

Alden Avenue

It's raining on Alden Avenue
The droplets stream down my windshield in rivers
It's a heavy, steady kind of rain
The gravel crunches as I pull into his driveway
We duck the rain running under the overhangs
Keys. Door. Inside.
And just like that - I have a vision
Of us in the future doing the same thing
Coming home
Being home
Having a place to call home that doesn't ache deeply

For a moment, I can see myself pulling the door closed
as he walks into the kitchen and hangs up his jacket
For a moment, I can see it
I can just see it
and in that moment
I finally find the space
to breathe

— *Ruksana Kabealo*