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KARTIKA REVIEW

MEDITATIONS ON “HOME”



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Home Is To Box As To Leave Is To Free

The old Russian tells me: “I don’t express my freedom
By hanging things on walls. I travel.”

In one country, no one stops me trying to leave.
In another, they only stop me if I don’t recognize
Words I was born among, such as “Sabaidee.”
In yet another, I can avoid incessant hawkers by going
A day without shaving and forgetting to watch
My floating world around me with any curiosity.

Returning, they doubt by skin and prior destination.
A familiarity with Elvis and John Wayne
opens surprising doors
For now.

My love asks me: Pick a shade of paint for our home.
What a tether.

