

Old Four Walls

Amina Atiq

I
learnt
to walk
up the stairs, differently

to find the little girl who used to dance
in her father's eyes
blowing my first candles in a two-layer sponge cake
painting my face, in puffy dresses and lip-gloss
stealing mum's gold bangles, dancing away

to fall asleep on the couch
sheltered under our blanket-

until I found her
the girl I left stacked, dusted
in teenage poems.

I wish I had known
saved with them is a better place.