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## Nowhere is Nowhere

Catherine McCraw

### Abstract

People often speak of rural Western Oklahoma as the middle of nowhere.

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# Nowhere is Nowhere

*Westview Poetry Contest Community Winner*

by Catherine McCraw

People often speak  
of rural Western Oklahoma

as the middle of nowhere.  
I have been here thirty-odd years.

All my adult life has been spent  
in a small, flat town,

crisscrossed here and there by railroad tracks  
and surrounded by windswept fields.

In the middle of nowhere

I have fallen in and out of love,  
been sick and well,  
“starred” in community theater,  
learned to write poems,  
made and squandered money,  
owned and buried pets,  
acquired and lost friends,  
encountered three versions of God  
in the Episcopal, Lutheran, and finally  
Catholic Church.

In the middle of nowhere



I've grown gray,  
grown lined,  
grown thick around the waist,

grown in wisdom,  
grown in faith,  
grown in hard-won endurance.

Everything that happens in the human heart  
happens in small towns.

There's nowhere to unload  
the freight of human life,

with all its burdens and spare graces.

There is no actual nowhere anywhere.  
Nowhere is safe.