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## Home Thoughts from Abroad

by Melody Bertucci

Many are the thoughts from home of abroad  
I think of the long, warm sunny days  
And how I'd absorb in its rays  
The blues and whites of the beaches  
The greens and browns of the forest  
Oh, if only I could be abroad

Many are the thoughts from home of abroad  
The aromas come to me; the herbs, the fresh vegetables, the  
olives and the wine  
And all the others now start to come alive  
The coffee, the ice-cream, the bread and the cheese  
A taste of the treasures I used to dine  
Oh, if only I could be abroad

Many are the thoughts from home of abroad  
The singing of swallows gathering in majestic displays,  
welcoming summer  
The chaos of the beeping and mopheads leaving no room for a  
newcomer  
The grasshopper's chirps serenading away amongst the greenery  
Those are the sounds echoing in my ears  
Oh, if only I could be abroad

Many are my thoughts from home of abroad  
But from birth to eight,  
I have bathed in those beaches  
I have walked in that forest  
I have tasted those flavours  
I have heard those sounds  
Because, these are not thoughts *from home of abroad*  
They are home thoughts *from abroad*