

RELATIONSHIP REDOX #12: WHAT IS HOME TO YOU?

Home

Morning sunlight swathes the treeline:
Oak leaves sashay in a breeze
Throwing shadows across the forest floor,
Newly unfurled mayflowers
Hug hawthorn branches,
Blades of green grass get dyed
By the dawn's rising light,
And similarly, the river's surface
Reflects that same shade.
Everything is caressed in sunshine.

Birds perch in trees,
And inquire down at
Me, sitting on the riverbank.
Grass stems tickle my fingers,
And the smell of mayflowers is my perfume.

And I see my reflection staring straight at me;
My eyes, my lips, my hair
Outlined in crystalline detail
With perfect fluidity
And impeccable exactitude.
This river,
And the forest in which
It twines, the hawthorns burgeon, the oak leaves sashay,
The twangy birds twitter
Reflects me,
Better,
Than any brick,
Any mortar,
Any mortal piece of glass,
Ever has, or will.

The poem above was written for me by Anna P., a college freshman at Spring Hill University in Mobile Alabama..

There's a reason why the first thing we often ask someone when we meet them, right after we learn their name, is "where's home for you?"

For me home is 100% in Nature. It does not require a house for me. This makes my perspective unique in the West.

We may use our homes to help distinguish ourselves, but the dominant Western viewpoint is that regardless of location, the individual remains unchanged. It wasn't until I stumbled across the following notion, mentioned in passing in a book about a Hindu pilgrimage by William S. Sax, that I began to question that idea: ***People and the places where they reside are engaged in a continuing set of exchanges; they have determinate, mutual effects upon each other because they are part of a single, interactive system.***

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