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## I Came unto This Ghost-Washed Room

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# I Came unto This Ghost-Washed Room

I came unto this ghost-washed room  
from duty, not devotion.  
You lay slack, and ashen, as though soon departed  
from the regions dark or light.  
I called your name. I shook your foot.  
You did not stir. Another son  
might sit and wait and hope  
that you would wake, and see,  
and speak his name. I turned away.

But I asked my brother,  
should you rouse in these guttering days,  
to say that you and I had talked,  
and I was glad that I had come.  
Small deceits are all I have to offer  
you the dying, you the dead.

## About Rick Rohdenburg

Rick Rohdenburg lives in Atlanta, Georgia with his wife and a racing of greyhounds. He works as a systems analyst.