

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

Coming Home by April Caron

Once I was forced to leave my home, the giant oaks, the blonde grass, the rolling hills.
My soul cried out for these but they were no more.

The screech owl's silent flight and nerve rending calls were lost.

The lake with its shady shores and sun dappled water was drained.

The fig tree whose sweet fruit and presence amidst the oaks was always such a mystery
was gone.

My Mom and Dad sitting under the catalpa trees in the simmering heat. As they waited
for my friends and I to return from gathering the horses were torn asunder.

For many years I wandered and searched for a new home.

From the hardwood forested hills of Kentucky to the loblolly pine flats of Georgia.

To the warm azure waters of the Persian Gulf, and the Sheilikof's brooding, icy gray
majesty.

In my travels I met many people and saw many sights, but still couldn't find a place
called home.

Then in the marshy muskeg with its wind sculpted yellow spruce over looking the
deep iceberg laden waters of Prince William Sound. I finally understood that while
what is torn asunder can never be recreated. New roots could be nurtured and grown.

The madrona trees hanging over the Magnolia Bluff beckoned to me as I stood on the
Rainier's rail. While we slowly steamed through Shilshole Bay, the clang of the buoys,
the cries of the sea lions all called out, you're close, you're close.

Then one night in the fading light, I sat under the new crowned alder trees, the
Snohomish River rushing past. My dogs gamboling at my feet on the sandy reach. I
knew this is where my roots would grow. I had found my home.

This page was last updated: May 27, 2003