



a meditation on belonging

JAMISON JOHNSON

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home · N.

the place where one lives; one's family or household; a person's native land; the place where something flourishes; a refuge, a place of belonging.



*For the ones I carry,
and who carry me.*

Home

— Jamison Johnson —

Ask a bird where home is, and it answers three things at once: the nest, the tree, the green sprawl of the park. None is wrong. Each is the true center of a different circle.

Ask a person, and the rings only widen — a face, a kitchen, a street, a city, a country, a pale blue dot turning in the dark. We spend our lives pointing toward where we belong and never quite landing on it.



To dwell, the old thinkers said, is not simply to occupy a space but to be woven into it — for the walls to learn your shape, the air to hold your name. Home is less a place than a belonging, and belonging keeps no fixed address.

Which returns me to the question from *On Rising*: if we are rising, what are we rising toward? I had assumed up — toward the galaxy in the far corner of the sky, the widest ring of all, the last and largest home.



But there is an old homesickness in us that no journey answers, no distance cures — a longing for a country we have never seen and somehow cannot stop missing. We climb and climb, and the ache only deepens. Perhaps that is the clue. Perhaps we have been reaching outward for what we were only ever carrying inward — the Kingdom, it was said, is within you, not without.

So ask the bird again. It does not fly off to find its home. It holds the center of every circle.

It carries it.

Resonances

light parallels — voices the piece leans toward, not citations it rests on

Carl Sagan *Pale Blue Dot (1994)*

His image of Earth seen from the solar system's edge — the widest ring we can yet photograph.

Gospel of Luke *17:21*

"The Kingdom of God is within you" — the saying the piece turns inward, against the outward climb.

Letter to the Hebrews *11:13–16*

Strangers who confess they are pilgrims, desiring a country they have not seen: the unseen homeland.

Martin Heidegger *Building Dwelling Thinking (1951)*

To dwell is not to occupy but to belong — being woven in, the walls learning your shape.

Liber XXIV Philosophorum → *Nicholas of Cusa* → *Pascal*

The infinite sphere whose center is everywhere and circumference nowhere — the bird holding every center.

Augustine *Confessions I.1*

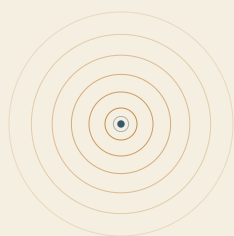
The restless heart that finds no rest until it rests — the homesickness no distance cures.

Novalis *Fragments*

Philosophy as homesickness, the urge to be at home everywhere — the Romantic *Sehnsucht*.

Zhuangzi • Laozi *Taoist tradition*

The center already carried, never sought and never left: the bird that does not fly off to find its home.



Home

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