

## An Ode to Robert Frost

**“A poem begins as a lump in the throat, a sense of wrong, a homesickness, a lovesickness.” ---Robert Frost**

Side by side they sit, and stare out the filthy window  
mom was never home to wash. They wait for the rain  
so they can run down to their favorite fishing spot.

Now he sits and stares out the window---

Alone. It rains but he doesn't smile. Clouds throw  
rain like giant waterfalls in the sky drowning out thoughts

of her. The voices in her head tell her she's as insane as he would be  
without the pen that writes about those New England Autumns  
spent with her, watching leaves change from green to red to Gold to  
crumbled nothingness.

He sits by the oil lamp in the empty house  
The flame grows dimmer with each moment  
that drags on forever and passes too fast. He writes

about life and death and growing old. Wonders how long  
it will be before he can't remember his name like---  
her mind is rotting, strangled by the voices. Nothing can

save her. She already knows she is insane and she

already knows she will never be free.

He pours out his mind that's still halfway sane so he can

remember someday when he's not. He drops the pen.

Escapes insanity. He will never sleep. He sits up all night

remembering the one he couldn't set free.