



“We Call It Home”

Hazy sunlight over golden fields  
an autumn's day, a path, a bird,  
lovers holding hands, a road that leads  
into the shade, a woodland glade,  
a quiet stream,

it flows along where some yet live in  
roadside shacks where mothers dream.  
A dress, a garden, hands that toil  
in dampened soil, like  
callings from above,  
men bend and stoop and, gazing far  
beyond the verdant field, the plowman's blade,  
to hills where clefts in folds of earth, eyes  
see not, but for a time they yearn.

Where lies the dove that seeks its grain upon the earth?  
Its wings, its gift, its way, to seek those branches high.  
Where grows the fruit in hands that carry the  
heavy basket load? Children take their mother's  
cue to walk the road to where hope leads.  
A minor trace upon the brow of  
things not said, their hearts, they long  
to say, “This is my home.”  
They long to say,  
“This is my home.”

by Corrine Ardoin