

The House...

Alyssa Kauffman

The house at the end of the street stands just the same as it had since that day.

The man who lives there is hardly ever seen anymore.

He refuses to move away, even though there is nothing left for him, except for the memories.

The only difference is the yellow crime scene tape has been pulled from the door, removing any evidence of what happened.

A child's pink bicycle lies on its side in the driveway, a toy dump truck forgotten in the sandbox.

The once meticulously kept flower boxes are now browned and wilted in the summer sun.

The summer has come and is beginning to go but nothing has changed.

The man doesn't have any desire to know what is going on in the world and now the lawn is strewn with newspapers, made unreadable by the sprinklers.

The ice cream truck drives by but its melodies will never again draw anyone out of the house.

No more will there be the smell of barbeque in the backyard or squeals of delight from the swing set.

The neighbors never thought it could happen so near them, but now the house stands as a constant reminder.

The police report was released and the whole street knew what it said and they won't soon forget.

“Mother and Two Children Killed in Home Invasion.”

Alyssa Kauffman is a junior at the University of Indianapolis where she studies Creative and Professional Writing. She, like many other English majors, suffers from writer's block and procrastination. She grew up in Amish country Indiana and hates the smell of chicken coops.