the silence

when I say the silence

I mean

please

don’t leave me

I don’t want to be alone

alone this girl falls in the forest

and who cares if I make a sound

can you learn to love the garden

when it looks like the underbrush?

looks like the darkest part of the fairytale

the bit they leave out of the movies

I’m not a princess

 nor warrior

 not hero or sidekick

 not magic wand or spindle prick

I’m the witch they left out of the story

the (mostly) good kind

who comes and goes by bubble

and holds you as you cry

my magic can hold back the dark

I mean

I love you

my name is

the backbone of your question mark

that thing

you didn’t know

 you didn’t know

let’s find out together

I mean

hello

I can’t wait to get to know you