

Luggage

Flying back home

I feel at home

in me

above the clouds

Flying towards the sun,

I am taking in

a bright stripe round the horizon,

scattered sparkles on dark ground,

pointy peaks peeking through mist,

squirmy coastline, shiny sea --

I store them in my treasure chest

and welcome a newborn morning.

I am taking home with me

the landscape of your presence --

mountains of freedom

valleys of understanding

a river of sharing

a sea of acceptance

a place to belong:

the home I found with you.

Soon the plane will land.

There will still be much to do --

unpack, sort out, maybe try on.

Then, with both feet on solid ground --

I'll be ready to take off.