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Home

“One never reaches home, but wherever friendly paths intersect the whole world looks like home for a time.” (Hermann Hesse)

How should I describe this feeling? Previously you wish all the best and nod to one another wordless, thoughtless, for the last time. You neglect the thoughts that arise; you don't want to occupy yourself with something different, something more insignificant. But otherwise it is maybe easier that way?

Half an hour car ride in the direction of home and the feeling becomes worse. I feel him, back, between my blade-bones, there where lastly his hand amicably touched me. I'm not sure whether he is still behind me or whether he already flies away over my head. Anyway it is good to know that you are going in the same cardinal direction. Maybe he shares right now this thought and I'm searched for from above. Definitely! This imagination that he already started feels better, soon in Madrid, soon in Buenos Aires.

I'm not able to think much about him looking at my own plans. But these are still no excuses to let him go. Is it jealousy, which releases such a queasy feeling, such disaffection? Am I grudging of his targets and of his stories I will hear from him when we speak again, in which I don't play any active role? Or maybe I'm just grudging of his liberty to go on such a journey. “You can never return back home.” Those were his last words... I would rather he said: “You will never return back home”, instead of “can,” because you can do everything, suppose you

want to! Yes, this is such a profound statement. How much truth is hidden in it? Truth can be frightening. Maybe it is just fear, which lets me reflect so strongly. Namely the question is: “If you can’t return home, why is that so?” Will the home be changed or will you be changed? Most would answer both! I’m not sure about this response, not yet. Suppose you will change through new thoughts, new ideas, which are provided from the new surroundings, the home will be the same. There could be new people who used to live there, but they also have to deal with their new events and surroundings like you with yours. I think if you sometimes return back home, you will not recognize it anymore...

Like I said, I can’t judge yet. I have a huge respect for that. Not to be able to recognize his home feels like a loss. I don’t want to lose, to forget something or somebody, and I don’t want to be lost! Actually it depends of course on the person. You won’t be forgotten by good, honest friends, also likewise I won’t forget them. Now I’m relatively sure what this feeling is. It is the fear to lose this honest friendship.

Here at this point I don’t want to imagine what my friends, which will stay, will think when I will leave them in about 3 months... For a long time, my two gorgeous sisters were the only reason, why I didn’t try this step. But in my case, my home changed a long time ago and I hope, if I will sometime turn around, I will find it again.

“Ubi bene, ibi patria!” – There where it’s beautiful, there is the homeland.