

## There are more shells here Josephine Hall

With Brighton out of sight  
and out of mind. My thoughts wander  
to Cornish cliffs and Scottish shores.

The shells remind me of these other homes,  
other prisons that I felt the loss of so acutely.  
Homes that were brittle and heavy to carry  
and yet that somehow held me completely.

Home is a mystery to me.  
Some days I have many  
and some days I am lost;  
no shore to run my tears down.

As a child, I would point to the sky  
when they asked me where I came from,  
why did I look different to them?  
Today I still look to the sky for answers.

I find them, I lose them, I absorb, I renew.  
This existence is a matter of survival.  
The sea, the sky, the shells - they know this  
and they do not fear it.

Sometimes when I'm watching the sunset  
I want to climb inside it.  
I want to live and breathe that beauty.  
So why don't I?

I know I must have night so I can have day,  
yet when my own sunset happens... I hide.  
I dress shame up in different ways  
and it multiplies.

Sea air brings a rhythmic reflection,  
the tide wears down my defences  
and I am no longer ashamed.

Now, like the shells, I am exposed  
and enduring.