

Things are not always what they seem

It's a colour of muddy water in the Manning River during winter

Raining, clouds silvery grey like the shark, totem of my people.

Hiding in my room, smells like lavender Glen 20, mum's attempt to  
rid it of boy sweat and socks, its where I go when things are not clear

I am dressed for happiness, a suit, a uniform but I don't feel it inside.

Inside, if it were happiness, I would be barefoot at the beach.

It's like an old rundown lounge with rips in the fabric, stains and  
springs poking out. It doesn't look good but it is comfortable.

The fancy leather lounge looks perfect on the outside but it doesn't  
quite fit me.

It is like a cooking show, my kitchen rules, you think it's going to be  
boring but it turns out to be really good.

It's like a messy baked dinner, gravy spilling all over the place,  
vegetables everywhere and meat crooked on the plate.

Tastes delicious no matter how it looks.