

# Reverberations

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Eyeing the country house with its  
scruffy yard, the lone redbud tree

with its bare soul exposed, I edged  
closer, steps precise, deliberate

Midday sun at my back, touching the  
flimsy door, pushing it wide

abandoned rooms rushed to greet me,  
mocking time, ordinary beliefs

Streams of lost years riddled the air,  
my resistance exhausting, useless,

yet succumbing made me nauseous,  
and I wanted to know why or how

even as a smothering sorrow stole  
each breath, and there was no way

to make the universe wait for me.