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Jennifer Bilton

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UNKNOWN HOME
Jennifer Bilton

I carry a city with me
like a secret. I know
it is not beautiful,
stuck to my soles.
Every step leads toward
or away from home.
Standing here, I can’t tell you
what city this is –
with clouds borrowed
from a cartoon,
rooftops like clock towers
and steeples, trees like
soap bubbles enclosing
a capitalized Capitol.
Is this the city of my youth?
The harsh borders painted smooth,
too cheery, too ideal. But real?
I couldn’t say.
Home is not where you left it,
but where you take it
and what you make of it.

On Thomas Fransioli’s Atlanta
http://www.askart.com/AskART/photos/DOY20061129_3569/2369.jpg
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