

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 1 | 1992

The School Brian Johnson

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

Brian Johnson

THE SCHOOL

The school lay between two hills, one overgrown with flowers, the other naked: yet the school faced the sea only, so ignoring its neighbors, that if feet approached from either hill, east or west, the school ceased to exist: the cupolas vanished and the columns sunk. All that survived were a tree-filled park and a little house painted red. The occupant of the house was never found, for in truth he lived in the school, even when there were no seagulls on the roof he went on walking past the fountains, or he studied, from an enormous book propped against the glass, whose pages he turned by means of an oar. A great disarray of flowers fell out the windows of his library, drifting to the grass below, forming a multicolored bed the wind disbanded in one puff; near the calendar, a compass stood on its points; in the snow-covered field where the house used to be, there was a horse, drinking quietly: a drop of blood remained on the pump.