

Home, Again

*Inspired by NYC Poets Afloat residency on the **Mary A. Whalen***

I bob in the captain's cabin
watch the puddle on the steel deck
quiver and move.
In the Atlantic Basin the ferry comes in
the wind rises and small sparrows
hurl at great speeds
above the mast and moorings.

We all begin in the ocean
of our mother's womb.
During a heart exam I heard
my heart roar, the waves and swish
the gurgles of currents and blood
the sea within me.
When they diagnose arrhythmia
I am at ease ... an extra beat
for the missing home country,
the migration from there to here over sea –
the state of perpetual explanation,
neighborhood where you are *new*
and *foreign* from different currents, hemisphere.

The sea has its own rhythm.
Here only 100 feet from my car
in the parking lot I'm on the water.
I sense currents. Waves from the Atlantic
find their way into the boat basin,
before they surge up the East River.

Each day I drive to work in the boat
of my car, the road clings to the East River
curves and bends
the ten miles to Harlem.

We are all sailing on a ship—
only some of us know it,
call portside – home.

Malcom built a canoe
from a tree trunk, once as a boy.
I kept asking *How did it stay afloat?*
The wonder of so many built things
we use in our a floating city,
The *Mary A. Whalen*
this deck, this ladder.
Our planet is an earth/ocean
land floats on lava,
currents move us.
In this ship's cabin surrounded

by books on boats and the sea,
I'm momentarily,
home, again.

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May, 2019