HOMECOMING

The day the war ended

we came home to Ithaca

found our children safe,

toys still in the closet. So

we put them to sleep, in

rooms crammed with old

clothes, dishes, the debris

of whoever lived here.

In the middle of the night

I awoke, and thought – what

if other children hid here,

during the war, wandered

in, hid by themselves,

in the closets, in the attic.

And then, what if the night

divided against them, and

they, in their sad skins, in

the cold, or locked in....We

must look for them. So

I woke you, you understood

and quietly, kerosene lamps

in hand, we walked together

the crowded rooms of our house.