

Elegy for Home

I blinked to keep my eyes open, to keep
this sleepy rolling of calm in the periphery,
red lights passing by on a smooth highway
sloped downward, gravity pulling us
ever so slightly to get further and further away
from here as we were already leaving. I felt
alive in the blanketed dark, searingly bright
headlights disappearing behind us, lanterns
blown out. That place was never home—
its warmth always flickered. As I stand now,
boots crunching in rich mulch, eyes fixed
on the sharp glare of the sun reflected
from a pond's surface, it could not be more clear
I am miles away from the scorched brown
landscapes of my childhood. I had mourned
the dead before leaving, left it all behind
to chase what had yet to bloom— to wander
greener spaces, to sit in this solitude and finally
feel at home under the blanket of a cold blue sky.