The Heart Flies Home

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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.