

THE RED TENT BLANKET FORT by Angi Sullins

come in love
wipe your feet on the mat made of past lives and poetry
this is the place where the weary and the weird finally exhale

the red tent blanket fort
is pitched in the heart of rebellion stitched with threads of remembering
and lined with silken hope

it hums like a lullaby and growls like a gryphon
this is no ordinary fort this is a reclamation filled with quilted courage stuffed animals
who've seen wars and hand-stitched spells
woven from velvet and vengeance

misfit? me too too much? you bet too loud?
good—we have pillows for screaming
and our tree neighbors don't mind

too tender?

we have tea and tissues and a wolfpack of empaths who'll hold your hand while you
remember your magic

this is your haven of heathens your temple of trustfall your sanctuary
made from second chances and midnight snacks
we celebrate
crying at pet videos and stampeding like bison when the world tries to hush us
here

you don't have to choose between softness and strength you get both
because our tenderness is a blade and our snuggles are strategy

this is fierce rebellion in flannel pajamas anarchy in fuzzy socks a revolution
wrapped in satin and sass

so come in kindred soul curl up with us
under a roof of stories and stars you don't have to be anything but exactly who you are

welcome home you belonged here before you ever knew this place existed