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Homebound

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HOMEBOUND

Brandon P. Barnhart



I've come to this place once again
In the stillness and the quiet of the afternoon
Passing through the towering columns of pines.
I humbly enter this sprawling temple of life
Stepping softly upon the faded path of those before
the distance between me and the world grows infinite.
The rippling stream whispers softly the secrets of the ages;
it tells of the beginning and the end but leads to neither.
The chorus of the rustling leaves rises and falls softly;
their sweet music lay upon this place and make it sacred.
The light explodes high above the forest cover;
traveling millions of miles through a cold and endless void
to dance with the shadows on the forest floor.
Trickling gently through the swaying limbs,
it casts a spell of illumination and warmth
binding all the life it touches, even me.
And now I know the truth,
the darkness cannot exist without the light,
nor the light without the dark.
And I would stay for a thousand years,
But alas, the world calls me back.
It asks that I return to the masses,
to the ticking clocks, the endless tasks,
the loud voices that drown out the chorus.
It calls me to all that slowly steals that which this place has given.
And I leave slowly, because I do not wish to go,
but the sun is kind ... and a shadow of my soul remains.
Imprinted upon this forgotten place, this sanctuary of silence
Hovering upon the wind, dancing among the trees
For he is not the lost child, I am.
At long last, he has found his home.