2016

Home

Addison Tapp

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/echo

🔗 Part of the Creative Writing Commons, Fine Arts Commons, Illustration Commons, and the Photography Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/echo/vol2016/iss2016/49

This Poetry is made available online by Journals, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in The Echo by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines. For more information, please contact scholarexchange@furman.edu.
Home
by Addison Tapp

Home is a funny thing
It brings with it a sense of permanence.
Of old creaky rocking chairs with coaster stains on the arms
And indents in the carpet from where the couch has always sat.

But Time likes to play this game
Where it sneaks along right under your nose,
In the form of hot summer days and snowy winter nights
And then, all of the sudden,
You blink, and the ink-stained carpet got replaced
And the couch got a new cover.

That word Home doesn’t seem so stable anymore.
Quietly the rocking chair became a lumpy spring mattress
Scattered with polka dot pillows from an unfamiliar store.

You don’t really remember the first time you called this new place home
And maybe you didn’t even really mean it at first.
But you heard yourself say it once,
And you were sure you’d said it before.

Maybe Home isn’t just one place.
Maybe home can have a scratch on the wall
From when you tried to play baseball in the house when you
were nine,
And also maybe home is the place where you proudly made
Your first cup of watery, instant coffee before class.

But it might be okay if home isn’t quite home anymore.
Maybe Time wasn’t being mean after all.
Maybe it slipped along so quietly all these years
So when you finally caught on to the game,
And turned around to see all that you had missed,
You would pause,
And smile,
And maybe even shed a tear or two
Before turning back around and letting time slip on by.
Because maybe now you’re ready for it.