

Homesickness

Is physical, a ball bouncing about eyelids,
Intestines swelling behind, soldering the tongue
to a croak.

Never mind it, try a bottle, a book, some hazy
face bisecting the landscape while gaping
from the train.

Is diminishment a transversal the farther
you go away, *backing* into *approach*?

“Will it be long?”

The body’s suitcase asks, packing up cigs,
keys, I.D. for a life dispossessing the tangible
quadrants, meaning: uprooted, belonging
to some travelogue filmed in a foreign language
while panhandling post cards strangers dodge.

Alright, to be honest, such indulgence is silent,
this vision, these fingers, lips, nerve
shot companions leave after
knowing home is the missing:

The thing that is not there.