

## The Shrinking Lonesome Sestina

By Miller Williams

Somewhere in everyone's head something points toward home,  
a dashboard's floating compass, turning all the time  
to keep from turning. It doesn't matter how we come  
to be wherever we are, someplace where nothing goes  
the way it went once, where nothing holds fast  
to where it belongs, or what you've risen or fallen to.

What the bubble always points to,  
whether we notice it or not, is home.  
It may be true that if you move fast  
everything fades away, that given time  
and noise enough, every memory goes  
into the blackness, and if new ones come—

small, mole-like memories that come  
to live in the furry dark—they, too,  
curl up and die. But Carol goes  
to high school now. John works at home  
what days he can to spend some time  
with Sue and the kids. He drives too fast.

Ellen won't eat her breakfast.  
Your sister was going to come  
but didn't have the time.  
Some mornings at one or two  
or three I want you home  
a lot, but then it goes.

It all goes.  
Hold on fast  
to thoughts of home  
when they come.  
They're going to  
less with time.

Time  
goes  
too  
fast.  
Come  
home.

Forgive me that. One time it wasn't fast.  
A myth goes that when the quick years come  
then you will, too. Me, I'll still be home.