Goodbye Home

Gina Verrastro
University of the Pacific

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Goodbye Home  II  GINA VERRASTRO

They say when it rains,
it pours—the dam burst open,
drowning bystanders.

Daddy lost his job
and Momma works much too hard.
Times are crumbling, dear.

They say, Sweetie say
goodbye to your childhood –
the bank owns it now.

New people live there,
invaders of the worst kind:
the kind that belong.

They say it’s a new
beginning, but they cannot
disguise the ending.

Home has become a
fantasy – this place is just
a house, an address.
You are adrift now, dear — learn to make the most of it. Call it freedom.

The city smells like despair and raw frustration. Nothing is the same.

The coyotes are silent now, so far from home, replaced by traffic.

The music of frogs is now the shriek of sirens tearing up the night.

Climbing trees can’t grow in a concrete jungle, dear. Everyone knows that.

Pools are nothing but chlorinated imposters of pure swimming holes.
Dogs that once chased deer
are now confined to leashes
watching cars pass by.

Daddy and his son
both court the same woman, that
temptress Mary Jane.

Momma lives by the
glow of her computer screen
working herself pale.

The daughter’s past is
sold online, her history
vanishes in clicks.

Cowgirls don’t cry, dear,
even when strangers wear their
chaps for Halloween.

The economy
has to turn around, they say,
but it hasn’t yet.

So carry on, dear,
don’t let the changes change you.
Hold your head up high.

Don’t listen to what
They say – you can always prove
them wrong anyway.