

ANGELA ALAIMO O'DONNELL

Homegoing

I was there. I had my existence.

Me in place and the place in me.

—Seamus Heaney

We drove those roads as if we'd always known them,
the steep ways and winding bends amazing us
at every easy turn, and all the world we'd left

behind so green, we'd forgotten how deep
the earth could be. *You'll be late for your own
funeral*, our mother used to warn us,

three daughters who disregarded time
as if its hours bound all others but ourselves.
And there we were, driving fast, her ashes

stashed in the hatch, as late for her interment
as our own, resisting the pull of the place
we'd begun, the place she was going back to be,

the small hole nicked in familiar ground,
home, three feet square and three feet down.