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Invisible Internal Exile

[*"You Can't Go Home Again"* - Thomas Wolfe]

There was a time
When jigsaw puzzle streets,
Multi-style dwellings with
Yards front and back,
And a lake with the look
Of an ocean a fog horn's
Call away, meant home.

~

These are there still,
The bones of the place,
For the most part.
But as the years fade past
After my life lifted sail
And my world grew wide
As I wended my way
Forward toward the unforeseen;
It became someplace else.
And like a blaze marked trail
I bore the traces
Of my path, etched
Deep into my being.
Family and friends accept
You as you were, but
Don't often perceive
What you've become.

~

Where now is home?
Not really where
I've lived so long;

Though I know the territory
To the most hidden lane.
Have grown accustomed
To its face,
But am not Henry Higgins
Nor is Philly my Eliza.
As for the peaks and parks,
Colorado's crenelated crests,
Whose visions pay visits
To daydreams from my memories;
I miss the farview skies
Where I absorb Alpenglow
And fire touched clouds.
But it's my Wonderland,
My Oz, my real life
Lies elsewhere.

~

Gibran's prophet goes home,
But an ocean away
Himself did stay
Under east coast skies.
So shall I, but will rise
Like seedbedded rice
Growing where planted,
Yet a loose rooted temp
Awaiting assignment
To a true home port.

- Gerald Alan Ney