

We grow up looking for ourselves  
On phone screens,  
In movie scenes,  
In the streets.

Listen for the sound of voices  
that ring perfect cadences  
over our own.





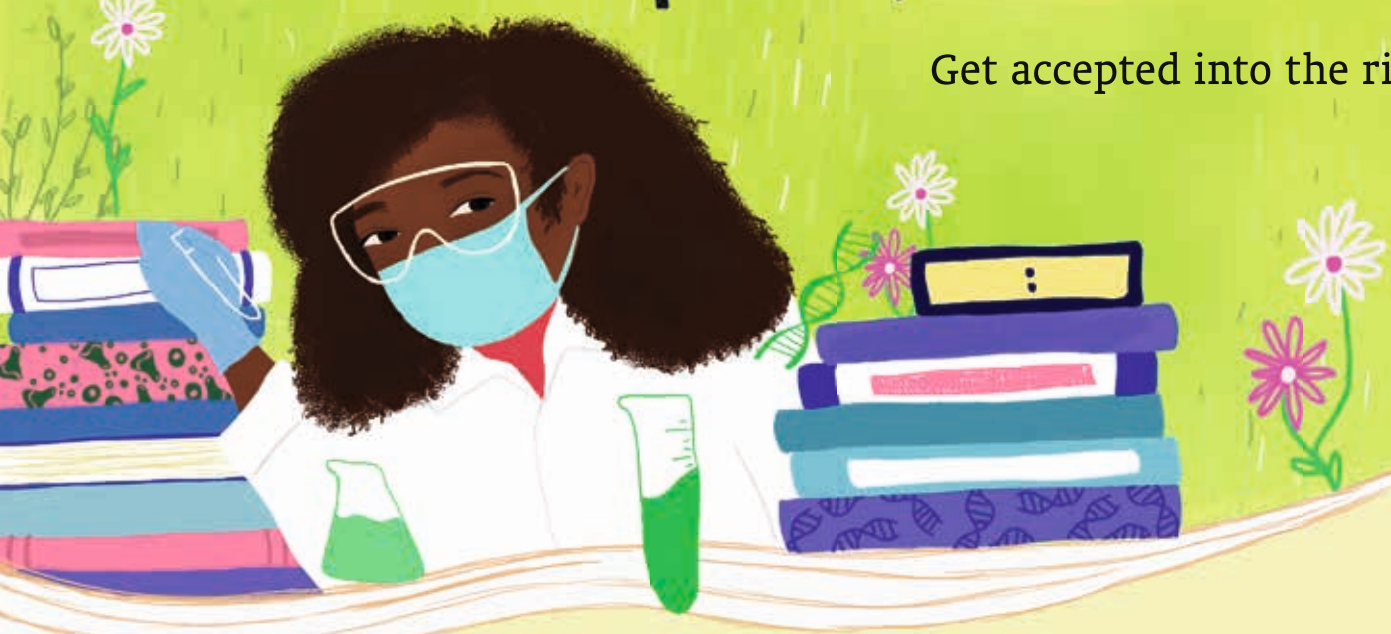
Not everyone gets to see  
themselves when they're young,  
We're told we'll find our tribe –

When we join the right club,

Go to the right sixth form,



Get accepted into the right uni,



Try the right passion,



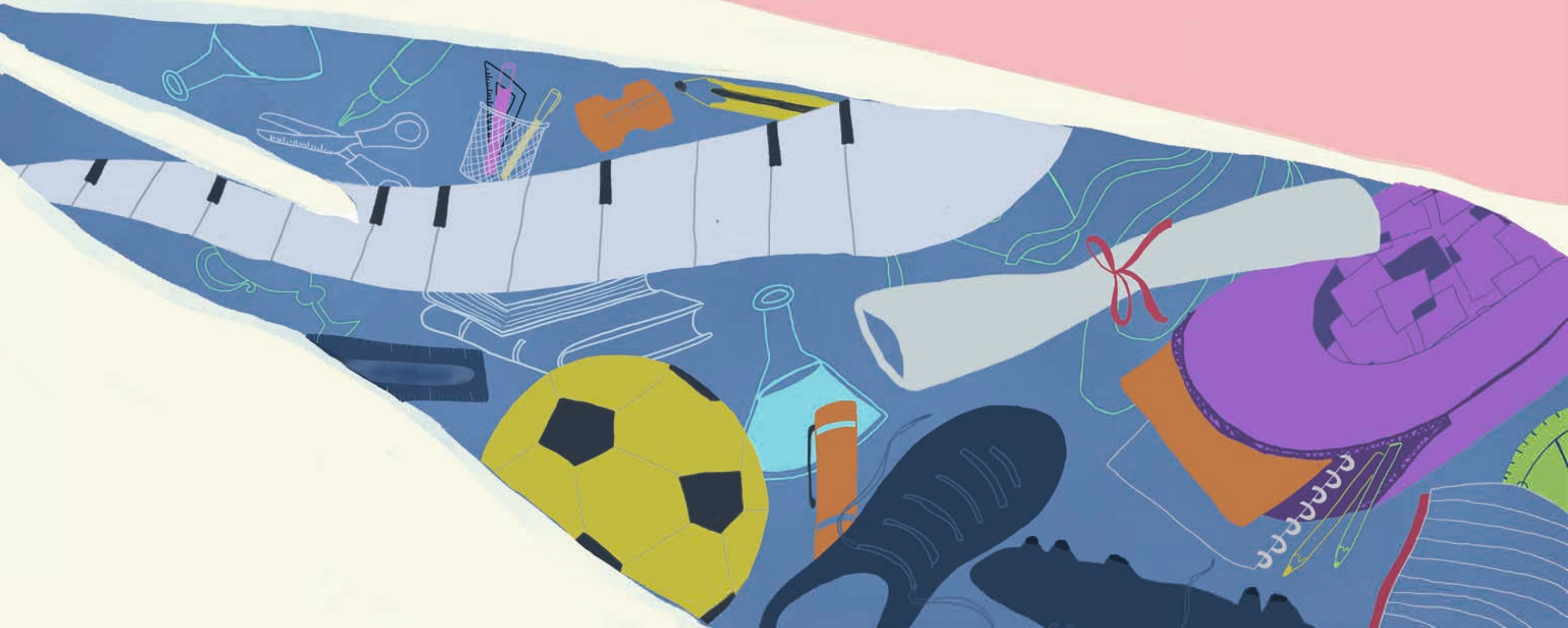
Marry the right person,  
Find our found family.





And we often do –  
Eventually.

Doesn't make it any  
less lonely.





So we spend nights curled around curled pages of reread books,

Under covers with phone torches,