

“Echos of A Distant Home”
Finn Hartley

The high desert disappears into my rear view mirror
Speeding down the interstate
The snow capped mountains growing nearer
Starting over on a clean slate

It's the middle of a scorching summer
My belongings stuffed neatly in the car
I'm known as the newcomer
My old home is quite far

Farewell to the warm desert nights
Overlooking the heat radiating off the hill
Staring at the blinding city lights
I do nothing but stand still

A new place far from what I've known
An empty house waiting to have residents once more
I can finally call it my own
It's all I ever asked for