

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.