

Call It Home

Heid Erdrich

We call it hope
before we call it home.
Hammers, heat waves,
paint fights, help from family--
Hundreds of service hours, now it's ours.

Call it jai'ning from the East
Call it gouli from the South
Call it casa from the West
Call it wiigiwaam from the North

In the sacred center
of the four directions,
there's an inner circle
we call home.

We call it ours--
No one can trespass
our neighborhood now
we tell crime it can't stay.

We live next door--
we all learn to get along:
Native, Asian, Latin,
African and everyone.

We open our home--
family, foster kids and friends.
We lock up, safe now,
these keys are ours alone.

We called it hope
before we called it home.
Open access and garden fences:
strangers worked so hard--
Hundreds of service hours, now it's ours.

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