

Hillcrest

Alyssa Brennan

Ghosts of my past life still linger in this house;
it's darker now since you stopped
walking through the front door.
We waited that night,
wondering why you weren't home yet.
The pain sharp as a knife cutting
cantaloupe's rough skin.
Now, when I need you to ease my worries,
I sit next to you on that grassy hill,
and ask what you would do.
I leave still lonely and lost.
But, I know you are the ocean breezes,
the sunflowers in my garden,
and the cardinals watching over me in the trees.
I look for you everywhere — you are everywhere —
the sound of a Harley, the taste of mimosas,
the smell of steaks, and cigarettes.