

HOME

*The trick, he said,
is to turn it inside out, first.*

And how many things start with turning?
The mill wheel's paddles counting out the seconds,

its toothed gearing, the undershot;
nude dancers rejoicing in another solstice;

the leaves in the wind;
the hero returning home.

He was good
at undoing complicated knots.

And the natives said: *Do not leave us behind.*
And the strangers said: *This was never your home.*

The thoughts in your head:
remembering the village at the base of the mountain

that you called your adolescence.
And always, his smell, the touch of his fingers,

his muscled legs, eyes that received you in from the rain.
Start at the end, he said, work your way backwards.

The hero in the wind.
The leaves racing home.