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## Growing Home

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# Growing Home

Emily Zak

It doesn't make sense on  
an open road  
with nowhere to go but forth and  
back and  
back and forth,

After awhile it all looks the same,  
broken trees and tiny  
homes,  
all with windows in  
simplistic rows,  
And not one of them is lit, you say,  
Not one of them is lit.

We think about it. We think about  
things like  
turning back and growing down and  
moving up and  
we think about ways to  
figure out  
those endless winding highways.

Someday,  
when our hair is 300 haircuts long,  
and our hands have  
held and worked and waved,  
we'll stop and say—  
The homes we've left  
were wrong turns made,  
but we found our way,

and it's all up and down from here,  
It's all up and down from here.

And the millions of maps that we've misplaced,  
and the Norths that ran East and  
the Easts that ran South,  
and all the music we played and played,  
trying to figure things out,

Will all make sense, somehow.  
And I'm not sure how,  
But

Someday it'll come down to bare feet on  
yellow grass,  
back bones bent from looking back,  
wrinkled hands that know so much,  
they speak a thousand tongues.  
And we'll find we're nothing but

Two more souls going home,  
A place of our own where  
we're neither near nor far,  
just there. That's it.  
And it won't matter a bit  
if the windows aren't lit,  
because we'll have the stars.