

† My Home †

by

Gregg Tyler Milligan

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In all of life's mornings, how joyous I wake then stray through woods where an owl hoots a sweet love song to another in a wistful waiting.

My weeds are flowers and make for a colorful hazed glade.

There is music from me filling each room; often it is music to not only me.

Even in the night's torrent dreams, as they rush and crush me, I am still in my own bed, my own room ☰ my nesting and resting place.

Love circles this home with the first blush of dawn to the glistening silver moonlight slipping through the panes of my windows then falling fast asleep on the old floorboards.

The house sweetly sings to me.

I have wandered far and often left this safe vale. Against storms, bitter and stinging winds.

My heart still clings fondly wherever I roam to this midst covered castle †

That always circles my home. ∞