

Rose Street

Crutched upon its weakened walls
An aged garden softly calls.
Drifting grasses, shoulder high,
Slow the children running by
And offer, on their parching stems,
Precious, brilliant flower gems.
Four steps up the weathered stair:
Empty lot, and no one there.

Seven-sister roses sweet
Curve their branches to the street,
Orange poppies' silken faces
Wink and smile through ferny laces,
Tiny, firey dahlias shoot
From a long-neglected root.
But no walls or gables share
All the lot above the stair.

Sun of summer, still and hot,
Burnishes the apricot,
Drops it in the lonely grass
Quite unseen by those who pass.
No one anymore will walk
Where the purple iris talk.
Faintly calls the little stair;
Empty lot, and no one there.

Inward, upward, steps inviting,
Flowers, fruits and birds delighting,
Welcoming to climb in vain;
Not a roof or window pane,
Not a door to open wide
Beckoning to come inside.
Wearing still their floral dress
The stairs go up to nothingness.

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