

Heart and Home

Rose Menyon Heflin

They say that home
is where the heart is.

If that's the case,
my home is on the fall sidewalk,
amid the crunch of dry autumn leaves;

in the forests of the Poconos,
rushing with the waterfalls
and blooming with the skunk cabbage;

in the California desert,
sleeping soundly in Death Valley
beneath Orion and compatriots
and amid the roughly textured Joshua Trees,
pierced through by ocotillo spines;

on the prairies of Wisconsin,
nestled securely in the leaves of a cup plant,
yet falling gleefully from the slanting petals
of a coneflower;

and in the Rockies,
held hostage by yellow-bellied marmots
and mesmerized by snow-covered slopes.

If home is where the heart is,
both of mine are broken -
gloriously broken -
into hundreds of beautiful pieces.