

Home Sestina

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Please note, this work contains themes of substance abuse and self harm

Home is where Sundays are blue and orange and
shame twirls round and round, where hunger dances
wild, where blood is milk, where even God
was Man for a few years; how lovely,
I know. It's where they'll never look for you,
where all the sallow tears drip in vain,

where you learn to kiss your trembling veins
with something sharp. Hospitals and
locked doors and group and hand over your
fucking meds Ellie, dancing
slow after some ket and the lovely
ebb and the last-ditch prayers to a god

that has never known. Home is where God
listens to everyone. Home is vain
pleas. It's fields of dry corn. It's loving
the white chapel where Grandma lived and
died and where Daddy preached holy dance.
Home is much too hot to think of you.

It's where I wake up with you
breathing so softly that I know God
must feel fear too, your eyelids dancing.
Home is the laughing blood in our veins,
my timid heart fluttering wild and
suddenly I'm aware you're always this lovely.

Home is where living for someone is love,
and darling, I'm trying. Home's where you're
a flight away and I feel so cold and
I want to give in. Home is where God
doesn't need to be defined, where veins
of laughter whisper and crickets dance,

where the scribbled letters get up to dance,
where the books are just so damn lovely
that I've gotta jot down their words in veins
of dark-blue ink and send them to you.
Home is silent, it's knowing that God
giggles when we sing. Home's baloney and

yet it sings in my veins when we dance,
timid and blind, knowing that I love
you so. Home is where I hide from God.