

*His Place*

By: Nicole F. King

Dirty,

cracked, and

old black gum laden sidewalks.

Heated concrete,

dead brown trees, and

old cars.

Houses missing shutters,

roofs that leak,

and stop signs covered in graffiti.

Men, women, and children

sitting on stoops, corners, and

rusted gates.

Lead to what

was once *his* home.

White-yellow, small and

old.

Once green grass now

dead

in places and overgrown in others,

once black now scratched brown door, and

a small living and dining room

enclosed my family.

Some laughing

others arguing,

Eating,

Smiling,

Crying,

Singing,

Praying, and

Dancing.

Pass the doorway

through an old creaky door

and down to the basement.

It always had a musty mildew odor and

was where

my grandfather would be.

Working on projects not yet shown.

Projects that will now remain unknown.

I sit and

I stare.

I lean forward and rest.

Knowing that *his* place

used to be

best.