

The Map Home

Around the globe, you search
for two dots, connected
by a flight line. Distance
becomes a long string
to knot nostalgia;
fingers nudge a blue
sphere - home beckons
like an aching moon.

Your son asks
to map the family tree.
You surprise him, draw
concentric circles. Your pen drifts,
traces solar systems,
that revolve around the same point—
that's our home!

Laughing at your crazy map,
your son prunes the growing tree.
He does not see
rings rippling across
your night river,
and leaves

fall
to roots.

Comments from Wilda Morris: [May Challenge Winners](#)

Yin's blog says she was born in China and immigrated to Canada. This might help explain the poignant declaration in her poem that "Distance / becomes a long string /to knot nostalgia." The mapping of the family tree by use of concentric circles with home in the middle mirrors the mapping of growth from infancy through adulthood. First the infant relates only to parents and others in the home; then the sphere of the child widens to include teachers and schoolmates. As the individual grows, the spheres in which he or she lives widen further. Yet, for most people, home remains central. The last stanza of the poem has several possible interpretations. It could represent the way the world ultimately narrows for one who has aged.

围绕地球仪，你搜索着
两个点，由一条
飞行路线连接。距离
成为一条长长的丝线
编织着怀旧的情结；
你的手指轻推蓝色球体—
故乡是挂在天上的一轮明月
伤痛地召唤。

儿子邀你
绘制家谱树。
你画着一个个同心圆，
让他很是惊异。
你的笔漂移着，勾画
太阳星系的轮廓，
它们都围绕同一点：
这就是我们的家园！

嬉笑你的疯狂绘图，
儿子裁剪延伸的家谱树。
他没有注意到
年轮涟漪着
你夜色下的河流，
而叶子
落下
聚拢在根底。