

# Lights and Shadows

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## And They Stare

James L. Rhodes

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# *And They Stare*

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James L. Rhodes

Honorable Mention Poetry (tie)

People watch me intently.  
They seem eager to see me explode  
    Before their eyes.

Am I that strange looking?  
What makes people shy away?

I don't understand it,  
And I don't try anymore.  
They continue to watch me,  
    As I wither away.

Why are they staring, dammit!  
I've done no harm—  
    I keep to myself.  
They scare me.

What will they say,  
When they take me away?

Probably nothing.

And when they've ushered me away,  
In my tiny tin thimble casket;  
Who will they stare at then?  
Who will hold their interest?

And when they've poured  
My melted frame into the ground;  
The worms will no doubt stare,  
    And lick their lips,  
    Before drinking my spirit.