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Home

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Home

The journey home is always long and winding,
And filled with nooks and crannies.
The paths fill my days with exploration,
Through creases, folds and wrinkles;
Ending in a forest of tangles
My fingers can scarcely part.

Just beyond the unruly thicket,
A clearing gives way to a familiar sight.
Two arches frame a window to my soul,
Giving way to pools of unyielding desire;
I lap hungrily at the waters that soothe away fallacies
I've long held as truths.

Instinctively my fingers uncurl,
Stretching out across the expanse.
Grassy fibers pull against the blessed slopes
Dancing with each purposed breath and act of play;
I press my nose to the crest and down the drunkening aroma
'Til we are indistinguishable; melded together as one.

Just for laughs, I whistle toward the valleys and listen,
As the resounding refrain makes its way back to me.
The tune reverberates around me as I continue
The journey from hearth to home;
Circling through the same plains,
In search of hearth and home.

Weary, I stand still only to realize:
You were always home to me.