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Eleanor Carlin Poetry

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I always knew I would leave
After long days and longer nights
When the wind pushed me further
But I never knew where I'd be going

Then I found myself
Hidden in the grass from all but the harvest moon
Warm body snuggled up against warm bodies
A fleece blanket spread out beneath

Spending afternoons on top of pillow piles
Laughter shaking cracked ceilings excluding falling snow
Plates and glasses forgotten on tilted side tables
Keeping warm in sweet nuzzles under knitted blankets

Wandering down sun-warmed sidewalks
Curious glances caught by knowing smiles
Warm hand holding fast my own
On display for antique bears and hat stands in store windows

I finally found myself
Among welcoming arms and open hearts
Waiting with bright lanterns on an old wooden dock
To gently guide my aimless sails to come home