

A Breath of Fresh Air

Dear home of mine, I wanted to grow old with you.
But you had your eye on another childhood.

Let them take up my wilderness
Pine tips high as you can see,

that turn to witches with the dark,
all stars and everything in between.

Let them take up the smallness that makes
everything seem too big, the journey

from one city to another, the first time
setting foot in another world. Let them
know your shape and not discard it.
Someone has painted the old house green.

Old friends have moved on, and some
drifted back like swallows on warmer winds.

The school is closed, the meadow cleared
for a department store, boarded up.
A familiar chill kisses my lungs, the taste
of here unforgotten. Time and I return

then restlessly lift our wings
and fly against tomorrow.

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