

Homeward Bound

I

Rustling leaves
Echo broken murmurs
Of my heart

broken dreams
Smashing underneath
The leaves
My life

Fading away

Till winter comes
And covers me
A blanket of reprieve

Welcome solace
In times of grief
And
Death

Oh spring
Where have you gone
Taken mother with you

Days of blossoming
Sweet scent
jasmine in the garden
Mingled with little girl laughter

The nodding of tree limbs
Through
chilly night air

Come the memories
storms
Of a time once was

A time yet to be

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II

Jet black hair
Deep, brooding coal eyes
They say it's a murder of crows
But it was a murder
Of us two

Your past breathing
Beating down on my now
my now
yet to be determined

I hear your calls
Echoing
throughout
Neighborhood
&
woods

Following me
Down
through time
Spilling out
memories

Haunting me
Filling me
With a thought of you

But the memory lies
There was more than the darkness
More than hurt

Mother bird
Tending her fledging
Best you knew how
Best you could give

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III

Stuck in a pit of dread
Dark & murky
Dirt tumbling over-head

I force my hand to the plow
Shoving, demanding
A way be made
Some how

The end is near
My pulse quaking
All I fear
gathering round

O God, this isn't working!
Where are you?
aren't you there?

Then quietly in the night
Spoken words of "Peace be still"
Sounds more like
"Please be Still!"

Still enough to listen
Still enough to grasp
not the plow
but my Saviors hand
down in the depths
of my heart
my doubt

There is enough of God
For all my harrowing
thrashing
To be still

For me to be still

Stop striving
Forcing the plow
Hard & loud

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Leaves no room for fun
Nor growth
No carrying of seed
But empty rows
Empty needs

A farmer knows
There is no growth
When there's no planting
No new flowers
or
hope to share
All because
I tarry there
Plow in hand

So, I've removed my hands
Listening to His way
Even if only for today
To sit & know
I am
His daughter wonderfully made

Be still & see
All that He has for me
When I am not striving
&
Forcing the plow

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IV

Yours is one of tragedy
One that shouldn't be
You weren't supposed to be this way
Life said
You had a different ending

The doctors all say
"How did you make it?"
broken home
broken childhood
broken bones

but the soul can't be broken
the dreams
buried deep
hope waiting
beneath
surface & tension

there
all along
all along the way
hiding & shelter
advance & retreat
hurting & healing

Hope, like a seed
Buried deep within
Dying to be born

The irony
We have to die to live
And so in living we die

To our selves
Others
world

In order to live true selves
Deeply, and known
Like a flower slowly revealing

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In the revealing comes the healing
The process
All over again

To become one of Wadsworth's daffodils
Learning to battle the cold, cold winter
to bloom bright & beautiful
Admired in Spring

To live is to die
But to die is to live

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V

How can my heart ache so
Yet be so full?
You walk in & out of my life
Like a shadow
Steered by the clouds, sun, & moon
Filling my nights
My days

Our time was too short
As if you were here yesterday
But yesterday is many days away
And you are too distant

Distant from me
My touch
My voice

How can you find me beyond the grave
Where thoughts linger
And imagination frays

Oh the things I wish we had said
And all that we shouldn't

Time is a thief
And death a giver
teaching me to value

now