

Raymond Mair

EXILE



You stamp cold feet in subway stations
muffled and drawn against winter,
insulating the skin of home against the chill,
that would suck the sunlight
from your mind, and leave you bereft
of memory on platforms of filtered light,
riding wraithlike in trains
that travel to perpetual exile
ever farther from home.

Home is the moment caught in flight
over blue water, by Rick's Café,
the falling wonder into azure sea,
the promise of white sands;
home is Sunday, dominoes and gungo peas,
home is racing of your heart,
a catch in your breath,
the memory of blue mountains.
Home is the sigh that broke your heart.

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