

A Stable Home

A poem by Mill-Rose Rubin, Taskforce Member

An adventure is how I saw it.
Unstable was how I received it.
But the constant moving from home to home
Made me and mum slowly loose it.

Two feet never on the ground
and never a comfortable sleep.
Emergency accommodation
Never our own furniture to keep.

At 11 years of age, we started our journey
10 years on the move, I was quickly learning, friendships become brittle
I could give very little,
Because a new house move was always lurking.

The housing crisis here in the UK
Is most definitely no joke.
I became sick of materialistic things,
so I decluttered all of my clothes,
Because lugging this around
became a countless chore.
Bin bags become our suitcases,
we would sleep on the floor.

Accepted that comfort was a farfetched dream,
Never a life for my friends to see.
Our life of uncertainty
Was only, between mum and me.

At times the offers of our temporary stays,
there would be no windows and walks through alleyways.
In between these days, we would sleep the days away, at times in the cars

The housing crisis is no joke.

Paper thin walls in every way.

Shouting became normal everyday.

Maintaining a front left me exhausted for days

Thank god, right now I'm in a better place.

Mid pandemic, July 2020.

Our lives changed 360 degrees.

It was our turn on the list, offered social housing, disbelief was unnerving.

So, at age 20 we could stop running.

I went white, I couldn't help but find it funny.

That 10 years in survival mode had subsided and we were,
offered something.

A real roof and walls

Our very own bedroom and halls

Our own doors

My own set of keys,

ours to keep.

A fantasy that felt bittersweet.

A reality given to mum and me.

Still scared, with all this uncertainty.

Is this a lie to me? surely, because this was an offer young me could only ever, dream to see.

This was an offer young me could only ever, dream to see.