

## Sleepover In A Strange Place

By Rosa Saba

The hum of a fluorescent lamp  
Old, but  
It still works  
The creak of the bed  
As I slide in  
The whisper of a foreign room  
And the breathing of a strange house  
Fill my ears  
Yellow light floods my vision  
From the left  
The wall, to the right  
Bears my shadow  
I turn,  
Try to catch a glimpse of me  
But I am blurred  
Stretched  
In this place  
Maybe  
I am not myself.

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