

coming home

overhanging trees
cast a green hue
over my final approach
the car tomorrow
will be sticky with sap
but I won't mind

calm quiet
greet me
birdsong
the only sound I hear
above my breathing
more relaxed
now I'm home

here I am
*where I ought to be**
the space
where I am me
in ways I cannot be
elsewhere

I love these four walls
despite their many flaws
the neglected tasks
demanding attention
and time I never seem to have
surely they'll wait
another day

this is a time
to drink tea
from a favourite mug
sit in the overgrown garden
soothed by stillness

I greet every room
like an old friend
embrace the mess
because it's mine

a night at last to
sleep in my own bed
dream unfettered dreams

in the cool of morning
I walk down the lane
to a field of gold
where a doe and her kid
graze with undeniable grace

hares dart
between hedgerows
to avoid me
I wish they knew
I mean no harm

I'm grateful to live
in this place
hoping never
to grow complacent

for aren't we all
just a heartbeat
from disaster
at any time

all the more reason
to relish what I have
in this moment
that will never come again

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*Karen Blixen, *Out of Africa*