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Looking for Home

Elizabeth Gordon

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Looking for Home

The place where I was born no longer exists.
The town where I grew up
Spat out its teeth.

I call my shoes home,
And take my place beside the missing man
Who waits for his lost family
To catch up

Down in the coal mine
The bones of my grandfather crawl through the rock.
My dead grandmother
Kneels in mud at the bottom of the flooded field.

In a moment I will forget
every name I ever knew.

I will call to you with a gesture of my two hands,
Asking you to guide me
To the place
Where every place has gone

Elizabeth Gordon