

## Wilderness House Literary Review 17/4

Charles Hayes  
HOME

Drummed by rain, my worries to calm, my metal roof does please. Not like the crazy bin where the noise of life's most needed is never heard, nor like the pills offered by proffered palms at Dr. Pepper times, nor like the shuffled steps to snake a queue.

There, dosed, the rain would shortly come, but in the head alone, no tin patter to dream the dream of dreams. Only a nap to dream the unannounced. Home, it could not be. No window perch to watch the drops fall and blur the woods and fields beyond. Nor an unconcerned cow, chewing cud and resting a tail near swatted out.

Here, I expand at will, no rubbing wrong to chill my day and bring the coats of better care. Fortunes I have not, ambition is another way, sparkling drops of life surely are enough for me. Dosed with just being home, no habit learned by rote, nor shaky steps required, my dreams die not, nor unannounced do come.

"Leave for greener grass," the ward clerks would say. "Dream a little bigger still." Their ambition haunts me yet. Gloved hands holding trays of this and that.

My roof is storm washed clean, the rivulets have reached my creek, the sun is out and the cow must swing a tail. No Doctor Pepper time for me as a drippy wood pile beckons come.

With an ax to give the chips a wing, I amble forth and park my dream, at home.

*Home* is a hybrid mini flash memoir of what happened when I got home from "All Things Must Pass," a 3000 word memoir about a state hospital published by WHLR in spring, 2018. Link below.

<https://www.whlreview.com/no-13.1/essay/CharlesHayes.pdf>

"Home" was one of my more pleasant Appalachian benchmarks while living in those mountains. Thank you — Charles Hayes