

Home

JEAN JANZEN

This body seated in a chair,
breathing, free to enter memory
and imagination with language.

Word becoming place.
“Hope,” I write, naming
the future, even this body

created to end. Then “soul,”
what seeks my final home.
To name one’s presence

at this universe, my hand
guiding letters toward the Light.
To name the wonder of being—

this breath, this word.
“Body,” I write, what will become
still and cold, my soul freed

to rise into the arms
of Eternal Love, our Maker,
our Home.

