

Phillip Callahan

SENIOR - 1st Place

Alumni Poetry Contest - 2016

SR - 20

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Mouse

I saw the man again tonight
He was standing out there behind the light
This is three times now to the date
He has stood out there while time gets late

The light post is about a block down
The mirror on the wall wears a frown
I wash my face and brush my teeth
Just to take my mind out from underneath

When daddy left, he left a mark
On mommy's face with the door of the skylark
I watched it happen, watched her scream
Now I only see her when I dream

It's been 8 years now at the house
The foster kids share a mouse
It quivers and darts around it's cage
I know it's full of internal rage

I'm running now, running fast
Running until my legs collapse
He emerged from the light when I past
Just over my shoulder his stride claps

The man is weak and old, I can escape
Lightning sears my torso and I smack the ground
My ears are ringing I'm a big scrape
Red ooze from my chest identifies the sound

He stands over me, pistol ready
I recognize him, I feel rage
Tension on the trigger gives in steady
After 8 years, I leave my cage