

If paintings were poems

Paige Miller

The doorframe on the porch is bleached and splintering
Frail and worn
Everything is in shades of grey and beige
Like the woman who sits
Slumped against it
Though there is strength to her thinness
Because a stone rubbed smooth is still a stone.
Her hands are weathered and painted with age
But the bones beneath have hardened into something
Grave dirt is afraid to touch
She looks at the empty road
In an even emptier house
Listening to a hollow wind
Waiting
Looking with narrowed eyes that have swept across the trail
So many times that the water has dried up in the wells
Beneath shriveled eyelids
The ghosts of this house have not seen her face in ages
But the bumpy road knows the hardened lines well
At one point she wanted a cigarette
A newspaper
A whiskey or a glass of milk
To scream, until her throat trickles hot blood into her lungs
So she can feel something, anything
As she chokes and gags, drowning in red misery
But she has sat here so long that these things have been forgotten
She has been forgotten
By someone who will never return
She likes to think he got lost, that he'll be running home for lunch
Or maybe it's dinner
No, seven is breakfast time
"He'll be home shortly"
She mumbles to herself, she looks exactly
how you would picture someone like her to sound

“I just have to wait”
And so she does