

Glendale 1918

I drove around this old neighborhood
Reminiscing about my time spent here
It comes over me to visit the past
I looked at the scattered debris
Hanging from these gigantic brick homes
In complete disarray falling down
With an abundance of huge different heaps of litter
Boarded up and falling down of left over ruins
Fundamentally oppressed this historical area
I would walk the two blocks to college
After catching the two busses I rode after work
Remembering my friend as we walked together
So happy we found each other in the same class
An instant recognition that we had met before
She died and left a void
Enjoying the youth of our lives
Never knowing what the future would bring
It is unrecognizable from that past sentimental journey
The cozy area it use to be

Renata Dawidowicz

