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Run-Up-The-Hill Windmill

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Run-Up-The-Hill Windmill

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Author Bio

Chris Croft is an English major from Sykesville, MD. He enjoys the writing of Dave Eggers, Chuck Palahniuk, H.P. Lovecraft, and whoever wrote Beowulf. His favorite poet is definitely e.e. cummings, and his hobbies include playing bass, being a DJ for WZRT, and being an insufferable indie music snob.

And this is what I had, and what I still have. I don't believe we live on. I don't believe there's an afterlife. I don't believe that we're watched over and waited for by our loved ones in some blissful state of grace for all eternity. But it's obvious to me now that we don't just simply disappear. If we touch enough people and we do enough good, we live on in their happy memories—and maybe even the not-so-happy ones. It's a little place in all our psyches, a place reserved for this very purpose, the place where we store all the good times we had with our loved ones who have left us. And we can access it anytime we want and when we do, that's when they exist again, just for us. This is what I thought of when the reverend began to give the eulogy, and I cried like a baby.

CHRIS CROFT

run-up-the-hill windmill

The tv flashes ironies
of complacent celebrities
where faces are named
and people framed
in posturepedic flashcards
headdresses for headcases

I've got headaches
dripping from the ceiling
of this boileroven
I've got people shouting
in retroactive chatter spasms
humdrum highways

Sorry for the miscue
I never know when to act
recording my waves
in a late night tumble
spurning the ivories
harrowing of hell

I need a lyric
Or a sonnet to sing
A drive for the ages
tickle my instincts
deflect the jargon
heading for home