

# IN PURSUIT

December 12, 2015

"This... is... not... home!"  
I cry unto the sea.  
And yet, if familiarity exists at all,  
then it lies there  
between each wave.  
For in each drop of ice cold truth  
I've shed my tears.  
In all my years  
I've not returned.  
And though I've lived in eighteen houses,  
none of them...was home.

The mist is rising from the water now  
and with it rises my unrest.  
My life has been one giant quest for peace,  
yet I have failed.  
The voices beckon me again.  
"Come home," they plead.  
If they but knew of all my vain attempts.  
My home lies on the shore.  
Of this I'm certain.  
But what shore? Where?  
With each wrong turn, I find myself no closer.  
Yet moving, for a while, appeases me.  
Perhaps it's just the newness.  
For it takes time...  
to learn you don't belong.

"This is not home!"  
I cry unto the sea.  
And somewhere deep inside of me...I know.  
I shall not find my coastal paradise within this life.  
But tomorrow...  
I will pack my bag and leave.  
Perhaps a little further south,  
where the air is warmer.  
A place where nostalgia reigns for a brief time.  
For any reprieve is welcome to a heart that screams,  
"This ...is... not... home!"