

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