

Homestead

We've each been rushing,
become a bit disoriented...
But, we get by
and get on...
There is always, always
something
that waits to be tended.

Words light the paths we've been walking
yours, mine, yours...
Finding the familiar in
retracing our steps
and wading through
the heavy clay.

What has been home appears
-for a moment-
as an abandoned ruin,
And we bump into
a secret fear, spoken
in a timid question...
met not with,
"Me too,"
but rather,
"Yes, us."

We are uncomfortable
and tired.
We will work this damn
honest dry earth again
because it is the next thing to be tended.
And we will
wait
wait
wait
for rain.

- Lindsey Geiger