

On an Accidental Encounter in an Airport

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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.