

## **Going Home**

(with thanks to Alden Nowlan, again)

I am awake on a summer morning by the clear Atlantic;  
the dog is in the kitchen  
leaping at the door.

I open it to send her out to bark at the sun  
coming up above the steepled spruce.  
My wife and children are still asleep  
and there is a frame of beauty that surrounds me in the kitchen  
where even the caged bird sings.

I am where I want to be  
and nowhere else --  
that rare sequence of geography and time.  
Somewhere, a deep space astronomer  
discovers the true centre of things –  
the origin of the universe:  
a man standing in an old farmhouse kitchen,  
his hands folded  
around a warm cup of tea.