Flying Home

It's not too late to make a home
A nest of softest moss and milkweed down
Find a burrow, lodge, or hollow tree
And make it cozy, safe from storms

It's not too late to sink down roots
Caress the soil with the finest of filaments
Tap the earth or send out runners
Let a hearty tuber anchor you in place

It's not too late to join a community
Belonging in bog, meadow, or forest
In reciprocity with microbes and mother trees
An ecosystem of others who aren't other at all

It's not too late to awaken to birdsong
To sing your own song
To hear a calling
To accept the challenge

It's not too late to take flight
To connect with a kindred spirit
To fledge once more, unafraid
To make something from nothing

It's never too late to find peace everywhere
Wherever you are, it's there, too
Home is inside, not a shelter out there
No protection is needed

Taproots aren't required
To fasten you in the face of spiraling winds
You can't be uprooted, washed away, or lost
No clinging is needed

The future is blank, not bleak
You create your reality
Let chaos surround you
Be the still center, at home in the now

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