

I'm not sure I can recall home.  
It's always been a place I long for  
but not yet touched.  
People and places come and go  
and yet I stay.  
Will I know home when I feel it?  
Will it know me?  
Will it unfold within a dance or be held  
and understood within the stillness and silence?  
Loud or quiet?  
Soft or sharp?  
Warm or cold?  
My heart whispers, *you'll know when you feel it.*  
*It'll feel as if it has been within you all along.*  
*That place of longing met with the comfort*  
*of protection, community and belonging.*  
*You'll know when you feel it,* my heart whispers.  
Home is safety.  
I find in nature where everything is still,  
yet awake and alive.  
Within a tree where the roots touch deeper  
than I have ever been.  
The creek's water caressing my figure.  
I've never been held so tenderly.  
It doesn't matter how much I've changed  
or how much anger I'm holding within  
or how my fears hold tight grips on my mind and body.  
Nature will hold me.  
All of me.  
Until I am safe.  
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Until I know that I am home  
and that I belong here  
just as deeply and freely as the trees and rivers.  
I too have a place and purpose even if it is only to be held  
and embraced within it all.  
In time my roots will grow and strengthen and  
my blood will flow like rivers  
and my body will be my home.  
My heart will hum its music and melody,  
my blood will flow to the sound of belonging.  
Whispering, welcome home.

— Miranda Hamms