

ROSEHILL

GRADY CHAMBERS

In the bedroom where they slept,
there was a window

that wouldn't wholly close,
so when he would wake

in the middle of the night
and could not return to sleep,

he would listen
until he could hear

the sound of time
inching forward,

which he'd come to know
as the sound

on the street below
that each car made

as it approached, from a distance,
and the sound it made as it grew distant, like a pencil
trailing off
across a page,

though in the moment the car passed
directly beneath the open window,

what was strange to him
was how it always seemed

to increase its speed
and hurry past,

the way as children
he and his sister

would hold their breath
and quicken their pace

where the path
they took to school

turned and took them
past the cemetery gates.
