

Nowhere is Home

Home is not a bed. It is not where you grew up. Home is not where your parents are. It's not even where you are. Home is not what you knew. It is not new either. Home is not comforting. It is not filled with uneasiness either.

Home: the place where one lives permanently, especially as a member of a family or household.

What if you have no family?

What if you live nowhere permanently?

If the past 8 years have been moving from one space to another with a random assortment of colleagues, acquaintances, friends, lovers, then do you have a home?

I always think lovers or friends will become home, but by the end, I'm in nowhere again.

If the place you used to permanently reside is gone once you return? Then what?

As I drive up to the place I once lived as a child, the vision of it blurs with reality of my home today— somewhere between here and New York City with a bit of Italy mixed in and the chill of the Atlantic Ocean.

Home is the smell of freshly brewed espresso and the sound of the chestnut liquid swirling into frothed milk.

It is two thighs brushing against each other in bed after they've spent the night restlessly sleeping with the idea of romance.

Home is the morning light redefining the dance of the trees in the breeze— it is the shadows that move across the floor at the same time everyday no matter where you are.

It is the smell of freshly chopped garlic sautéing with onions until all are translucent or crisped in dark yellow olive oil.

Home is the index fingers of hands of friends accidentally brushing against each other after they've been walking defiantly for an hour to nowhere in particular.

What if all the sudden— you feel everywhere and nowhere while sitting in one place?

I am sitting. In one place. But, my body swells with an enormous nostalgia for nowhere in particular. I think it yearns for a place to rest, yet there is no place to go anytime soon. There is no place that is safe when the thing that stops you from moving is invisible and all encompassing. Nowhere is safe, not even home. Even if you do have a family and a permanent residence, your home is not safe. You could cover every crevice with Lysol wipes and still **it** finds a way in. It is in the air that you breathe.

It is nowhere.

You could stop breathing.

Nowhere is home.