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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.