

## POETRY

### Somewhere Else

By Polly Howell

I remember it like yesterday –  
her voice cutting through my reverie –  
*Are you still with us, or are you somewhere else?*  
I was window-gazing again.

Blushing, I see my pen in one hand,  
blank sheet in front of me,  
no interest in the drone of her lesson,  
no safety in the classroom den.

Those were the years when  
somewhere else was my refuge –  
not just a teenager's daydream  
but the difference between life and death.

Sitting here now, half a century later,  
surrounded by the things of my life –  
I understand that somewhere else  
has finally come home to rest.

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