

Home Land

by Gabriel Orgrease

Home Land is a place where we once lived.

It is not a place where we live now. We carry it with us like a snow globe in our heart. If we lived there now it would not be Home Land or, at the least, we would not think of it as our Home Land as much as we would not think very much at all about the place where we are the most alive as being in our now home.

Why imagine the obvious of our here-and-now place on the planet?

When not in Home Land we are elsewhere. It hardly matters where the not Home Land is as one place is as good as another. We are forever mutable creatures, and if our now place is not as good as we may want in time, if we sit still enough, it wears on us until we live nothing different about it.

At times we rarely desire to be where we are at home quite as much as we desire to be where we are no longer.

We cannot exactly go back there to Home Land, actually, everyone that we remember has upped themselves by the roots and moved away, or died but the cold creek, the trees barren of leaves, the breadloaf hills, the ice and snow remain.

Remain as if waiting our return, but no, not waiting. Nature does not wait for us, the universe does not wait, or care, and it is just us in our not being there in Home Land that we miss.

It is at these times when messages that we receive from Home Land are nice gifts that we turn over and want to shake the shit out of them until the glass breaks and once more we are there.

