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Climbing

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G N I B M I L C

the front porch stairs

Is difficult when Mom and Dad are gone.
The turn of the handle means you wont
See their beaming faces or hear their voices.
Flicking the lights on no longer lets you see
Leftover pasta waiting on the island shelf.
But, this is the only place
That holds their memories.
I cannot leave.
I must wait until their faces fade,
Until their voices no longer echo in my ears,
Until their memory escapes,
Like the ringing of a distant doorbell.

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