

In the Safe House

This is a safe house.

There is a pillow resting on a small wooden bed frame.

It is tattered and grayish-white, worn from all the tired travelers finally coming to rest.

It is the kind of pillow that welcomes them, holds them, after all that they can think of is the pain.

It is the kind of pillow that sings them a lullaby so they can sleep and dream of freedom.

This is a safe house.

There is a pot filled with potatoes, carrots, and tomatoes.

It is sitting on a small flame, bubbling.

The aroma fills the air, citrusy, tangy, mixing in with the mildewy smell of the cabin.

This little pot of vegetables will soon fill the stomach of the once enslaved.

It will create warmth.

This is a safe house.

In the cellar there are no windows.

Light is rare to the travelers.

Occasionally, there is a ray of sun that has found its way through to the cellar of the cabin, although it is nowhere near enough to restore the sanity lost after the journey that they have been on.

Imagine escaping slavery, and becoming free means barely seeing the sun.

Imagine running all night and hiding all day.

Imagine being subjected to pain that no one should have to live through,

Imagine not getting the chance to experience the bliss of the sun!

Imagine the cellar.

Imagine the pot of vegetables.

Imagine the pillow.

Imagine the house,

And houses,

Where they were safe.

“In The Safe House” by Eleanor Ross – Rebirth Poetry Ensemble, Chicago