You left us, took furious flight from us. Years later, and still you are journeying away from us. And towards something you yet think of as release. You have found all the same people in all the places you have tumbled into. There is no getting away. It is as if the runway sprouts wings and also takes flight! I can read it in your cheerless voice. Your passing years have each been marked with ink of bitterness.

How inevitable a “home” is—I rue to myself, my old dear friend, my new lesson—how like an indelible mark on the mind. And how (sometimes) tragic. You left home only to find it and have it grow to a lasting reminder of the slow passing of a broken but so common life. Home became the potent remainder unwelcome and irreplaceable, from the occult gift a jealous past makes.

You fled a past that will not be left, and fell into an exile from your self.