

Destination

Chloe Vezina

But doesn't every story begin with arrival?

Arid desert, endless ocean, skies & new
horizon, plated gates open, a changed name.

Hands untethered, sons and daughters folded
into new newspaper cranes and paper boats, unsinkable

ships docked on hopeful shores, a severed line traced back
to Genesis.

& have you found your forest? Your bitter shelter?
How far have you come?

The end only fosters another beginning—divine creations

harvesting biting venom and midnight honey. Searching hands meet
open arms and open doors, a child born,

then born again.

Voyages imprints leather landscapes onto weathered
jacket sleeves, put onto the backs of our descendants.

Where do *we* return

in the dreams of our young?

No longer foreign gardens—Paradise.

They will call it home.