

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

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I Recall

I recall a filthy sidewalk
running in front of grandma's house
with bumps and cracks from the roots
of ancient white oaks...

Meandering down to the levee
with cane poles and sack lunches
crickets and freshly dug earth worms
Barefoot in careless summers...

I recall one low spot
beneath a straggly Chinaberry
filled with pitch-black delta dirt
washed in by summer rains
Shuffling through and digging down
burying our toes...

Often now I recall
when the heavens are shrouded in grief
when darkness closes at the edge of vision
I recall a porch light flicking on in the distance
I recall grandma's trembling soprano calling
calling me back home....

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The Ghost of My Lonely

Abandoned in the fifties after the war
A freight elevator stuck between floors
Obsolete machinery, splintered old chairs
In a warehouse in Newark, New Jersey somewhere

Dead air presses down, stifling and thick
Something still dwells behind one of those bricks
Curled up in a ball, it waits for me there
In a warehouse in Newark, New Jersey somewhere

A musty gray vapor that whispers my name
It seeps through the wall and creeps to my brain
It sighs and it groans as my soul is laid bare
In a warehouse in Newark, New Jersey somewhere

It mumbles and moans and drones of ancient tombs
Of claustrophobic closets and dim, hollow rooms
I cry out for help, echoes answer my prayer
In a warehouse in Newark, New Jersey somewhere

The ghost of my lonely, my lost and alone
My hopeless and helpless, my can't go back home
It's looking at me now with a dull, vacant stare
In a warehouse in Newark, New Jersey somewhere