A Box of Raisins

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A Box of Raisins
Bonnie Van Hall

I enter the dimly lit hallway 
and blink sunlight 
from my eyes; 
thanks, remnant sunshowers 
splash and fall 
blackened embers, 
like raisins on the floor 
to be swept up by the janitor 
at midnight.

Here comes Enid down the hall 
one step per minute 
trembling on slippered feet, 
her eyes like shriveled grapes 
complete with skin; 
she smiles, and I see 
she forgot her teeth again.

Sun-flash burns through window-pain, 
a living flame creeps 
down myriad corridors 
where lingering groups of gray-hairs 
mumble, crinkleskin cool 
in wheelchairs 
whispering wheezing words, 
and the stench of urine everywhere.

I remember:

When I was a child 
a box of raisins in my lunchbox; 
ignored for days 
wedged beneath my Snoopy t 
where they withered, 
whined, alone 
like a house full of souls 
croaking, 
crumpled, 
sun-less souls; 

A box of raisins.
When I was a child
a box of raisins in my lunchbox
ignored for days
forgotten
wedged beneath my Snoopy thermos
where they withered,
whined, alone
like a house full of souls
croaking,
crumpled,
sun-less souls;

A box of raisins.