

1-30-2013

## A Box of Raisins

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### Recommended Citation

Van Hall, Bonnie (1990) "A Box of Raisins," *Amaranthus*: Vol. 1990: Iss. 1, Article 7.  
Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1990/iss1/7>

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## A Box of Raisins

*Bonnie Van Hall*

I enter the dimly lit hallway  
and blink sunlight  
from my eyes;  
sparks, remnant sunshowers  
splash and fall  
blackened embers,  
like raisins on the floor  
to be swept up by the janitor  
at midnight.

Here comes Enid down the hall  
one step per minute  
trembling on slippered feet,  
her eyes like shriveled grapes  
complete with skin;  
she smiles, and I see  
she forgot her teeth again.

Sun-flash burns through window-pain,  
a living flame creeps  
down myriad corridors  
where lingering groups of gray-hairs  
mumble, crinkleskin cool  
in wheelchairs  
whispering wheezing words,  
and the stench of urine everywhere.

I remember:

When I was a child  
a box of raisins in my lunchbox  
ignored for days  
forgotten  
wedged beneath my Snoopy thermos  
where they withered,  
whined, alone  
like a house full of souls  
croaking,  
crumpled,  
sun-less souls;

A box of raisins.