Home is Where the Heart Aches

As Friends Rust

Count me in, before you kick me out. We could argue 'till we're blue in my face, adding assault to injury. Be gentle. It's my last time to shine, else I fall victim to the fists of time. It seems our blood is worth no more than mud. But that's a blessing, isn't it? And, of course, I give into it. Home is where the heart aches. Home is where the love breaks. Home never happened to me. What you see is what you get, and I suggest you get used to it. Because I will never make you proud, and that's something I can live with. Things don't change, they stay the same. It's only the words that rearrange. I am the person I can't ignore. I am the person that I abhor. Fifteen years of endless fear, of stolen youth, of keeping clear. I am the person you can't ignore. I am the son you will never adore.

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