

homesick

by JL Kayson

I'm homesick for a home I never had  
Miss New England trees stained in  
autumnal vibrancy and hazy mountain  
thunderstorms breaking through the  
thick of a Southern summer

Perhaps even pastel Californian sunrises  
and the breath of a desert waking

Pieces of me made by places I've been—  
Patchwork snippets sewn by the loop start  
    of a moving van,  
the thread of a car, running  
stitch of a plane, the  
needle of feet  
I have never belonged anywhere but  
I left parts of me along the way, in  
payment for what I took

Find me there, on the winter winds of an Alaskan solstice  
On the sunset beaches of lush green islands  
In places I've been, there are ghosts left  
behind like a treasure map  
to find me, wherever I am

I am there, too,  
    alone  
and with you,  
I have been, and will be, and was, in  
existence