

Home Is Where . . .

. . . ever I have felt at home—
in each bedroom, for example,
a slice of time has called my own.

Or else on mountains molded
from molten rock, old
volcanic ash, pumice-stone rains.

Or strolling a beach, wondering
 (as the waves weave
 their staggered path across
quivering sands): how much
 difference there is, really
between this daily
drum-beat of surf and
a tsunami?

Or perhaps in Brooklyn's backyard—
shielded by the shade breeze
that caresses my flesh
on a summer afternoon.

This poem is none of
these places, however.
It is, instead, an unfolded bed—
which is not my bed;

in a room which is not my bedroom—
or hers, even, since the only
bedroom in this apartment
is occupied by sleeping children

who do not wake as the volcano
spews out its molten core
and the tsunami crashes, then
recedes, leaving behind only
the rhythm of two drum-beat hearts;

which recline here, now,
caressed by the late evening
breeze, interlacing with
human fingers that will linger
forever over each other's flesh;

unable
 to remember
the last time
 any place
 in the universe
felt as home
as this.

Steve Bloom
September 2005