

Bridgett Johnson-Elliott
Age 18, Lane Community College

The Nature of Home

Home rests inside nature's heart-
A steady, growing art.
The canvas for a ruby glaze
To brush the heart in loving phrase.

Each breath a dart of fluttering wings,
Each beat a gulping creek.
Ever ticking, ever pounding,
The forest's exulting pulse.

Home steadies to the
Peach soul of dusk,
It beats to the voice of
Fairy-tale hush.

It rises like the silvery beguile
Of the moon with a
Cheshire cat's smile.

Home adorns a mother's form,
It brings her stories to life.
She who speaks of nature's ways
Of playful days and fairy sprites,
Dancing by balmy light.

Inside this woodland green
Unabated by golden hours,
Your child heart swings a vining rope
Into love's devout bower

Bequeath gentle happiness,
Release chasing demons,
The mind's hidden past
Grows new shoots at last.

Home is through nature's door,
Where a secret is in store:
Memories hung like leaves on a tree
Delicately capturing time.
A look into each one will find,
The veins of life intertwined.