if ever there were a time for arrival

the doors are all open, wind distorting memory, the shape of a body leaving only its shadow behind. if abstraction is a means of protection, grounding must be a new way of opening. grounding in my body means feeling the split skin of my lip, on my hip, the throb of skin i've pulled from myself. what is the body if not the only lasting home, & what is home if not a place to be left? if ever there were a time for departure, it's now. but the body acts as a tether, no matter how i leave i'm still in it. & if death is a door all i'd have to do is open it. & if life is a house surely i must recognize it. & if generalities are a way to avoid connection then this poem is just a means to an end. if home is where the heart is i've forgotten my address. if a home is what you make it mine is hundreds of nails in a dozen walls. if the body is a home & we've established it is, mine is close to foreclosing & i'm playing chicken with the bank. i guess the bank would be god if that's what you believe. my belief system has been scattered in the wind, i can't keep my door shut. in a dream the wall holding my front door split, the more i tried to close it the looser it became. i tried to slam the door & it pushed through the frame, opened the other way. in another dream the ceiling was cracked in two places, one fracture & the start of another. i kept pacing under & away from it, told myself to call for maintenance, convinced myself they'd make me pay for it. i circled the room thinking & waiting & thinking & waiting & woke before finding if it would collapse or not. in reality my home is older than i am, hasn't been renovated since before i was born. cracks in the tile, in the doorframe, chips in the mirrors, stains on the floor. if fault is an opportunity for renewal, my home is nothing but potential.