

## Home

A poem is a gesture toward home.  
It's a mosaic of my family's life.

My life is a mosaic of family ties.  
Ties through blood, adoption, and marriage.

Adoptions and marriages bloom from  
Cali to Louisiana like Bluebonnets.

Amid Cali and LA is Houston, my home.  
Growing up six miles from Mimi's

Six miles worth of memories with Mimi.  
Laughter over muffled TV fills my home.

We laugh with ABC sitcoms on low  
like wisps of White Tea smoke from the lampe berger.

The smell of White Tea reminds me I'm home.  
This poem is a gesture to my home.

