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Orchard Road

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Orchard Road

By: Elaina Bohanon

Two disappeared into a house.
The yellow paint was cracked;
The lawn mildly overgrown.

There was a statue of a lighthouse
Out front
That hadn't glowed in years.

Inside, the grandfather clock chimed
Every hour; it was actually four minutes slow.

The kitchen was way too cramped
And we had to pack in like sardines;
It made cooking together a real bitch.

The blue carpet was patchy in places;
The trampoline out back had lost its spring long ago.

Sometimes the backyard held the faintest scent of weed,
Sweet and skunky,
Coming from the neighbors next door.

At night, the pug across the street barked
As though it were being skinned alive.

Looking back, the house sounds pretty crappy;
But I'd kill to disappear inside of it again.