Identity Loss

Vines snake up my bedroom walls

Suffocating the cream paint,

Growing and conquering until they blanket the sides of my room like fur.

Weeds sprout from the floor -

Happy-faced dandelions stark against the beige carpeting

and bramble’s serrated edges.

The window has been left open,

and black dots of insects have colonised

the damp patches of mould underneath the radiator.

My former sanctuary is no longer mine

and my familiar scent has been replaced

by the sour odour of waterlogged soil.