

Sense of Place

A poem...

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I am an immigrant:

I have travelled as a pilgrim

I have lived in many places & homes

My memories are my friends

So where is my sense of place?

It is here with me

Within me:

Interwoven memories of rough seas

Beating on the rocks whilst I lay asleep,

I can smell the salt in the air,

Of working in the avocado fields,

Looking after children,

Climbing mountains,

Working with the aged,

Sitting with the dying,

Longing for silence & sometimes solitude.

What is the sense of place for me

But an intricate tapestry of

Images, smells and feelings.

I cry at times for the loss of place.

It is a loss:

A loss of people, friends, animals, familiar places.

Yet other times it is exciting:

Because there are new experiences

however temporal,

This sense of place...