

Home

The nomad call in my blood.
The call of the seas my fathers sailed.
The call of the fresh, untouched prairies
my fathers looked upon.
And that was long ago.
The call of the valleys, unseen by man,
before my fathers came.
The longing to look where they looked.
But my fathers' wild valleys lie sleek and fat,
Soothed by the husbandman's hand.
The call to be wandering,
To stay never still in one place.
I have no home but the earth,
And the stars call me outward now.

—Kathryn Alley