

My Gorham

The road to your house,
A road bending up towards the sky,
Like a lump in my throat rising for years towards,
Those kids in new dresses and shiny leather shoes,
Cameras flashing, pictures snapping, the last minute ones before prom,
A middle-class neighborhood on the right,
40 miles an hour always going 50,
A turnaround lined with rocks where couples sit,
Cameras flashing of Mount Washington in the distance,
Rising like a lump in my throat,
Like flaky biscuits without butter,
That you can't swallow dry,
Dry like the hay fields descending from Fort Hill,
Rolling white plastic-wrapped bundles towards shallow water,
Near too many bumpy, winter-worn roads,
And farms with old gray barns that look as if they might fall,
Fall into the hills,
Off the bare backs of country boys,
Backs of rigid bones,
Vertebrae condensing under heavy, green book bags,
Walking over the bridge near the elementary school,
The bridge with words of love, and names of girls,
Written in sorrow and magic markers,
By heavy hands attached to elbows,

Holding up the weight of tip-toes leaning towards the railing,
Crashing onto weary wood,
Tired from holding up the elbows of children,
Not wanting to fall in the crystal clear cold water,
A rippling lake and rainy day,
From which tadpoles tread,
And the railroad tracks run by,
Into an armpit of cracked sidewalks,
Where fathers stand slapping mothers,
In front of children drawing pink chalk rainbows,
The kids without new dresses and shiny leather shoes,
That run to play near the old PTA building,
On swing-sets and basketball courts,
Girls in cotton dresses laying in tall grass,
With tanned legs bending up towards the sky.
Loud country music blaring,
Over this towns rhythm,
And too many words said, too many unspoken.

By Grace Bourgault