

The Corners of a Room

In one corner sits a bed, though that is not unique
It's lined with pillows and plush, some old, some new
I have carefully placed each and every item where it must go
Overcrowded to some, but perfect for me

In another corner sits a bookshelf, though it is only one of many
It's filled with books, trinkets, and collections
Everything has a place, but in a way only I may recognize
Unorganized to some, but perfect for me

In another corner sits a reptile, though it is normally hiding away
It's a particular little thing with preferences hard to match
We are similar I suppose, so I care for it all the same
Strange pest to some, but perfect for me

In another corner sits a desk, though it is surrounded by materials
It's brimming with pens, markers, paints, and crafting supplies
I create many things, nothing extraordinary, but they don't have to be
A mess to some, but perfect for me

In this same corner sits an empty document, though it is getting full

It's where stories and poems get written in the literal sense

I write how it is; I have no preference for fancy phrases or hidden meanings

Juvenile to some, but perfect for me

In this same corner still, sits someone, though they look all around

Surrounded by many things loved, all in place to a specific liking

I have created something else, once again to my own taste

Too individualized to some, but that's fine

For it is just me, and the corners of my room