

H E R

We've all have that place  
You know, the place you do all kinds of things  
With certain people  
Sometimes it's just for one night  
Other times it's more of a regular thing  
Sometimes it lasts a long time  
Other times it ends before it's even begun  
But regardless of the length  
At the end  
You fall asleep  
That three letter word...

B

E

D

ROOM

She doesn't judge  
She's beautiful and calm  
She's caring and caressing  
She's non-judgement and welcomes you with open arms... even though she's  
seen you scratch your arse, pick your nose, sniff your undies to see if  
they're the clean ones or the (sniff) yup! Dirty ones, do all kinds of  
mysterious things under the sheets and let you out in public wearing ugg  
boots.

She's yours and you're hers!

Possessive right? But true!

So I have this place

She's pink

A very visual representation of this girly girl stumbling through  
adolescence trying to express her distinct personality but not so much  
that she doesn't "fit in". So let's spray the walls with a few one  
direction posters, okay , the whole wall... yep... it was a phase - that I  
am still in

She's coarse underfoot - a tactic to keep out unwelcome intruders...  
although that huntsman still managed to find his way in... and more than  
once! Bastard!

She's got one window

With cold, metal venetian blinds

That if you so much as forget to open even once will cause mould! A  
saying used by European Mothers to make sure their children open their  
blinds and quite frankly, I intend on using it on my own kids.

She has put up with a lot

She heard my cries and my words of self hate

She felt my slams on her door and floor

She tasted the salt from my tears and acetone from nail polish

She watched my nightmares and my first kiss

She smelt my sweat and my perfume

She is mine and I am hers

Then I went away

She's no longer coarse

Or pink

She's soft

And cream

One Direction is gone,

The posters... but the band is too!

Too soon!

Mum was right about the blinds, they're now mouldy... just kidding, they're the same, just a little dusty.

She was mine

And I was hers

Now I have another

Not a new

Just another

This time

She's not mine

She's ours