

Fishladder: A Student Journal of Art and Writing

Volume 1
Issue 1 *Spring 2003*

Article 29

10-11-2011

Sealed Away

Justin Lyman
Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/fishladder>

Recommended Citation

Lyman, Justin (2003) "Sealed Away," *Fishladder: A Student Journal of Art and Writing*: Vol. 1: Iss. 1, Article 29.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/fishladder/vol1/iss1/29>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Fishladder: A Student Journal of Art and Writing by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.

Sealed Away

JUSTIN LYMAN

I continued:

Bottled up
 I am bitter wine in a damp cellar
 Beneath a beaten stairway.
 Tipped forward toward this earth eaten cement
 I breathe a common air that is heavy and I lift my nose to just endure,
 But in vain.
 This air is thick and suitable for mice or other
 Dingy creatures that cringe
 At the sight of light.
 But I am above some for this oak root slowly chews at concrete
 To be where I am and I send for my voice to cry
 Stop, go back! Ride hard to your home
 To your worms and your grubs and your bugs afresh to tell them
 You are a root!
 A root from a root to a trunk to a tree that bears leaves from the water
 you absorb.
 Tell them sun shines on your brothers and birds nest by your children
 And tell them you are the one who upholds this carefree nature.
 For up here next to dusty canned tomatoes that once grew so red on a
 vine so green
 I wait and I wait.
 I wait for a destiny in the hands of another,
 More advanced creature that only needs me to compliment his half eaten
 steak
 In a glass worth more than I am.
 And up here next to skunky canned fish that once swam so wild in a
 Vast blue sea
 Beyond my bottled imagination
 I wait, and I wait, and I wait.

Confused, the boy blinks and turns to leave my story.
 He finds more joy in his frog-filled pockets
 While kicking at rocks.

I now sit alone on my bench near the shore watching him leave.
 And only till he passes the pier where
 He can no longer hear,
 Does my voice of regret speak just to the gulls:
 "Come back."