

My One True Home

Thomas Dunne

The one true home I ever knew
Is in my mind and thought
Here my seeds of becoming grew
From here my life is wrought

Gentle as mist the years do fall
Gathering and nurturing fast
With or without windows or walls
The citadel is built at last

Upon these shoulders my home does rest
Only to rent, never to own
The whole world 'round they call me guest
And everywhere I dwell alone

The earthly race is for the young
For youth is swift and age is frail
I am old, and my race is run
At dawn I led, in dusk I trail

My sun has swept its mighty arc
And there is little more to see
I draw the shades against the dark
Tomorrow's dawn is not for me

Let me rest in memory's vault
With words and song familiar
Far, far from the madding assault

Clamorous youth I can't endure

Like outdated technology

The values that guided my youth

Accroached without apology

Replaced with new, untried truth

Gentle indeed, the years do fall

A few sleeps more to call my own

For on the wind the trumpets call

With the coming wake I'll be home