

## Sujana Upadhyay

### Whispering Trees

I dreamt of a cottage by the sea.  
I groaned, ignoring the pleas of the young chirping leaves.  
My aches and pains could only be soothed by salt soaked breeze.

Under my neglect, the trees grew tall  
Followed the seasons, staid true to it all.  
While I suffered, I ached, I longed  
Until one day, caught in a memory  
I had a feeling I was somewhere else.  
For that little moment  
I was lighter, I was calmer, I was myself  
And was able to recognise a song  
That could only have been passed  
From the waves, to the birds, to the leaves  
It was then I realised the saplings I had planted in a different land  
Had come and found me.

In their whispers and songs  
I found pieces of me, left behind in places  
I once called home. Where I felt at home, however fleeting a moment  
Within walls of bricks and mortar, wrapped in warm arms, under an open sky  
Places I had lived in and left.  
Some because I had outgrown  
Some because it was time to  
And some because I simply had to.  
It was not just footprints I left behind,  
It wasn't just memories I carried.

I spent an evening, laughing, embracing, and attentively listening.  
Rejoicing, the branches joined in  
Singing songs that healed, loosened knots  
In an impulse, I asked where home was

Is it made of what we think we cannot do without?

What we hold close and near?

They quietly whispered, home is that

What never leaves you.

That, what will always come find you.