

“Returning Home”

by

Corrine Ardoin

In search of the dead,
I awaken their aged
slumber, and they come
following me as a pied
piper, to live again,
not as before,
but as they dreamed
it could be
in their secret, as a
living being dreams.
And they saw that I
was a tree with limbs
ranging out to hold them,
gather them up and help
them climb up to
the stars, from where
they first were born.