End of the Block

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College of DuPage
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At the edge of autumn and the end of the street stands a faltering fence guarding what's left of a two story house, now merely a mess of timbery broken glass threatening to become nothing more than a pile of memories, tattered and true.

The peeling paint and shattered shingles leave intermittent traces of a home, welcoming and warm, filled with the sounds of summer, teeming with the imperfect perfection reflected in the eyes of a child growing up far too fast and fleeing further from the seeming confines of family, seeking something always found at the beginning and remembered at the close.

When the wind softly whistles through widening gaps in the wooded walls, the dormant corpse becomes animated, reminded of its slumber waiting for the marriage of past and present at a time where little is more incommensurable than this, impossible instants of wedding bells and infant cries housed in a humble casket of insulation and two-by-fours.

Testing the rusty hinges, the gate gives way to a barren yard bookended by withering elms whose weary arms once shaded
pirate quests and endless games of catch
carried out across the span of adolescence, now
fading in the albums on the top most shelf
gathering the same dust that settles on the windowsills.

Disturbed only by the last-lingering spirits haunting
this former abode—
seeking what is found at the end and
remembered in the middle—
this place is fettered
to simple requests,
for the winter to be the spring,
for the butterfly to become the caterpillar,
for the grown to be the innocent clinging
to plucked dandelions yellowing clinched fingers
without a care in the world.

But repairs cannot be made with cemetery stone:
what’s left will continue to crumble
beneath the weight of a loss that will strip
the foundation to nothing
in the hopes that it can finally
forget and be forgotten,
drifting away in the autumn breeze
at the edge of eternity.