

Layers of Home

by Leila Zolfalipour



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In the backyard where the air hums,
I stand, where both lands converge,
A quiet bridge between the roots of my past,
And the soil that holds my footsteps here.

A rooster from Iran crows beside the Canadian dog,
Both unaware of their distance,
Of the miles and cultures, they span,
Yet they share the same sky.

Bubbles rise, dancing with the wind,
Fractured fragments of memory in their translucent forms —
A Persian carpet beneath the Adirondack chair,
A garden pool beside the Canadian lawn,
Each piece a thread, woven in silence,
Telling stories of a land once far,
Now here, blending into the present.

My heritage calls in whispers,
The warmth of old stones,
The scent of cedarwood,
The song of a world that no longer exists
Except in fragments, stitched together with care.

This space, this moment,
Is where they meet,
Where two worlds, once so distinct,
Find a home in each other,
Layered, not divided-
The beauty of belonging in every breath,
Every step I take on this ground.