

Coming Home

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I see you in the glass.
Welcome home!
Hard to believe
You are a man

Until now I have avoided
Even glancing at you,
Except in those few frightful
Moments when ecstasy
Or despair or disgust
Hobbled my inhibitions, and I
Dared look at you, coyly.

If I stare at you, am I narcissus?
Will jealous Echo curse me with
Inescapable solipsism?

They said the night might come
When with joy I would greet
You at the door and say, Come in
I have been waiting for you

I have prepared a place for you
And ginger tea, old cheese
New bread, old wine

This is your home
I built it for you
The altar of gold and white
The kitchen, the walnut pig,
The yellow pepper

I never dreamed that
When you returned you
Would smile winsomely
And we would tell jokes and
Laugh and I would lose all fear

Shall we dance?

Let me wash your feet with
My beard. I have kept the
Oil warm and saved the
Sandalwood incense that
I got for you from a god in Giza

I have loved you all your life.
Even while I ignored you for
Another I did not hate you

Here are the love letters
I wrote to you
Here is the poem I wrote
To call you home

Here is a note I scrawled
For you one night on a ferry
Near Crete when death
Came aboard and I feared
That I would be gone
When you came back

I am glad that you came
While I still have radiance —
And energy to comfort you
To honor you and me, buddy

Tomorrow we will
Meet my children
They will love you
As they have loved me

Come. Let us feast together.