

From

It's the direction you return from
that dictates the atmosphere of home:
from work from woods from retail parks
from for-the-sake-of-walking -
or some easterly objective
at dawn at noon at dusk
from being-in-the-walk
in hail in gale or heat.
The difference between up from town
over from the swimming pool along from the bus stop
still takes you by surprise.

(Or the shortest version:
back up the garden
bike secured in shed.)

At what point after how long how far
did you leave behind
the thoughts you took outside?
Sometimes on the doorstep,
it takes last-minute grace
to stop you bringing frets
or judgements back inside again

and carry across the threshold
a little bit of west-south-west,
of street or desire path.
You bring in hill-homes,
cliff-path or tow-path homes
that you've walked into relationship
with your habitable-home.