Home

Oksana Stomina

poem	1 min

The loyalty of birds to their home is called “philopatry”.

Dedicated to those who’ve been forcibly displaced…

My beloved home, my dear castle…
Where are you now? How are you doing without me?
Who's breathing there, who's laughing,
Who's pilfering the junk and remnants of my heart
And testing my daily happiness?

Who will take out all my photographs like they're trash?
And will they take the pictures of my children off the shelves?…
A state of denial has finally dawned on me.
This pain is ubiquitous and a bit like a stork,
It's terribly heavy and weighing down on my shoulders.
But the soul is still making its way to you.

The soul is a faithful, unstoppable bird –
It's swirling relentlessly over a roof full of bullet holes,
Like a completely ransacked nest.
Where did it get this frail, this relentlessness, this..
Ability to not give up and believe to the very end?
My little bird, take care of your wings
And your ability to return home!