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## home is the distant feeling of love.

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*home is the distant feeling of love.*

**Yazmin Macias**

you don't realize how much "home" has become a foreign place  
until you return after a long while  
and can't remember  
what street to turn on to get to your grandma's house.

you spend your days waiting to reunite with faces  
that are becoming embedded in memories,  
only to find comfort in  
your reclusive nature that keeps you tied  
to your bedroom all night.

there's pain in greetings more than in goodbyes  
because you fester the thought of leaving  
in the back of your mind.  
every time you return to this place,  
the space where you laid your head at night for years,  
you feel the connection weakening in strength.  
a space where you'll always be tied, yet you can't remember any past  
times.

then slowly over time, the place is becoming more of a name than a space.

what resonates more with you are the memories of people who used to live  
there,  
because you're not only unable to recognize your past self,  
but the current inhabitants as well.

being away forces you to create space.  
with the ones you love and within your head.  
you forget who you once were, your loved ones forget who you set out to  
be.  
caught between places, wandering endlessly on edge,  
i'll always find homes in places i learn to rest my head.