

Home Are the Sailors

Like those who sail away and then
come back, we keep returning
to a port we've never left.

A life we used to live
awaits us there as shores await
all sailors home from sea.

So much is differently the same.

And yet what is the present
but a future that the past
made possible?

There is
no older story.

And what
are we but random pilgrims
stopped in progress to remember?

It now seems more like then,
why care?

As long as home
means where we most belong--
for just that long-- we're there.