

COMMING HOME

Roseanne Chamberlain

Coming home to broken houses,
Dying houses; friends that used to be
Old next to me
Are no more (where are the years?).

Coming home to broken booths,
Changing business; friends that used to be
Right next to me
Are now gone (where are the cheers?).

Coming home to stilted steeple
Filled with people; friends that used to be
Familiar next to me
Are not there (where are the dears?).

Ah, but coming home to this confusion
Brings illusions; friends that begot me
Their strength next to me
Are ever here (what need I fear?).