

Memories of a Child of the Age of Radio

I am sitting in my room on my favorite place:
the dark cobalt and burgundy rug,
which my Mom called “the lint-catcher,”
the rug which I called “my magic carpet.”

The radio is on
and I feel the goosebumps rise
as the theme music
for The Shadow starts.

Even though I know
it’s not for real,
the creaking door transports me,
trembling and listening,
with my eyes closed,
to another place, another time.

Now I am immersing myself
as the voice menacingly rasps,
“The Shadow knows. Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.”
I want to know what the Shadow knows,
but I’m afraid even to find out.

If I had known then what I know now,
I probably would have
made myself pursue the craft
of script-writing,
and I would have started
to think about how
someday, one day,
I’d hear *my* words coming over the airways.