

Home Again

By Carolyn Malone

I drifted with intangible restlessness
Until one day the world became diseased.
A global cyclone swept me up,
And washed me ashore a familiar coastline,
The fishing town that recklessly raised me,
That harbors the sunken shadows of my past.

I am flooded with childhood memories
Of the motherly ocean engulfing me
Jumping and splashing in her foam
Clothes drenched, curly hair tangled,
Shamelessly wild in the purest form.

I'd daydream of what it would feel like
To have my body dissolve into water,
Melt like a glacier into fluid motion,
And tumble gracefully through a blanket of blue space.

I remember falling in love for the first time,
With the untamed, lawless boy in the neighborhood,
An unlikely match for the shy girl
With carefully conservative parents.

He taught me how to love
With unbreakable willingness and devotion.
We burrowed in a trench of forbidden love,
As tragedy in his life struck blow by blow.

When the pain metastasized,
Hurt took the place of healing.
There was no more room for love to grow,
And I learned my first lesson in heartbreak.

As I sit on the shattered sea wall,
I reminisce over lost loved ones,
And the brokenness they left behind.
Trauma is left deeply submerged
in the hollow places of my heart.

I drown in a flood of questions,
What could I have done to keep you here?
Do you forgive me?
Where have you gone?
Can you hear me calling your name,
From this forlorn shoreline?

I can no longer run
from the silence and stillness
That have patiently prevailed
In the faded photographs of my soul.

The salty air lashes through me,
And the tears begin to flow.
I am struck with a rogue wave of nostalgia,
stripped down, raw and vulnerable.
I am forced to face my flaws of yesterday
To find forgiveness today.

I bring the salt water to my open wounds.
At first it stings, so intensely
That I think the pain might pull me under.
I stop treading and finally surrender.

Suddenly I feel weightless,
Free from the chains of my past.
My body dances weightlessly
In a cool bath of remission.

My roots are anchored deep
In the currents of this hometown battleground.
I finally choose to honor my wounds,
Let them flow through my entirety.

I skip a stone and watch it ripple,
As the undying ethereal energy
Travels through the vastness
Of the deep blue blanket of space.