Cynthia

Ann Baumann

Abstract

Cynthia I am crying for your eyes to open again and for your body to sit there in the soft yellow tinted room and the smoke that wanders and swirls and hangs around you to cloud...
loft door, the loft was up too high, too high. lenlow fell and he believed that he broke every bone in his body and he lay in a crumpled mass on the ground below the loft door.

mrs. biggs heard lenlow fall and she went rushing through the house with bates right behind her. she opened the back screen door and rushed down the steps and found lenlow lying on his back next to the bottom step. he was unconscious and mrs. biggs asked bates to help her move lenlow into the house to his bed. lenlow was easy to pick up because his body was small and frail and very light. does this happen often mrs. biggs, bates asked. yes. he will just fall down stairs or even trip over little rocks in the yard. he hasn’t been quite right since he almost drowned last month trying to save his little sister.

lenlow found his void again. there was no music box music this time. only bands playing loud music like when he stood in the park in the spring holding onto his father’s hand and listening to bands playing one in one part of the park and another one playing loudly way over by the swings and the music getting all mixed up and mixed up and louder screaming brassy trumpets stop stop daddy let go of my hand suddenly the water pulls him under swirling and he is gone. closed his eyes. forever.

Cynthia

by Ann Baumann

Child Development, Soph.

Cynthia I am crying for your eyes to open again and for your body to sit there in the soft yellow tinted room and the smoke that wanders and swirls and hangs around you to cloud
my brain of prejudice and give
an excuse for my tears.

And you came after a year of
silence and void, you
returned to share the love of
companionship, to confess your
guilt, your lewdness, your
bareness and I am trembling
because I had almost forgotten
you, because I had almost
forgotten about the word
hope
that holds on a string stronger
than silk, a friend
one who listens without laughing
one who will accept you as
no priest can
and you came to seek me out
and I was not there and you
faded again into the turbid waters
which I cannot enter.

Cynthia I will return to my
house, but before I depart I
will find you, I promise
you silently even if I must
submerge into the dull lights
and clogged stream of warm close
sweat and darkness and I’ll
bring you up again to the dry
yellow room and you can talk again
again relieve the burden and
smoke and watch me weep . . .