

Abandoned Dream

Laura A. Tausch

The sun has misplaced its
rays. Sea of black top
spills over my shoes.

Chain-link fence swallows
the schoolyard's deserted
streets.

Porcelain figurines under
lulling trance.

Quiescent child minds
capture my eyes from a
nearby window.

Mentor speaks, but my
ears hear only gasps from
the wind.

Concealed tears cover a
small dark boy's frail
body.

Lonely, he dribbles a
silent basketball.

Stolen voices of his
life now a memory's
length away.

Why are you alone and not
with the others? His eyes
begin to fade bearing no
words.

Turning back to hold his
tranquil image now gone.

I have abandoned him like
the others.