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Brushtown Road

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Brushtown Road

I watch from the far side of the road the stone farmhouse
with its tired ivy still crawling up the ancient walls,
and the childless swings peeking around from the back yard
worn from neglect and absence, standing as a monument for
what no longer is.

I see my history tied among the vines of ivy, old weathered leaves
clinging still to the foundation of the house that remembers me, as I was,
small, ignorant. My child figure still remains planted among their roots.
But new growth, tall and green climb further, documenting the history of someone else,
some new tenant huddled between the stone.

I look to the second floor expecting my own image to appear
in the third window from the left, small toothless face, white hair
wondering what I will look like when I turn sixteen, oblivious to the decay
of my own family, or that I will no longer live between the stone of the farmhouse
when summer ends.

Tuppence, Tigger, Charcoal and Tatters are all buried under
the spring Dandelions near the big oak tree, left in the ground
as sold property, now belonging to strangers that never knew their names.
I wonder if the Dandelions will come up when the spring comes,
or if they too died when we left, no longer with purpose.

I sit even farther it seems and watch images of fireflies and bare feet dance,
of fathers, mothers and dandelions. I see what once belonged to me, no longer my
possession, no longer alive. The winter wind reminds me of my loss and I quietly look
in the rear view mirror to answer the question I had asked years before from my
window. I think I see her image appear from behind the glass looking at me, a form of
myself, her question answered,
here I am, here I am.

– Lelei Jennings '95