

Wilderness House Literary Review 20/3

J.C. Wagner

James Christian Wagner Memorial Bench

She's holding my hand
While I sit here and fade away
On this memorial bench in the outskirts of the city

She's asking me questions
But all I see is red around her flowing silhouette Feeling like I'm 'boutta go
to heaven

And each time I close my eyes it's getting harder and harder to come on
back And I'm okay with never coming back
If that's what's happening to me

But I can feel her
She's right here with me

And she's holding my hand
And it's all that I can do to stay awake
And it's all that I can do to not just close my eyes And let myself fade away