

Home as it Begins

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/42255918) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42255918>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationship:	Philza & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Wilbur Soot
Character:	Phil Watson Philza , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot
Additional Tags:	Poetry
Language:	English
Collections:	FicBox 2022 South
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-09 Words: 521

Home as it Begins

by [enderpearlnecklace](#)

Summary

Four makes a family as they leave a desolate place

Notes

This is for swagcore on ao3! I hope you liked it!

Written for Ficbox 2022, go south team!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Within the walls of cities far away,
Lay rats and rodents and men of such ilk
Where misery dwells and the sun doesn't set
And thieves go lurking in the dead of night

A man sits on a bucket overturned,
Selling his wares like one would sell a soul

With pretty words and prettier swords
No emeralds will be left, at least not by the lords

There's a boy who waits by the man's block,
He has calloused hands and a sharp right hook
He has to fight if he wants to survive
And so he does what he can to steal a knife

But the man does not take the child so lightly,
He has seen what the young can do in a fight
Yet the man still lends a small smile
Even when his swords clatter on the tile

And yes it takes time for the boy to warm up,
To open his chest and tell his tale of woe
To the man who sits on the overturned bucket
Wearing a picture of a woman in a silver-toned locket

When winter comes the boy's eyes droop with sleep,
For his fire-born blood cannot handle the cold
And the man sets off with a blanket-wrapped child
Ignoring those who beg for him to be guided

In another part of the city a boy not much older than the first,
Sits on a frozen well with a guitar made of birch
Crafted from his own hand and shoddy at that
He strums a tune only for the ears of strangers to fall flat

The boy must care for another child like himself,

One who cannot work nor walk or run
His own little brother whom he found in a street
So little and cold, covered in thin old sheets

But the music helps to keep the two afloat,
Leaving beggars to sing and babies to wail
While velvet-covered nobles ignore their pleas and demands
But the boy cannot help even his trembling hands

It's only in the midst of a winter's storm that the man finds the boys,
Shaking in an alcove above a warm furnace
With a blanket tucked in-between their sides
But the man cannot leave them so he must decide

The four walk out of the wretched city,
Hand in hand and palm in palm
As they search for a way to their new home
Beneath the sun's sweet grace and the night's starlit dome

But soon they seek shelter in a forested cove,
Where nothing remains but a little shack of wood
'It isn't much' the man says to his kids
'But it's home now so come inside' he abid

The winter is still oh so cold and harsh to the new family,
But with the pleasant warmth of the fireplace
And the healing aroma of mint-enlaced soup
Peace settles over the family and what it means for their group

It won't be easy to fix up the forested cottage,
It has broken glass windows and dusty old rooms
And splintered wood floors and no beds for their own
But somehow, it begins to feel like home

End Notes

Me after using a basic kindergarten-level rhyming scheme AND a dictionary website: omg
I'm just like emily d

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