

# The All Of It, It Misses You, Come Home

## by Sheena Cook Kopman

The farm misses you, the wind in the barley misses you, the combine rolling home with your dad inside it, the burn water you paddled in with your brother, the grass under the crabapple tree where you made daisy chains and played croquet, the gooseberry bushes your grandfather planted, the view from your bedroom over the lambs across the field to the top road where the school bus goes, the secret room off your bedroom where your grandmother hid her letters, the grandmother clock at the top of the back stairs, the piano with the music open where you left it, the box of wine on the fridge so your dad could pour a glass without getting up, the round kitchen table with your brother's spelling pressed into it, the blue milk jug with its beaded cover, the ginger cat asleep by the Raeburn, the potatoes in the red basin, the needles in the tomato pincushion on the windowsill for splinters in your hand, the gooseberry jam on the larder shelf, your mother's handwriting on the label, your dad's wellingtons and heartbreaking socks and growing collection of walking sticks, the stone water trough you sat on with your brother when you brought him his tea and warm roly-poly, your grandmother's faded pink roses around the kitchen window, heads heavy with raindrops, the stroll around the farm you never got to take with her. The all of it, it misses you. Come home, we'll bring you over the water, come home.