

Walnut Road

By *Talia M. Reed*

Autumn was there loud and clear
Grey clouds and white moons
Leaves scattered in the street in a perfect performance
And we were a cluster of future floating
Down Walnut Road, when the whole world
Was ours
And the whole world was asleep.

And we were visionaries
Born of people used to settling for less
People who were frozen by their own contentedness
Our visions dimmed and our hearts broke
As we went on and
When the first of us was killed
Our minds dipped into trenches
Our ears and brains dissolved.

On Walnut Road we drove
To a bridge marked with our own graffiti-
We liked the nights warm and noisy with wind.
The bridge belonged to us
In the backs of our minds,
Our tangible proof of a small-town Nothing.

The water under that bridge never moved
Our own Bermuda Triangle.
We tested the waters of our own courage
Defined fame in our world.

On Walnut Road
We wrote his name, "Mike"
And "wish you were here"
No one ever had the nerve
To ask his mother what happened
To his arm that was missing from the
Open casket.

And we cursed the spring for coming
For the grass that turned green,
The lilacs that scented our misery
On Walnut Road.