

## 13a - Home

### **Home**

My memory chooses selectively  
I cannot remember birthdays,  
I do not remember my first crush  
Or my first basketball game.  
The thought of a day in third grade seems unreal  
But my heart's memory is set on home

I could never recollect a day in my life as a five year old  
I was too blissful and ignorant to really care  
I do not know what I did from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m  
But I will never forget 5:30, my dad coming home  
Prepared to meet him at the door, his embrace  
The heart does not forget the feeling of home.

The day I broke my collarbone is a mess of fuzz  
The brain forgets pain, and I forget the rest  
I hardly recall sitting, waiting for my parents to return  
My dad's comforting reassurance  
The heart does not forget the feeling of home

My head low walking through the crowd  
Regret and disappointment, wishing I had raced stronger  
I was met with a familiar force  
And his unforgettable reminder that I have safety  
The heart does not forget, the feeling of home.

The airport, blurry through my teary eyes  
Lost I stumbled through the gates  
Six months is a long time away  
Running back into my dad's arms, I was once again that little girl  
The heart does not forget the feeling of home.