

Winning Poems in 2021 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

8. I Remember, Second Place

The Place I Try to Remember

I can't describe the place except for the arched doorway with a fringed awning and an iron railing to a small slanted stairway that curved into a blank wall. A car was parked by the curb. I think it was raining. The streets were shimmery, and a figure made of wet shadow brushed by me and went inside.

The car settled into its waiting and settled into its reflection. The white wall was streaked with old rain the wet gray light faded deeper into the wall. The street seemed to end here— a dead-end place with no further turnings and no one to ask where I was.

I think I was cold. The building stayed dark. The doorway did not open again. I stood for a long time and listened to the soft falling of the rain and tried to memorize the feeling of this place that had shifted forward in time, or I had shifted backward into it. I'm not sure which was real.

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