

The Man that Isn't

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The man that isn't there is there.

He is standing in front of me, intimidation is his purpose.

What is he protecting?

Possibly a secret?

You can see it when you stare long enough. Through the thick and begrudging moss, he stands there waiting to tear your hopes apart.

The clouds are trying to break but he holds them together with his repulsive fists.

Souls trapped and splattered on the walls are screaming out to me.

"Help us, give us salvation!" they say.

This man is their keeper, their own personal piece of hell.

Their arms are crawling up the cement infrastructure, but he keeps them tamed.

Blood red expressions are plastered against beams and walls, shrieking out.

I cannot do anything but sit and stare.

I am as helpless as those trapped on the bridge.

I am suffocating under their pleas.

I cannot do anything but sit and stare.

The man that isn't there is there.

Based on the photo "The Yakima St. Bridge" by Kevin Lidtka