

where home is
Kalleigh Young

my hand enclosed in yours,
we stand where the water kisses the bank,
the change of seasons calling the fish from ocean waves to
river waters cascading down,
abound in migration and musk.
i wonder how many corners of this world the fish have seen,
and i think back to when you asked me,
where are you from?
the first time you spoke to me beyond simple niceties,
and how i fell not long after,
like the fish jumping to fly
their red bodies glossed with sun,
and their small eyes that shine
with yellow upon their heads of slick green,
and after a moment they fall,
returning to the water where they belong—
where they belong.
and i remember they are swimming upstream to their home
after years away in the ocean and estuaries,
where they have smolted to grow in saltwater
and grow old enough to love another
and despite the river always flowing,
they still know where home is.
where are you from?

i've never known.

but somehow,

the fish know.

with magnetic fields,

the fish sense their way home,

happy to return.

where is home?

if home is found by a sense.

you bend down, your soft lips upon my forehead,

and i look up with a smile,

and i realize,

home is the hand i hold.