

The Nest

How do you make a human?

A mum and dad?

Two mums?

One dad?

A parent?

All valid answers, but not the only ones.

Home. Synonymous with sanctuary, right?

Then why do so many of us leave home?

It's not always that lovely image of a little bird ready to fly, leaving the nest with great strength.

Sometimes the bird doesn't fit in the nest, or the materials don't feel right.

Like a scratchy jumper you were given by a relative and were forced to wear every time they come round, or like the feeling you get when you have to hide your identity to appease your elders.

And what if you're not ready to fly? There's always a branch, that will eventually lead you to safe ground, or even another bunch of birds going through the same thing. A sanctuary, unfortunately, isn't always where your egg hatched.

For me, my sanctuary, they were my friends mum, my partners parents, or my brother and sister, appointing themselves as my 2nd mum and 2nd dad.

All with different nests, open, and ready for me to rest until I'm ready to fly off where I need to go.

And now, I'm in the air, flying, and every so often finding sanctuary in the little things, like listening to music, or making films, or even cuddling with my pets, each a small twig or a branch, collectively building the foundations of my own nest, for me, and anyone who needs it.