

Poetry Porch: Poetry

The Song the Only Map

By Diane Thiel

They made their presence known to me through songs
I called a kind of home—having no home
in that deep earth kind of way, I became
a traveler of another hemisphere
and went that far, on foot, to find them there.
But still, the poem I intended sends me

elsewhere each time to find a different one—

Some days I simply had to write on foot,
the song the only map, the rhythm that
might have to carry us from one place to
another, lift us during times we have
forgotten, even when we think it must
have left us—or we left it all behind.