

IDEA OF HOME

Rain
keeps them from
going out today.

But these
summer days
kick up dust
and need washing.

A day indoors
makes one count
the days,
worried they'll
drift off
in the rinse.

Plane's at 2—
Why?

Travel—
but I was exploring home,
poking around,
wondering what it is,
my idea of it—
and stuffing it
with new vegetation,
new overlooks.

So many days
we passed that walkway
down to the river,
into the dark
shady overgrowth.

How many childish
fears keep us from
hidden wonders?

We don't know.
We don't know.
We hold ourselves back.

But when we went
down, we saw

tiny ants
on the stone arch
and imagined ourselves
up there, reading
poems at sunset—
comfortable, secure,
cooled by high breeze.

The arches towering
and massive,
the people
so small,
and the river
splitting
in so many directions
just beneath our feet.

How many paths
can a river take,
and does its
multiplicity
lead to love?

If I am soil,
perhaps each channel
is a root
driving deeper
into the ground.

And yet I leave.
That modern freedom:
to float through gasoline skies
and spectate another's home.

And it will be winter soon,
when everything
appears the same—
gray or white
from every angle.

Perhaps then
I'll feel warm roots
clutching the cold ground.

There's a man
who sits on the bridge

every evening—
alone,
elbows on knees,
hands clasped,
observing those
who walk by.

What's his
idea of home?