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The House

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The house of my childhood stands
empty, forlorn.
Large rooms seem smaller now
that I am grown.

Curtained windows once
brightly shining
are covered with cataracts
staring blankly
at the street.

Empty rooms echo with familiar
voices, secrets, laughter
and sorrow
as in a mirrored glass.
The paint and paper are
dingy and peeling;
yellowed squares, blank circles
where pictures ought to be.

Memories hide in
dusty corners
with no glow of lamp to
chase shadows
away.

Flower bed and garden hold
skeletal
remains of plants and blossoms
reclaimed by the earth.

As an old person dying, best years
become as dust;
and, now, comes time for reflection —
to find a design
for the past.

The house whispers its
lesson —
love, life, and
people;
ingredients that make it
a home.

THE HOUSE

By Sharon Rae Philpott

SHARON RAE PHILPOTT is the Postmaster in Sperry, OK. She has two children — one in college and the other a junior in high school. Sharon is active in the Postmasters' organization, local civic activities, and the Tulsa Tuesday Writers. "The House" is her first submission for publication.

Illustration by Darleta Floyd Coward