

## The Room

The room is a box  
There is one window on the left when I stand on its right  
There is also a skylight on the ceiling because I look at the stars before I sleep

The walls are grey  
People may ask: Don't grey walls make you sad?  
That is what I think they would ask  
But they do not  
They do not make me sad and they do not make me happy  
They exist and I exist and we pretend the other doesn't  
I never understood why grey walls made people sad

I have a small bed, or at least small is what the receipt says  
I fit well on the bed  
The mattress sinks in to make a gap for my body  
I think the bed is very polite  
The sheets are grey to match the walls

I cannot describe the outside walls  
Maybe creepers grow on it  
Maybe insects crawl on it  
Maybe someone has drawn on it  
But nothing will ever get in

There is a shelf of books  
I arranged the books by size  
Smallest to largest, left to right  
The books converse with me but they never argue  
They do not lie to me  
They do not abandon me

I have made marks on my shelf of my height  
I have marked the same spot for the last two years  
But the chalk is beginning to fade

I have a small blue pen and a small black notebook beside my small bed  
Again, small is what the receipt says  
I have never used the pen but I think the ink has dried up completely  
They sit still  
They do not disturb me  
They are polite like my bed

I walk in my room  
7 paces, turn left  
7 paces turn left  
7 paces turn left  
And I am back where I started

Sometimes my room transforms into a jungle  
Or a desert  
Or a city

I see the people in the city but they do not see me  
Sometimes they hold hands or laugh at jokes  
I do not think they are funny  
They say they love each other but go home alone every night and draw the curtains and sit in their own rooms  
I wonder what their rooms look like...

They live in big buildings  
Many rooms on top of each other  
I think grey walls make them sad but all the buildings are grey on the outside

I like to visit the city but only at night because it's quiet and I get plenty of sun in my room anyway  
I walk the same route  
7 paces, turn left  
7 paces turn left  
7 paces turn left  
But each time something changes because I do not end up where I started but that is impossible  
There are only buildings, no parks or cars or malls

One time I saw a little girl  
It was late and she shouldn't have been out and I think she knew it too  
Strangely, I think she may have seen me because she smiled  
But you can never know when someone's looking at you or through you  
She ran up the stairs and disappeared into one of the grey buildings and I haven't seen her since and I couldn't tell you which building it was even if I tried because they all look the same  
She looks familiar

I leave the city when it rains because I do not have an umbrella  
I return to my room  
But I can still hear the thunder

I like to sing in my room  
My books and walls clap for me  
I only know two songs but one makes me cry so I don't sing it  
I sing the other song  
I think my audience gets sick of it but I don't know any other song  
What do I do?

I use chalk to draw my times table on the wall and erase it when I'm done and then do it again  
Numbers are consistent  
I like that  
2 times 2 is always 4  
Unless two isn't 2 and four isn't 4  
But in my room they are what I want them to be

I have no food or extra clothes  
I wear my same clothes everyday  
I do not shower because I have no bathroom  
I do not have a TV because I do not care about the news

There is already politics in my room  
The right wall called war on the left wall  
But if I turn, the walls change and I become confused  
I think they are all fighting  
That is why they never talk to each other  
People always said: If walls could talk  
But mine don't hence I think they are angry  
I stay out of it  
I do not like taking sides of my room

Sometimes it is very bright and a lot of sun comes into my room  
It is the only thing I allow in  
The sun never asked for permission but that is ok  
I am not one to pick fights

My favourite item is my chess set  
I am missing a king, a knight and a pawn  
The pawn is missing but I don't miss it  
Who cares about the little guys?  
They are just pawns  
Half the pieces are black and half the pieces are white  
In my chess, black goes first  
Because I say so

There is also politics on the chess board  
A rook killed a queen  
Swept right and knocked her over  
I play by myself so I was the rook and the queen  
I gained and I lost so I laughed and I cried but it all felt good

One some days my room becomes a chess board  
The walls and floor and ceiling and window and bed and bookshelf and skylight become black  
and white squares  
I can choose a piece but once I have chosen the piece I cannot change it again until the game  
is over  
The thing is, I am the only one on my chess board presumably because no one else can get it  
or no one else has tried to so I win by default every time

Sometimes it rains at night and the droplets stain my window but they leave by the morning  
I like watching them race each other  
But if they knew their fate beyond my window I think they'd take their time  
I never understood why everyone was always in such a rush

I also have a photo frame but no memory to put inside it  
But that is ok  
The photo frame came with a photo  
It is a family of four and a dog and they are all smiling at me because they are happy  
I think  
One mother, one father, one little boy and one little girl and one little dog

The frame has a crack in it cause one day it fell  
It was not my fault  
I have no tape or glue so now it sits there broken  
I ruined the family's photo and I am sorry  
I hope they do not think I did it  
I would never intentionally crack somebody else's' photo  
They keep smiling at me though so I think I am in the clear for now

The crack runs between the little girl and her family so she is pushed off to the edge  
She is by herself but she is still smiling at me  
Strangely I think she can see me  
She looks familiar

There is a table beside my bed  
It is wooden and comes up to my waist  
It have three drawers and one has a box but the box is locked  
If there is a lock logically there must be a key but I lost the key a long time ago

I was holding the key and then I dropped it but it never hit the ground  
If you closed your eyes you wouldn't have known I dropped it because it made no sound and  
because there is no way to enter my room so even if it made a sound you would not have been  
here to hear it  
It disappeared  
I promise

The box gets dusty so I clean it every month  
I pull it out from the drawer, dust it, shake it and then put it back in  
Each time I shake the box it makes a new sound so I assume whatever is in the box changes  
every month  
Or it changes everyday but I only check once a month

I can't tell you where my room is not because I don't want to but because I don't know  
Someone should have found me by now if I was somewhere so I guess I am nowhere to be  
found  
Once I heard voices outside the room  
They sounded like the people from the city but they did not approach my room  
The people in the city in my room cannot see me and the people in the real city cannot see my  
room  
I will never be found

I have no concept of time but I have a clock  
It has stopped at 8:32, I don't know whether it is am or pm but it seems to have stuck my room  
in both  
Once I thought I saw the hands of the clock wave at me

I have no concept of time because the sun always shines at 8:32 am and the stars are always  
there at 8:32 pm and they seem not to have a concept of time because the sun is always  
shining and the stars are always there  
To avoid confusing myself I only look at the stars before I sleep because stars mean night time  
and night time means sleep

My favourite book is one about a walrus who lives by the sea  
He chases after the waves but he is too fat to catch them and they recede into the ocean  
Then he tries staying on the beach but the waves never return  
So he goes closer, and the sea pulls back  
Maybe the ocean is shy he think so he moves closer  
But it pulls back again  
How odd!  
So the walrus keeps waddling but the sea keeps moving back

One day the walrus gets upset and he says: Why won't you play with me?  
And the sea says: Because you will eat all my baby oysters and I have to protect them  
To which the walrus replies: I just want a friend, I won't eat your baby oysters  
The sea thinks  
Then moves to the walrus and washes him in the waves

The walrus has never been happier but all that waddling means he's never been hungrier  
So he eats a baby oyster and falls asleep  
The next morning the sea is gone and the walrus is alone and he never finds the sea again  
The End

Most importantly my room has no door  
It was there when I entered but then it wasn't and it became one of the four walls  
I locked myself inside  
Now I am free