

To my home but not my place

Makaio Calicdan

The beauty of living here is that I've never known life outside my roots.

I've always been connected to my tree.

While not a branch, I've built my nest in a quiet burrow surrounded by leaves.

I fly out to explore and adventure but always return to my tree.

I am safe here.

This is boring.

Am I just boring?

What have I done for myself but adventure?

I've come home with life but I am still not living.

So where must I go to live?

I don't know, I've never known life outside my roots.

All I know is that I must go.

Go somewhere to finally live.

I've unraveled the truth for myself.

By staying close to my roots, I've been enclosed in my tree.

But I am a bluebird, watch me spread my wings and fly away.

Nevada is my home, but not my place.

Not for forever.