Cindy Hornung

I come home. Well, my Body comes home—home to San Antonio. The term *home* lost its significance for me years ago, if it ever had any. I imagine the incarnation of that word standing on some dirt road, thumb out, with “Show me the way to go home,” scrawled on a weather-beaten cardboard sign. Early in my Life, I took small comfort in a literal interpretation of the phrase, “Home is where the Heart is.” *Home* meant my physical pumping, beating, bleeding Heart inside my chest. I come to accept that there’s no “Home” for me in this World. I’m a stranger, a sojourner.

But whatever I come back to, I come back quite different, though, to some extent, I expect that. I believe anyone who completes military training comes out, on the other end, fundamentally different. That person will never view the world or themself in the same way. I come away with something missing. As always, my Chameleon instinct takes hold of that missing something, applies adaptations, tries different blends; each version of myself, one by one, disappears into a perforation inside me—vanishes through me. To my Mind’s eye, I have a Black Hole inside me, a Super Massive. My Mind’s ear hears a Cosmologist’s depiction of an Event Horizon—the Black Hole's voracious gaping maw where light cannot escape. I hear the scientist describe the rapacious devouring of a poor young star.