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## The Heart Flies Home

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# The Heart Flies Home

Maya Adelman Cabral

old folk tunes  
drip their way through the rough cracks  
of the old mustard house where she grew up  
filled with ghosts and memories and joy  
peace and calm  
rage  
and shame

she comes from the city  
where life thrives between concrete walls and up up up in the sky  
in the shells of steel buildings  
where people grow on top of each other.  
this place  
this is where she knows how to breathe.

why is it that nothing is ever washed away?  
the clock keeps ticking, the sink keeps dripping,  
her coffee cup is always empty.

this is where she comes from.  
this is where her heart flies to  
when she dreams of home.