

HOMESTEAD

One last trip.
There must be one last trip,
one final pilgrimage
to those plundered acres
where I harvested my girlhood,
one last time
to pull my past
from where its roots are clenched
around those barren buildings
now delivered of their cattle,
grain, machines, and children.
One last time.
For this, you must come with me —
you, my lover,
in whose land
my life is growing now —
and there must we commit
the ritualistic act
declaring I am child no longer;
in those places
where I dreamed of adulthood,
bedroom, hayloft, pasture,
there must we make love,
defiantly and guiltlessly,
there fulfill and there renounce
everything I was and wished to be.
One last trip,
with you, my lover,
and then perhaps
this jealous farm will let me go.

—Leona Gom