

## **Ideas of Home**

the place(s) that falls apart  
or compresses

where one shucks their shoes  
taking a load off  
to burden another

where our deepest fears persist and are realized,  
even expressed

where we hold on to hope, like religion  
and enter the other life

filled with those we come to “know”  
as incomprehensible,  
ineffable

the safe place  
in its utter fragility  
and endurance

where there is light when you need it  
and furthest darkness

where memory fails  
and remembering is made

nightmares and dreamscapes  
the world of processed awakenings

Robert Creeley said that “*Here* is where one seems to be.” I’d like to play with that phrase,  
substituting “Home” for “Here.”

*Home*  
is where  
one *seems*  
*to be*

The place one’s *be-ing* is perceived.  
In relation to  
familiar objects, time and space and persons (others);  
objects *over* time, *through* space  
the baffling dissimilarities of the similar  
look closely –  
five years ago this paint was new and blue,  
now cracked and webbed of sun, and peeling.  
Poles shift and bent, fencing sags.  
Appliances go out, bulbs need changing.  
Laundry needs done.  
Things get dirty here.  
Things stop working.  
My eyes, my shoulders, my memory, my knees.  
Habits of love.

Children move from dependence to freedom, compliance – rebellion – dread filled with hope, different needs. Through languages, gestures and bodies. Illnesses, victories, heartbreaks and plans. Clothing. Hair styles. Shapes and sizes.

We do.

The worst in me, the best...*perceived* and elaborated by consequences I have to? choose to? stay with...home...where it seems all that I am, have been, might become...*is* (be-ing).

Where one rushes to, and flees, with no escape.

Where one rises, and falls, and gets up, again.

Where one holds to similarity in its estrangement, its incredulous defamiliarization.

Where the dissimilarities of the similar scream.

tautest tension and fuller release

Freedom, with grave boundaries

Whatever is incoherent and complex, inconsistent and in flux is sharply visible here,  
where our “heart” can be seen, perhaps even looked for.

Where we age and come undone in our doings

where we falter and receive care

our greatest losses – the greatest treasures

Home: We Fell

where wings are broken –

we fell like stones –

sometimes mended  
sometimes growing stronger

where our full weight plummets  
you'd have to call it surround  
a consonance  
a drone

where the sling of pebbles drops  
and spills  
our house held down  
by stacks of rocks  
our emblems

where you can lose your senses  
go deaf, blind, be dumb  
and somehow *still* feel your way

must be the alpha, omega  
where it feels it all begins  
as well as where it barrels to its end

includes every in-between  
- the rough patches –  
where they get quilted  
and the blanket they become

Where you can perpetually Piglet:

*“I just wanted to be sure of you”*

Where you can do what you do  
whatever that is  
becoming definitive and resented

Where difficulties endure  
and are endured

Home...where it is what it is

(Didn't Heidegger consistently use the metaphor for where we have our being? Engage?  
Shelters of poetry of world of language and consonance, of reciprocation and rejoinder? Where  
the relation occurs, our “life-world?” Our form and structuring?)

Correct me if I'm wrong. I can handle it. I'm at home.

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is where  
one *seems*  
*to be*