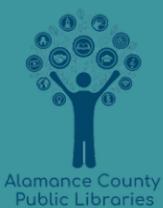


Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

Home is a Cave by Kathia Kerr

Home
Is a cave
Inside my heart
Full of twists and turns
And nooks and crannies
Where I hoard all of my
Shiny memories.
It is warm and dark,
And smells like rosemary oil
And roasted coffee. The
entrance is known Only to
me.
Here I can hide
From misunderstandings
And judgments
That tear at my wings
And put out my fire.
When I am tired
Of hunting for beauty
And meaning,
Experiences to treasure,
And memories to capture,
I fly home.
Tucking the plunder
Of images and words
Around my weary
Scarred self,
I soften a stony bed
And dream
Of finding others like me
To welcome
Home



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“HOME IS” by Keith O’Leary

“Home is where you hang your hat”
You’ve often heard it said
“Home is where your heart is” too
“A place to lay your head.”

A place to share, a place to care
With family, friends or pets
Or maybe home for you my friend
Is yours alone, no frets.

A place where you can be yourself
Unwind, relax, be free.
A haven from the outside world,
A place that’s good to be.

A place where love and kindness flow
Forgiveness too, for sure
A place to connect with others, yes
Where honesty is pure.

Whether with a family
Or going it alone
There certainly is no place
Like Home Sweet Home!



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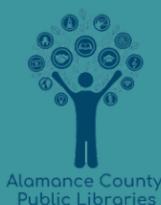
Homemade by Kristy Mabe

Childhood households...the free area was small.
Siblings and parents, their capacity filled them all!
College and roommates meant flying the coop.
When we came back, we were met with a whoop!

Forest Drive was our cozy first place.
The humble abode was tiny on space,
but the duplex provided room for our stuff.
Plus, our kitties Mana, Tabby, and Puff!

When push came to shove,
we moved to a dwelling full of our love.
Its walls saw a wedding and babe.
As renters, we couldn't have stayed.

Finally! The papers were signed!
Contractors, we were ready to find.
There was no more reason to roam,
we could truly make this house our home.



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I passed a mole in the road today by Mike Holland

I passed a mole in the road today,
No matter my words, he wouldn't stray.

Life, like a mole in the road, can turn,
Proud and still, he lay in the sun,
as I made my appointed rounds.

Never asking how or why life's begun.

I met a mole on the road today,
Though silent, I tipped my cane his way.

Mute as a post, he's conquered the earth,
Patiently basking in his humble worth.

As I swallow words, this cough starts anew,
Two months of tickles, a nagging clue.

Death is a bother, always to be shunned,
Be it in surgery or a mole under the sun.

But here I am, still breathing free,
While my moley friend may no longer be.

What matters our state, in life's grand play?
I met a mole in the road today.



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I'll be there by Susan Goldner

My home is not a mansion
or a house on a hill.
My Home may be small,
but has a porch
with a rocking chair.
When you come by,
you'll find me there.



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Home by Susan Goldner

Some say HOME is where you hang your hat.
Others say HOME is a welcome mat.
I see HOME as a comfortable chair,
food on the table,
cups hung on hooks, and a shelf for my books.
A comfortable bed, where I rest my head.
A light in the window that signals come in.
A haven for safety no matter how small,
It always offers peace to all.



Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

In my heart / En mi corazon by Racheal Stimpson

Home
Hogar
Is it a place?
¿Es un lugar?
A state of mind?
¿un estado mental?
I know how it makes me feel
Sé cómo me hace sentir
does that make it real?
¿eso lo hace real?
Home is where I am loved
El hogar es donde soy amado
Where I am safe
Donde estoy segura
With you
Contigo
It is everywhere
Esta en todas partes
It is nowhere
No esta en ninguna parte
It is love
Es amor



Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

Letter from Haw River by Jamie Everhart

Today I got a letter from home,
about spring rain and dogwoods.
Digging in clay,
the ground is a brick.
The days are almost long.
With hummingbirds on the way,
no one complains.

Tories serve as ghosts,
fires burning in lost camps.
Bridges now cross
where fog lifts from the bend.
This land has seen darkness,
but like a Sunday morning,
our river carries us—
by tangled woods
to sunlit fields.



Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

Beethoven by Jamie Everhart

Sunset over the river,
a chill wind in the eaves.
The carpenter sets
his last nail and listens,
Beethoven haunting
the room below.
Sauces simmer,
bread rises,
dogs bark for a reason,
yet unknown.

In the distance,
a train arrives on time,
and bells ring
to accompany
our steady steps
down the ladder,
the engine cranking
with a rusty grammar,
to carry us home
in silence.



Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

Like a Turtle by Karen Southall-Watts

As a kid, when my parents said, “We’re going home,”
we all knew that meant
a long drive down the east coast,
propelled by my mother’s lead foot
to St. Clair County, Alabama,
the land of sweet tea and back garden tomatoes.
When the elders all slipped away,
and there was nothing left to visit but graves,
home became a feeling and not a place.
Living rooms and kitchens in houses,
apartments, or mobile homes,
where everyone knew the punch lines,
but laughed like it was the first time
when we told the family stories.
Home became a living thing we carried in our souls,
And on our backs,
Like a turtle moving across a rural highway
To a sacred spot only known by instinct.



Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

Our House by Karen Southall-Watts

My mother used to come in the front door,
and start dropping her purse and uniform on the floor,
as she staggered down the hall after a long shift.

53% of people living in shelters have jobs

One time she came home to find we'd stashed,
three rambunctious kittens in the bathroom,
and she screamed when they nipped at her ankles.

Many sites online are devoted to how to find a place to shower if you're unhoused.

She redid the front rooms with off-white carpets,
and then no one was allowed to do anything in those rooms,
but sit. Very still.

If you had to carry all your belongings in a sack, what would you keep?

Now that she's gone, strangers live in that home.



Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

Loam by Morris Casper

I met a woman once. She had a way
That made me think that I might fall in love with her some day.
And so I did and she with me ,
And in this way our family came to be
Like seedlings in the richest loam
The soil of love made us a home.

And nourished there, our children grew,
Able and strong and good and true.
And though the wind might strongly blow,
Its terrors we would never know.
So in that soil, that richest loam
We altogether made a home.

If home were only wood and bricks,
A solid roof that never leaks,
That's not a place I'd want to dwell,
For how could I live long or well,
Without that soil, that richest loam,
That loam of love that makes a home?



Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

Motherland by Morris Casper

Must we not remember the Scotland whence we came?
The Scotland of our father's birth,
That Scotland out of all this earth,
The motherland we claim?

That Scotland of the hidden glen,
The highlands' heights, the endless fen,
The blooming thistle's blushing rose,
The purple heather's springtime shows.

But we Scots were born with restless hearts
That drove us on to other parts,
That drove us here and let us see
This land as rich as rich can be.

So here we hope we'll always be,
Here in these hills where we are free,
Where no king's selfish tyranny
Condemns our lives to poverty.

Yes here we stayed, and here we are
As if there were a guiding star
That found for us these mountain blessings
We call our Southern Appalachians.



Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

Lock Box by Diane Hitzke

Chewed out chunks
on her staircase tread where a
mouthy puppy fought boredom,
wounds I painstakingly healed
with minimal scarring.

The back bedroom's
broken sash taught me
the exact position to hold
her frame and my jaw
to slide open the window.

Cow-lick whirls
in the wood on her floor
form a face that stares at me,
as I sit on the throne
in her water-closet.

Stepping two inches
to the right of center
at the base of her stairs
is a place I can depend on
to softly squeak hello.

A lock box on her front door
a sign, an open house,
my home holds tight to me,
I weep for the spring bulbs
asleep in my garden.



Alamance County Poetry Stroll 2026

long way home by Mitch Cox

perhaps that carolina boy,
who died so young and so
far from the green
edge of his Appalachia home
was right, perhaps,

but I sometimes think,
especially on these late February
days when hard rain rather than soft
snow falls here in these foothills,
that we're all taking the long way
home, heading along some backcountry
road winding through the uncut pines
and around some old farmer's pastureland,
stopping on occasion at an old gas station
for a moonpie and an rc cola
or for a moment to catch the whistle
of an old sawmill and the trail of men
in overalls heading to their pick-up trucks

some day, just maybe, we'll get there,
one more time, even for a moment,
from the bed in the hospital, face numb,
the mouth drooping, our vision blurred,
just one more glimpse, just around the bend,
not like the crow above the land,
but an anemone through the viscous sea of time

