
POETRY | FALL 2020

Homing Signals

By Sophia Wilson

I blame the rain, but maybe the reason I can't sleep at night
is because the disappearance of water is imminent, or
maybe it has something to do with violated landscapes and
some hugely important, barely remembered dream
firing alarm bells in mind's eye.

Tonight when I left the city's pandemically fractured centre
for the winding back road with no street lights,
it was dark. In all likelihood, nothing was going to happen
but a gathering of more darkness.

Then, in the headlights, small rectangular pieces of plastic
along the tar-seal centre line lit up a luminous gold ribbon;
emblems of human practicality and intelligence,
the wish to keep others safe—

They were leading me home through the darkness,
ordinary as anything and
precious as earth-bound stars.

Sophia Wilson is a writer whose poetry or short fiction recently appeared in Love in the Time of COVID (A chronicle of a pandemic), Flash Frontier (Matariki), Australian Poetry Anthology, Intima, Landfall, Ars Medica, Not-Very-Quiet, StylusLit, Hektoen International, Corpus and elsewhere. Her writing has been recognised in various national and international competitions. She is based in Aotearoa, New Zealand. Her poem “Homing Signals” appears in the Fall 2020 Intima.

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