

Frank Finney

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Trekking

How I wish they would stop
setting trails on fire—
'*Go Home*,' they say,
'*and watch the sun.*'

And make the pavements
safe to walk—
'*Go Home*,' they say:
'*Start walking now.*'

And sometimes when I say
I want to stay
they smile while their eyes travel due south
and settle on pebbles
or the tongues of my shoes.

A sentence stumbles towards the silence.
Someone asks me if I miss my home.

Somewhere the sun
is moving mountains.

I search for words
that lose their way.