

Collide

by Cobra Collins

Where two worlds collide.
The steady sound of the river as it surges by.
In the auditory undercurrent you can hear the rush hour rumble
of cars as they grumble above on the overpass.
It's still momentum I suppose,
we're all just trying our best to get home.

But what does home look like?
Here in this space,
the sky found a way
to transform itself into The Great Plains.
The clouds have become buffalo.
See, all of the wild things we tame,
still want a place to call their own,
still want a place where they can roam.

What does home look like?
Maybe, it's as simple as
long walks, camping and ice cream.
Feeding the geese,
even though we know we shouldn't be.
Or a bench perfectly placed
under the graceful arches of these trees.

Maybe, it's simple as
the slobber on dogs' tongues,
the way these branches reach towards the sky
like a set of lungs,
reminding us to breathe.
A little bit of solace,
a little bit of shade, buried inside a city
that doesn't want us to sleep.

The wind picks up,
you're caught in the feather down of dandelion fluff.
You can hear the quiet hum
of someone singing down by the water's edge.
Reminded of pillow fights and softer times.
Maybe this is what home looks like.
A sanctuary, a place to rest.
Somewhere where all of the wild things we've
tamed can finally roam.