

home

by [yoropaaxis](#)

you're all alone on an island
your ship is broken
you have no map
no direction except for the light
the mesmerizing light
of the southern cross

but what is more comforting
the deep solitude of summer isolation
or the tribal anxieties and the ritual life?
the alien invasions and the starlight strife
the love of a genius uncle
or making the honor student roll?

these islands
are no place
for a seattle boy
like me

but that is why i cannot ever leave
yes
i am mad in love