

From Hills Avenue

By: Charlene L. Edge

I know you better
now that you are gone.
I know you were scared at a time
you could not say it.
I know you wondered,
as I tossed in dreams
on the sheet by your side,
if I knew.

The kitchen stool,
stiff and silent by the door,
held me on a morning you did not.
“I dreamt you left me.
You're not thinking of it are you?”
I made that up.
You did not move.
I found out I could make up the truth.

Rain darkens the streets below my window,
our streets,
the streets that wore us out.
We don't walk now.
We sit in separate houses,
eat alone,
look at empty chairs.

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