

April 17, 2023
(Monday afternoon)

SUPPLEMENTAL PROMPT:

Write a poem about a place
you haven't been to in a very long time.

Mother Hearth

There is a heart in that place, or so they say.

Down narrow corridors of my mind, tunnels, really,
ushering my sight now trained expertly on a portal,
way over there, there in the distance of a memory.

I can see even further down that hallway.
I emerge through the portal at the other end.
I enter into a space and time so murky and ill kempt.

A farmhouse in black and white.
Isn't that always how the past is seen?

A long straight dirt drive leads to the side of the road.
There, fruits of our labors could be had.
They were splayed on a table, advertising themselves to passersby.

Mother offered them to all who cared to partake
of that which flowed from what stirred within

our beating farmhouse hearth.