

I Made Our Bed From An Olive Tree Still Rooted To The Ground

The only thing I still know

To be true

Is the longing I feel

To be home

The urgency with which I fight

To hold on

So that maybe

Maybe

One day

Soon

I will see the land

I have yearned for

Again.

The things I used to hold

As truths

Have long since gone

As if stolen

The burning I feel I cannot place

As if it is hiding deep down in my soul

I wish I remembered

As I once did

The land that I yearn for

As I fight to hold on.

I am searching to satisfy this hunger that

Envelops me

Why have I not yet come

To your side

I am looking to quench this thirst that

Rocks me

Endlessly

Against the wills of the ocean.

I will return.

I will satisfy this hunger that

Envelops me

I will quench this thirst that

Rocks me

I will see the land

That I have yearned for

Again.

I will return.

~ Odysseus