

Home with a Heartbeat

In this rain I lose count of how many tears I've
lost

The storm races closer

each drop a weight,

each dry blink a reminder

that I am smaller than I thought.

I tell myself I want to go home,

but the walls there echo hollow,

chairs remember voices

that no longer fill them.

Home is not home anymore.

Once, an arm wrapped around me was
enough—

a heartbeat against my cheek,

the warmth of belonging.

That was home.

But that arm is gone.

Now my eyes are red and dry,

emptied of what they had left.

I cannot cry the way I once did,

the feeling has thinned

like this air I cannot breathe.

I keep walking in the downpour,

hoping the road might lead back,

though I know

there is no return.