

# Portrait

There is a room, we picture it,  
with a chair, a window, a kitchenette.

And you are a map  
framed on a wall in that room.

Someone has prepared your meal.  
Someone has made your bed.

You don't understand  
why you can't come home.

Each time we have to explain:  
*There is no room left on our walls.*

*Why do you keep bringing it up?*  
*We have no room for you.*

In time  
the light from the window

will make you fade out,  
till only the legend remains.