

## **Creative Submission: I Return to the Place I Ran From**

By Ian Gillespie

I return to the place I ran from  
Back to that blasted heath,  
where the sky has lost its color  
Where I see those few fallen friends  
Still waiting for me  
Their broken bodies  
still bearing the weight  
of the hatred placed on them.

I see my brother and my sister  
Those imperfect allies  
And love them and know them  
And they know and love me.  
They are not as holy  
As our kith and kin.  
They were not tempered in the same forge  
And Mine was different from theirs.

I embrace my artificer  
My opposition  
Who loves only what he thinks he sees  
But abhors who I truly am.  
Like his father and his mother  
All of them cool with holy water  
Sanctified by 'holy' individuals.

They railed against me  
and ridiculed me unknowingly  
thinking that it was friendly fire  
laying wastes to parts of me that are deep and sacred  
And so

I ran  
and I ran  
and I ran.  
And I became strong and I became beautiful  
And I have returned here now, to reclaim this heath  
To reestablish my place  
And I shall renew this land  
And I shall bring the light and the spectrum with it  
And much will grow where once was death  
And we shall be able to come out and that  
That cavalcade of color and of wonder and of magic  
And I shall call it home  
And it shall be my PRIDE.