

A Walk on the Old Road

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It's cold
but I stay
standing in the road
looking toward the house
that knew me as a child.

Hands in pockets, shoulders hunched,
it invites me to knock
but I can't.
("Just look, don't touch!")
Fingers gently pulled away....

I wonder if they've met
the part of me I left there
or can a relic survive
where walls are gone and windows added?

I reach out to touch the old stone wall;
a boulder adjusts
beneath the weight of my hand.
I push again.
It is solid and I move on.