my homesick elegy, I wrote while living in the Netherlands. it was my third year abroad, and I was grappling with adjusting to a new country, while losing touch with many old friends at home. 'a weed in the garden' refers to the feeling of belonging nowhere.

a weed in the garden

can't be bothered to keep in touch
out of sight out of mind
is reason enough
and I'm perennial
I fade quickly
my body withers
hell, the season's tough
lets my mother count for the lost time
she emails me credit card bills,
stuff she's read online
now the seasons change
my roots are sickly and
I'm smiling and nodding
wondering if you miss me

when you transplant an organ
it gets rejects by the body that needs it
so if I go home is it still home?
a spell is still a prayer
if you try to believe it

many places and faces I lived and loved
eventually I wonder when
enough's enough
they stopped asking
are you coming home?
my reach is dried out
I fossilize alone

I have grown new roots
but nothing else
so now how you recall me
is not myself
feels like a weed in the garden
nothing you needed or wanted
nothing you needed or wanted
and I'm like april
they wish I was warmer
I am the giving tree and
every version before her
(every version before her)

so I start to wonder am I just a phase?
a satellite sensation to your glory days
and I'm perennial
Your decoration
what better way to feel cool
than illicit flirtation?

I have grown new roots
in a different place
you look for sympathy
I can't find the words to say
too indifferent
too independent
I don't want anyone or anything
christ! I meant it
anyone or anything
anyone or anything

and I'm like april
halfway frozen
I jump on thin ice
wearing not one emotion

ah just a weed in the garden
am I fully forgotten?