

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

JP Saxe

"Where you from?"
I say Toronto, but not really
The TTC didn't reach as far as we were outside the city

I'm kinda from L.A. now
But it still feels wrong to say it
Eleven years, six places later
Doesn't mean that I can claim it

I've got more memories on Melrose than anywhere else
Tuesday poets saying things like
"Home's wherever you're yourself"

My mom's parents were Hungarian
But all I know about that country
Is they're super anti-immigrant
And super fire salami

My dad's side has been Canadian
A hundred years or something
I won't touch a 23andMe
'Cause I'm scared I might be Russian

I still keep kinda kosher
And the ancestors inside of me
Got the allergies, the asthma
And the generalized anxiety

My mom spoke seven languages
And only taught me one
I'm learning Spanish as an adult
Just to feel like I'm her son

I wanna keep her curiosity
Her adventures, and her eyes
Leave her vodka sodas
And her readiness to die

I don't know why
I feel the most myself
In places I've never been
With people I don't know

Maybe it's 'cause being out of place is so familiar
Not where I'm supposed to be
But with nowhere else to go
Listening quietly, and hearing a voice say

Hey, make yourself at home
Make yourself at home
Make yourself at home
Mmm, hey, make yourself at home
Make yourself at home
Make yourself at home
Mmm, hey, make yourself at home
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Mmm, hey, make yourself at home
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