

*Home*

by Ezhno Martin

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For the last few weeks  
all I've been able to think about  
is that it's only a matter of days  
before I'll be home  
to a place I've never been  
but better off anyway  
not being in this place  
or any of the other places I've been  
not being home since  
August 15th  
1996

in the backseat of my dad's car  
I saw New York City fade  
and Jacob Dylan sang  
about his six avenue heartache  
and I've been hurting  
for reasons that never made sense  
like that song

I'm getting back east  
or  
east enough  
to where I won't have to adjust  
time zones or brainwaves  
speech patterns or bus schedules  
just throw myself out into the world

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where there's always an infinity of water  
and other countries to stare at  
    too far away to see  
but welcoming with thick diesel fumes  
    and functioning democracies  
derelict dreams on hard winter nights  
huddled in old cities cobble stones to stumble on  
    and catch each other  
        not out of kindness  
    but cause we know we're all falling  
somewhere without calloused hands to catch us

I don't know what I'm getting myself into  
    really  
but I know I won't be sorry  
    to be able to say I belong some place  
even if that belonging means falling in line  
    with the rest of the miserable sonsofbitches  
struggling to see another day and another drink  
    and another chance  
    to feel whole and holy  
        and wholly wonderful  
in a life that's hard  
    that makes you want to scream and yell  
and not care what color or creed you are  
    cause it's the fucking factory owners  
that have everybody starving  
    I'm so sick of the segregation  
    and the seclusion of breadbasket heartland  
former slave states  
    they still got us all chained  
to fighting each other  
too distracted to trust  
    and fight back  
I miss that  
    east coast question  
of *Where You From?*

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and everybody had a grandmother  
from someplace else

and whether the answer was  
*Slovakia* or *The South*  
the answer was always  
*Ah, cool*  
*Well, you're one of us now*

I just want to be a part of something  
and I'm sorry  
but it wasn't you

central states  
flyover country

I never wanted to land here  
and I don't hate you  
but trying to belong  
always plateaued half baked  
because my heart is a compass  
that always points east

So I'm saying goodbye  
staring at the sky  
got my fingers crossed

on a shooting star

that just like me

just moved on

home