
**ACCOMPILCES**

Dreams come home to die and find no welcome there, for home is the one place that insists on living continually. If in desperation or weariness we look for that dark womb as wounded animals do, we find it populated with memories crackling with energy. Even an unhappy childhood or chaotic snatches of infancy have a sturdiness about them to defeat our planned release. You return to your stories of neighbors, long-dead relatives, and stir a brighter light in the room. I counter with tales long-hidden of projects and actions you had forbidden but we managed anyway. How did you do that? you ask. The same way you did, when you were sixteen and rebellious, I reply. Amused at our shared reactions, we both grow younger and stronger, at least for a few heartbeats. You cannot beg for mercy here: we will only give you complicity.

*Amy Jo Schoonover*
*Mechanicsburg, Ohio*