

HOME AT LAST

If not there already, how to find home?
How to recognize one's people?
Wolfe said, "...empathy, placing us among
...sounds and sights, smells and speech
involves a profound willing loss of self..."
And taking it in, I say, adds unto self.
"In some nations, [all are] by nature so
astute, versatile and sympathetic
that education hardly makes
any difference in manners or mind,"
wrote Santayana in *The Life of Reason*,
a philosophy for all seasons.

Amundson fell in love with the Inuit
"...the happiest, healthiest, most honorable
people in the world," he said.
"Their simple, stone-age tools were perfectly
suited to their environment ." He prayed
civilization would never come their way.

Rockwell Kent bid a tearful "Goodbye
to Greenland as if to life:"
a barren country smothered by ice.
And speaking of art, the Bard proposed
the coast of Bohemia, which had no coast,
and more, the imaginary isle of the Tempest,
where chaos is tamed and the lost are blest.
Where meaning and its embodiment are one,
we take on attributes we feed upon,
and we arrive, home at last.

THE MENTORS

Conformity saves our ways and family:
questions of longing answered by lock and key.
If you were created somehow strange,
your troubled conflict with a close-held world
will require your sufferings to earn
your happiness, a right to your own visions.

Through your forty years or so in the desert,
resist the temptation to tell yourself The Lie –
embracing failure in order not to risk it,
so you can feel superior to the fight.

When at last the incoherent longings
of the heart will find complete expression,
make some first rate work from a second rate life,
taking your mentors wherever you find them.

Saviors to those they saved, they play
New tunes upon the ties that bind.