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'Being Home'

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## **Being home**

*Elisa Sabbadin*

Day one.

I bury my fingers in the little rocks of the car park in front of my window  
I sit and smoke a cigarette hugging my knees, become smaller, surely I've done this forever, I  
must have been doing this forever,  
I dig with my fingers, looking for my fingers digging years ago, the fingers I must have left  
here fingers buried under rocks under fingers digging in the rocks  
Still looking

Day two.

I sit with you next to your dead father, you talk about your childhood and the wood of the  
toys he made for you and the wood of the walks in the woods,  
I want to spread petals on his grave, but I have no flowers, so I smoke and follow the fall of  
the ash on your father's bed of wood  
Conscious of eternity and eternal overlapping of season and space and colors and place

Day three.

I watch colors match, the color of my pajamas with that of the couch with that of the cups  
and with that of the hair of my cat,  
With the shirt of my mother with the calendar hanging in the kitchen  
With the bedsheets and towels and jumpers and every single strange book, a whole harmony  
of greens and blues and oranges and reds, galaxies of sense

Day three.

I sit in the shade of your house, the shadows of your garden, olives and juicy tomatoes, pesto,  
warm bread,  
Wine and alcohols of herbs, flowers on the table, flowers in the garden, sun in the flowers in  
the garden,  
Mosquitos and smoke, sweaty hands touching, sweaty legs touching, mouthfuls touching

Day one, two, three, four.

I throw the three coins and sip rice milk with turmeric and black pepper, I might be a rich  
Chinese elder of the fifth century,  
The three coins the coin of the past the coin of the present the coin of the future, I say to  
myself,

However idiotic routines are safe and beautiful, especially long lost ones  
Three coins on the table in the sunshine in the perfume of rosemary  
Dominare le grandi potenze

Day five.

Naked and barefooted finally, simple as a morning on some perfect occasions of  
happiness-induced lack of sleep

*Padova, Italy*