

# The Prairie Light Review

---

Volume 29  
Number 2 *Further Reflections*

Article 7

---

4-1-2009

## Neighbor

Wilda Morris  
*College of DuPage*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Morris, Wilda (2009) "Neighbor," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 29: No. 2, Article 7.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss2/7>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact [koteles@cod.edu](mailto:koteles@cod.edu).

# Neighbor

Wilda Morris

I squeezed the loaf of bread tighter,  
as tears burned a path down my  
dirty cheeks. Here I was,  
in the middle of the block,  
on the right side of the street,  
exactly where my house should be.  
But it was not.

What evil magic had changed the world?  
Where was my home, my grandmother  
waiting for bread? My head  
turned to the ground. I shrank,  
my wails now larger than me.

I looked through the fog of tears.  
There you were: you—the wolf who ate  
Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother;  
Peter, Peter who kept his wife  
in a pumpkin shell; the witch  
who tried to push Hansel into the oven.

I'd known who you were since I was four!  
If I peeked between lilacs  
and saw you in your garden, I would run.  
Fridays, I saw taxi drivers bring you home,  
help you stagger to the door.  
I heard your wife crying in the night,  
your son's shrieks, saw welts  
and bruises next day—and his eyes.

Now here you were.  
Kneeling, with a tender voice  
I'd never heard you use,  
you asked, What's the matter, Billye?  
How could you understand the words  
I sputtered, saying I was lost?

You touched my shoulder lightly,  
pointed, and said, Look,  
you can see your house from here.  
I bolted across the weedy field,  
still clutching the bread,  
not saying thank you.