

## 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](http://www.askart.com/AskART/photos/DOY20061129_3569/2369.jpg)