

## Thoughts On My Grandparents' House

I can still look out the window  
And see grandfather working  
With old tools – the names of which I can't recall –  
In the woodshed.

I can still taste Aquafresh  
And smell the Marlboros  
Mixed with Folgers Coffee  
In the morning.

I can still feel painted blocks  
Near storybooks and board games  
And imagine them as castles  
In their bag.

I can still hear the conversations  
I never understood in youth  
Yet would interrupt to feel important  
In the kitchen.

I can still remember laughter  
As if it never left the walls  
Or died with grandma  
In the living room.

— *Benjamin James Ditmars*