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Nowhere is Nowhere

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Abstract

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Nowhere is Nowhere

Westview Poetry Contest Community Winner

by Catherine McCraw

People often speak
of rural Western Oklahoma

as the middle of nowhere.
I have been here thirty-odd years.

All my adult life has been spent
in a small, flat town,

crisscrossed here and there by railroad tracks
and surrounded by windswept fields.

In the middle of nowhere

I have fallen in and out of love,
been sick and well,
“starred” in community theater,
learned to write poems,
made and squandered money,
owned and buried pets,
acquired and lost friends,
encountered three versions of God
in the Episcopal, Lutheran, and finally
Catholic Church.

In the middle of nowhere



I've grown gray,
grown lined,
grown thick around the waist,

grown in wisdom,
grown in faith,
grown in hard-won endurance.

Everything that happens in the human heart
happens in small towns.

There's nowhere to unload
the freight of human life,

with all its burdens and spare graces.

There is no actual nowhere anywhere.
Nowhere is safe.