

A Map of My Life
By Noah Arbuckle

What little I remember

As the bay reflects
the golden light
of sundown
I sit in a hammock,
swinging
back
and forth,
back
and forth.

This place-
the Eastern Shore,
was a home to memories.
My land of beginnings.
My first steps
taken by the Chesapeake
and my first words
uttered
to the bay.

My time
in this
place of wonder
was short
and although
the memories
of this time fade
I'll never have
another first start.
But hey,
that's just what little
I remember.

I want to go home

Speeding
through rows
of monotonous crops,
gently swaying
with drab
greenish leaves

I feel a sadness
erupt in my chest.
“I want to go home”
I cry out,
homesick for a home
no longer ours.

Hoping for
more moments
by the bay.
Yearning to once more
be free,
to the sand swept coast.

But that time
is over now.
Turning the first chapter
in a long book.

So for now
Missouri
is my home.

The singing prairie

I walk down
the warm,
sunbaked path
of the singing prairie
as birds call
a joyous song.

I step
over the carefully
placed plants
of our garden,
the sunflowers' heads
bobbing
recognition.

While I sit
under the
old, creaking arch
of wood,
built long before
we arrived.
I think not
of jumping over waves
and walking down
the brackish coast,
but of running through
head high grass
and biking down
endless gravel roads.

Maryland
might have been
home to my
first memories,
but Missouri
was the place of my childhood.

To the Atlantic once more

As the school year comes
to an end
my fate becomes
ever more clear,
to move
away.

Away from everyone,
all my friends,
all my experiences,
and my home.

I had moved before,
but that was long ago
and now what matters
is my friends
here in
Missouri.
The friends
I am about to leave
forever.

As we load up the truck,
I walk down the
once singing prairie
one last time,
now silent,
and I say
goodbye.

To be continued

Now looking back
on the changes of my life
I think of how
little life I've had
and how much more
is left.

So until
my next move
or my next change
I'll be looking forward
to what's next.

Because this story
Is to be continued.