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This Isn't a Title

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This Isn't a Title // Tracy Akers

I know what it's like, to belong.

All my life I've belonged to something, to someones.

If you're looking for somewhere to belong and find yourself losing hope, don't.

I have a lot of hope. I hope that I never have to belong.

You can take my slot, that space, my belonging little belong. I don't want it.

I looked up today at a clear, blue sky.

My first thought was That. Something. Else. Belonged. There—and, *damn* it.

Even the clouds have to belong somewhere. Watery, fluffy, invisibly visible vapor—still belongs up there.

Some things can belong in three places. Birds can be in the sky, in the trees, skimming the oceans. We can belong in all of these places and still not know where to belong—only making us belonged to a group of unknowing unbelongers.

No matter what, we still belong.

That's why I only have hope of not belonging, so I can have cloudless skies and rainy days at the same time.

When I'm in his arms, cozy, secure & warm in his arms...

I try not to think that here, that *there*, is somewhere I belong.

Didn't I think I belonged in arms before these?

Didn't I think that I belonged with my parents and they belonged with each other—and me and all my sisters belonged with my parents that both belonged? Until dad decided that he didn't want to belong.

When does belonging become a choice?

Why can't we, then, know where we belong ?

Like. The. Clouds.

They belong in the sky.

We look up and see belonging.