

Home

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [October 10, 2018](#) issue

"Where are we?" she asks again and again.  
"Home" says my father at 103, his faculties  
Grounded, rooted in flesh despite being  
On hospice, his heart giving out with  
My mother unknowing, mind porous as sand.  
"Where are we?" she asks him. "When are we  
Leaving?" "We're not," says my father,  
"This is our home."

But is it, I wonder, and what does she know  
Despite the dementia or maybe because,  
She for whom God was no more than a word,  
With death a banned subject trapped in the dark  
So whatever comes after was never discussed:  
And yet, they *are* leaving, and this is not  
Home.