

**a myth, an odyssey**

We search for love

there is a story about crumbs

I set out

a searching

for children

where we

(primarily)

were as children –

finding a way home

a place of our own

ever hoping

and then together

it might

(possibly)

be shared

and setting out

through the darkness

a secret privacy

a deep forest

we might enter

filled with fright and fear

holding tandem

each guiding each, each following

I return

N Filbert 2012