

How To Build A Home Where Your Heart Lives

By Shannon Crossman

Part One

Collect small bits of string
twigs, and burrs,
the hairs from a wild cat's tail,
a few needles of pine.
String tiny beads of light
along the spines of dandelions.

Pause to consider
your collection.

What's missing?
[Some extra ingredient needed?](#)
Mix that into the fold.

Weave together these
fragments of life.
Spin them into a shape
precise enough to
fit the hole in your
heart.

Stitch them into
the empty space,
piecing your Self
back to whole.

Repeat as needed
until your heart
is an undeniable reflection
of who you are.

Part Two

Release the ballast.
With mended heart,
free yourself from
what keeps you
tethered to a place
you no longer belong.

Wander in your great
balloon. Watching
worlds unroll below.

Like any good captain,
keep spyglass at hand
for you are seeking.

Take note of the
contour of certain
valleys, depth of lakes,
and shadows cast by mountains.
Ask only, "Does *this*
topography suit me?"

Touch down when
the newly patched
hole in your heart
[begins to sing](#) –
thready and faint
at first, ripening into
rich crescendo when
the time to pause
arrives.

Stay awhile.

Gather wisdom like
ripe berries from the vine.

Take what you need and sail on.
Navigating life
as if home
lives in your pockets,
portable and forever
at your side.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Llewellyn's 2016 Moon Sign Book: Conscious Living by the Cycles of the Moon \(Llewellyn's Moon Sign Books\)](#).

Sip a little more from Shannon's magic:

[Slip From The Noose In A Chorus Of Hallelujahs Or F*ck You](#)

Save Your Own Life—The Freedom Of Not Giving A F*ck



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