I think about *home* and I struggle to decide
How is it best defined?

Often times, *home* is what’s unseen
A curing breath of air that reminds you of routine
Or, rather, what is felt
A forgiving sunset that relaxes you like a
loosening belt

The salsa music and exciting beats that embrace you
as you step outside
Or the tear stained notebook with words you no
longer recognize
The feel of your favorite chair that allows you to
slouch at the perfect angle
Or the taste of that homemade dish for which you
are eternally thankful

The contagious laughter of your favorite person that
always ends with a sigh
Or the animated jingle of the ice cream truck that
always zooms by
The piercing voice of your mother that makes silence
seem strange
Or the swift sound of the train that rushes under-
ground without change

Sometimes it takes a global pandemic
Sometimes it takes a difficult day
To reminisce on all this
To appreciate all that you miss
**But who am I to say?**

Home is what you know will always be there for you
Home is where you’re filled with unmatched comfort
and peace
Home is what makes your embarrassing, multisyl-
labic laugh unleash
Home is knowing you have someone to care for you
Home, as Sandra Cisneros says, is what you always
come back to

**But who am I to say?**

Who am I to say when millions can’t indulge in such
idealistic definitions of home?

What do my words mean to the immigrants and
asylees being detained like caged animals and torn
from their mothers, fathers, and children?
To the millions of people who are trying to survive
off a dollar or two while some sit on billions?

I don’t know.

**What do my words mean** to my queer friend who
was forced back “home” from college but was met
with no bed, with nowhere to stay?
To the thousands of stateless citizens in this world
living without basic protections in any way?

I don’t know.

**What do my words mean** to Black Americans being
murdered under an oppressive system, constantly
fearful in their own country, with their tomorrows
unclear?
To the children whose households aren’t fostering
peace, but rather crippling anxiety, abuse, and fear?

What does home mean to them?

What can I make of *home* in such an unsettled world
where millions don’t have a true home of their own?

**I’m sorry.**
I don’t know what home is anymore,
I don’t know what home is anymore
In a time when *home* can mean everything
Or absolutely nothing
I just don’t know.