home is a poem

by Scott-Patrick Mitchell

bombshell destroys our poem dust in suitcase of what was the journey away from

here, sky doesn't whistle with erasure & serenade of shell

instead, wind pollinated with dishes, bring memory of land to the tongue

stove, a mouth: dictionary of spices combine old words into new world

learn brick & mortar remake language and syntax reshape this place write stanzas with three grammars: voice of mother voice of father voice of here and now

how a house is the poem stuck inside our head but a home is the poem we write instead