

The Way Back Home

I do love this house of stone –
the yellow walls,
the wooden halls,
the redwing's calls,
even in December's cold.

The fire crackles cheerfully-
The smell of coal,
its amber glow,
but still I know-
home is not what's here with me.

I'm searchin'
for my way back home,
I know it's not
these walls of stone...

Home –
Where is home?
Where is the way that goes
to where I sense with
every breath
everything in
Indra's Net?
Where is the way back home?
Lead me home.

My friends, they call me a success-
a busy bee,
with two degrees,
so much at ease
on any of three continents.

But I wonder: Have I got it right
with all I do?
The friends I choose?
My attitudes?
where I move in this life?

I'm searchin'
for my way back home,
I know it's nowhere
I can phone...



Home –
Where is home?
Where is the way that goes
to where I sense with
every breath
everything in
Indra's Net?
Where is the way back home?
Lead me home.

If I can tame
this monkey mind
and take things
one breath at a time...
if I can see
past wrong and right,
then my home
will be insight.

Home –
Where is home?
Where is the way that goes
to where I sense with
every breath
everything in
Indra's Net?
Where is the way back home?
Lead me home...
lead me home...
lead me home.

-- C. R. Nunamaker
Inzievar, Scotland, 2009