

## Home

This is your journey towards home. Lightfoot  
through blue jacaranda blooms, that soft flesh,  
indigo heart and aftertaste of sun. What then  
took arcs of mote-stunned shafts of time is now  
just mesh of stumble, stab and blue. Back then,  
the blossom-littered road stretched out ahead,  
each step a jangle of a purse unspent, each  
breath another gasp of plenty in the chest and  
it was spring, that always-dawn that pipes its  
rosy song to draw you on.

So you set out. You stumbled up the bald hills  
of the south to where the long bones of the land  
lie like a sleeping child under a grassy hide.

And that was that. The heart's conjunctions are blind,  
but will hold true, or anyway, they did for you.

Summer was a noonday haze of glasses raised  
to the fattened god of laughter. You stayed put.

This was where the foot had landed and  
it was good. And if, after leaf-fall, there came

a cold, wet drum that roiled you round inside,  
there was as well that lock of stillness in the  
afternoon when as the door clicked on silence  
you assumed the echo of an echo of your  
once-was dancing tune.

Now, nightfall with its black and starry dome,  
its milk-teeth of a whorled ineffable mystery.  
It sets tracks in the brain, divinity unfurled  
like that, and it'll be okay, you think, you hope,  
expect to take this last road back until,  
though lambs may dance on spring's green hill,  
and peacocks strut new crowns to call their own,  
and someone's summer's shining somewhere still,  
the quiet dark will hail you, and seem bright,  
and wingless body startle into flight.