

NOT COMING THIS WAY AGAIN

I am sitting in a narghile inhaling on a hookah as high as my thigh
Apple aromas and a slight sting in the back of my throat
It is a semblance of other lives
And one has a sense that I will not be coming this way again

I am walking between Aya Sofya and the Blue Mosque
The tourism religiously palpable and the religion more faint in its feel
Still such a sight to see, looking East then West at East and West
And I begin to feel that I will not be coming this way again

I am traipsing across Galata Bridge
Asia to one border in front of me and Europe to the other behind
Lost in too many lives and too many definitions
Of what belongs where and why
I am getting a sense that I will not be coming back this way again

I am hiding through the Grand Bazaar
One does not imagine how vast it is going to be
Avoiding “Hi there, where are you from, you are American?”
And blurring through an endlessness of crass,
I acknowledge that I won’t be coming back this way again

Oh so many places I have been
To this land to other lands to my homeland
As someone said so many places the world to see
There isn’t enough time for them all
And with that recognition, a passing sadness
And with that admission, a grieving understanding
And with that acceptance, a nod to time and my loss
And finally, as smile
For though I will not be back this way again
I have been
Here and there and so many other wheres