

Leave Taking  
By Fanny Brewster

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**Creative Literature: Poem**

LEAVE TAKING

BY FANNY BREWSTER

What if walls that had listened for years  
began to fall asleep, to lose interest in a dining table  
with fewer and fewer occupants, chairs sitting empty.  
The walls leave once-white alabaster painted molding and trim to take care of themselves, and no  
longer worry about spills and fingerprints  
appearing where they did not belong,  
these walls, no longer concerned about children now absent, writing on them with  
all the freedom of desire as they can have, and will, because they are children.

What if floors that had been touched by muddy earth  
and therefore pleased, in this act of remembrance of its origin, began to lose  
a sense of touch, seeing itself no longer useful for giving stability,  
holding things in a common sense place,  
these floors, now incapable of catching those who fall,  
notices the absence of those who take time to rest,  
laying across its boards in those spontaneous moments of a call  
to a friend or the discovery of a sadness that required something  
much more substantial than a chair.

What if windows that could see for miles ahead  
began to lose their vision, relinquishing sight for sound  
hoping to hear what it could no longer see,  
no longer see a mother, her child, coming to enter walls of security,  
protected under a roof of trust.  
The children who needed constant viewing are gone  
and the arguments about whose turn it is to jump,  
and whose turn it is to turn, to surrender,  
have left over the hills to the east.

What if doors that opened onto the garden of tulips, the Japanese maples,  
now refuse to move, to swing back and forth and instead sit  
positioned in the same way, thinking the same thoughts every day,  
giving up the swing, and instead take on the movement of just being,  
submitting to the moments of silence it can capture only with stillness,  
the doors, once moved by anger, gently pushed to hold all the secrets,  
contain all those screams, the doors themselves, remembering what they saw and heard of life, now  
think on these things in silence.

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