

Home

by Sahasra Somayajula

It may just be an establishment
with many inhabitants
But no restaurant can offer
my mother's food
which will brighten up your mood,
and have you dazed
for days.

No hotel can present
A room like the president's
cozy and warm
and brings no harm

No picture-perfect place
can compare to my space
Be it small and dense
or big and immense.

Not even the kindest individuals
can equal the originals.
My mom with her super powers
and my dad with his man powers.
My know-it-all sibling
As we all live under the same ceiling.

It doesn't have to be a great luxury
to hold extraordinary memories.
It doesn't have to have a couch
a cupola,
or a floor.

As long as it makes you elated
and appreciated
Your favorite place
doesn't have to be the best space
It just has to be
home.