

## **The Home Coming**

I have lived too long  
alone, on a pain filled,  
desolate, alien, planet.  
Isolated, tired, sore.  
Confused. Depressed.  
Belittled. Misunderstood.

We connect. July '06.  
We find our own kind.  
Together. We suffer, share,  
support, cry, laugh. Dare  
to crawl forward.  
A metanoia! Dragging  
our broken wings.

**Brid MacSweeney**