

## Detached

**Citizen**

If my lungs would motivate the words to come out, I'd probably say "I'm dying to leave." It's been a long time since I've felt right. I've been counting down the days. It's been a long time since I've felt right. This home isn't home to me. (I've never felt more alone. This town is not a home.) But I've never felt more at home.