CLOSER TO HOME

for Cindy, Harry, and Douglas

To the garden full of lavender,
the woods just over the fence,
the trickle of a river that's just past the dead end,
to the dog in the yard and the worn out floors
and the toys packed away down the hall
it would've been easier not to come back at all.

And you're closer to home than you've ever been before,
leaving the garden, leaving the halls,
leaving the woods and the river and all.
You're closer to home than you've ever been before,
and you've never wanted to stay here more.

But the memories you made here
are only half the life you've lived,
and you have no choice. The woods and the garden
have given all they had to give,
and still you wonder if you'll ever learn
how to leave a place not knowing if you'll return.

To the garden full of lavender,
the woods just over the fence,
the trickle of a river that's just past the dead end
it would have been easier not to come back this time,
to leave the woods, the garden, the river and all behind.

But you're closer to home than you've ever been before,
though it isn't the woods and it isn't the garden,
it isn't the house or the dog in the yard
you're closer to home than you've ever been before
as you realize home isn't here,
you finally realize home isn't here anymore.

Now it's time to close the door
on a house where you had a garden, a river;
you couldn't have asked for better or more.
And maybe you'll return someday, somehow,
but it's time to go back to the life you're living now.

It's time to go home to a life you won't outgrow.
Leaving the garden, leaving the halls,
leaving the woods and the river and all,
it's time to go home, for finally you know
that home will be waiting for you,
home will follow wherever you go.

Dale Trumbore