

## Out of House and Home

By Wanderer

*Sometimes I feel like a motherless child.*

*Sometimes I feel like a motherless child.*

*Sometimes I feel like a motherless child a long way from home.*

We are all visitors here.

Never mind who opens the door when you appear. Never mind their hospitality or lack thereof.  
This ain't home.

Do not complain about your lack of comfort and don't become what you see. This ain't Rome.  
You've lost your way—roamed so far out of bounds. And now all you're concerned with is  
whether or not the white man has you bound.

Have you forgotten the covenant to which you are bound? Have you forgotten that you are  
heaven bound? Everyone concerns themselves with the question of "Where is God," but hasn't  
taken the time to look around. If God is love, you may be right; because it ain't here.

Look into the pain, disguised as eyes, of the brother by your side.

See the sorrow in the spirit of the sister sitting next to you.

If you can't see God in them, you don't recognize fiery passion and wrath and jealousy and path.  
You won't escape slave owners without one. I'm sorry, but massa can't kill you dead if you insist  
upon having a heartbeat.

Rise up! Who ever told you you were owed a mother? Rise up! Who ever was indebted to you  
for a home? You got work ta do chile.

And I know you feel like a motherless child, but why ain't a father enough? And I know you feel  
a long way from home, but how you 'gon act like vacations are tough?

This is temporary stay.

Prison or palace, you gon' be okay.

You don't get to give up. You pave a way, if it don't already exist! I know you feel *like a  
motherless child*,

but you sing like caged birds ever got free on their own before. And I know you feel *a long way  
from home*, but you speak on homes like they are just four walls, a roof and a floor, you fool.

Take solace in the hearts around you.

Be lit by the fire of the hearths that surround you.

Allow the stovetops of your brothers and sisters to nurture you. You dictate your own time like  
you've allowed clocks to. Don't let this world make an icebox of you. Have the hearts of mothers  
for each other! And together,

you build your own home

until we get there.