

## Origins

*Darrell Petska*

I left to find my homeland.  
Is it here? There?  
I assayed birdsong,  
tasted rivers and lakes,  
sifted soils through my fingers.  
Is this it? Can I now rest?  
I wandered long, journeyed far,  
plumbing others' eyes,  
shaking hands, listening.  
Is this my native voice?  
Do I stand on native ground?  
I asked my feet.  
They said we are tired.  
My nose said savor these flowers.  
The wind embraced me as if familiar.  
Had I arrived?  
I consulted my heart.  
It felt no joy.  
My mind weighed evidence.  
It could not decide.  
Crestfallen, my eyes noticed my shoes.  
Dust covered them, dust and muds  
from every continent, every country.  
I asked my shoes.  
We side with your feet, they answered,  
for surely it's the shoe rack at your door.