

Reflections on What Used to Be

I stare at the steel waste that looms
Above the asphalt sea.
Strangely sentimental about
An empty grocery.

The parking lot- a vast expanse,
Once filled with carts and cars,
Un-shrouded now can clearly see
A night sky filled with stars.

A spot beneath a sprawling oak
Coveted for its shade
Is longing for the days gone by
When cars searched, parked and stayed.

The refuse overflows from three
Neglected concrete cans.
And vines reach, strangling the structure
With acrobatic hands.

The automatic doorways rust.
The sidewalks grow new clefts.
The store sign flickers- then burns out.
Nothing of life is left.

A shopping cart across the way
Creaks, rocking in the wind.
I imagine that could be one
My mother sat me in.

I gaze at the stoic building,
Steadfast, though stripped and shamed.
I ponder on the memories
Which time has now reclaimed.

It was built, then soon abandoned,
This place where I once stood.
As cruel as life could ever be,
Short-lived as my childhood.