

Richard Schnap – Two Poems

Afterimages

I pass by the restaurant
Serving gourmet desserts
And see the theater it replaced
Showing vintage cartoons

And the drug rehab center
The addicts smoking out front
And see the ice cream parlor
Featuring two dozen flavors

And the pharmacy on the corner
Guarded by video cameras
And see the old gas station
Where uniformed men filled your tank

And the store selling cell phones
Where a photo studio once stood
And see my wife and I smiling
Before our marriage faded away

Museum

The walls were lined
With works donated
By a deceased heiress

Each one handpicked
To reveal brief glimpses
Of her private sorrows

A man in the mask
Of a withered werewolf
In a field of gold

A boy staring down
An empty highway
That had no end

A girl on a hill
Overlooking a house
Engulfed in flames

And last a snake
Guarding the way
To a shining jewel

Richard Schnap is a poet, songwriter and collagist living in Pittsburgh, PA. A two-time “Best of the Net’ nominee. His poems have most recently appeared locally, nationally and overseas in a variety of print and online publications. His debut chapbook, *A Wind From Nowhere*, is available from Flutter Press.