

HOME (In Four Acts)

by Stylés Akira

Home is where you rest your head. Home is where the heart is. A house is not a home...and so the adages go.

ACT I

Home is a place that we come from and the place that inspires in each of us the longing to return. It is the sanctuary into which we depart for a moment of respite—an escape from the madness of the world. Dogged by the temperaments of our inner beings, home is the shadow concealed within the shadow that protects us from the unknown wonders in the darkness of the still night. At home we toil against the dichotomy of our egos, shedding the masks of our facades, staunch, rugged, and worn by the rains of a thousand held back tears. And we exchange that stalwart shield of skin and superifice for the vulnerability of complacency. In the abandonment of all supposition, therein the naked soul breathes swift in the cold dense air. At home we realize the truths that torment all of our lies, and it is there that we find freedom. Before our calloused feet have traveled far and wide in the journeys of our lives, our homes give way the roughshod path in a place where innocence remains.

ACT II

For mother's milk and lullabies were all that we became of. Tiny patters dancing in the struggle to succeed, whispers of a voice that spoke no tongue, and yet persisted 'til the senselessness was overcome with golden melodies. At home we decided to leave, withdrawing from the keepsakes that awaited our return. Snuggled in a sweet caress, familiar face for years of rest. Each day at home concluded, each storm we carried on, for home was never far away. And these, the fairytales of our youths, were fantasized amidst books and street corners, through days of autumn grey, and summer's eves on hillside manors where jasmine bloomed and June bugs came and swept away the uncertainties of tomorrow. And so the records played...

ACT III

He became the hero's crown, and she became the queen of daffodils and lilac, singing an old jazz song in the rain. Studied in the art of pretension, the world lay far ahead from home harboring darknesses untold. And in the wake of our exodus, home became the city, crass and grinding with its lust filled streets of glamorous filth and decadence—its never-slowng heartbeat chasing the calm of old to the abyss. And in those alleyways we became the shadows we had learned to fear as children—the madness of the fiend raging hard into the dusk. For it was at the edge of the metropolis that we lost our way for the first time on the outskirts of oblivion. And in those corridors we found the wasteland of the human condition, where matter does not bend to the will of the uninspired. There, where men have no hearts, and thieves prey upon the cloaks of blind ambition, women and children are lost to the madness, and home is a place unknown. Dreams are shattered in the stains of brittle glass strewn wild across vacant lots, littered with the aftermath of heinous crimes. Like the ashes undusted from the vagabond's frock, we have witnessed greater men crumble before our eyes, homeless and scattered to the winds. Here marauders in the twilight of their adolescence peddle in death. Stone cold eyes gaze from out their sullen faces, lost. They are snatched from their innocence before the first dance is won. And in their hearts there is a vacancy in the chamber where we have come to hold our homes. For everywhere the world brings fear and danger. The masses seek refuge from its cruel sense of fate in search of the place that we call home.

ACT IV

Home is here, and home is now. Home is a glance into the continuum of life and the ephemeral world we recreate upon the detritus of our predecessors' shortcomings. Where we find comfort there is home. Where we seek to separate ourselves from pain we aim to go home. And though our home will surely withstand the misery we have reaped upon it, we may not endure its vengeance as it ravages our sanctimony and obliterates our cities. And if it takes us, if we fall amidst the final dance, then in the aftermath those that remain will remember us and speak of us saying simply that alas, we were taken home.