

Memory Lane

She rode among the chicken houses,
her horse slogging uphill, downwind of the chickens
but upwind of the in-laws, riding to a place only she knew,
away from deadlines and familiar faces in Chesterton--
faces that remember her as she was, eyes of an angel,
unsettled, curious, fearless.

On she rode, no longer thinking about loves unknown,
she looks down at her painted fingernails, now slightly chipped,
pressing the reins, past the sandaled foot in the stirrup;
she smiles, ignoring the voices,
secure in her choices.

Her horse turns back now toward the familiar; chickens clucking, sun setting,
where the memories of her youth and the sacrifices
of her motherhood lay strewn
across the meadow, like the smell of burning of leaves,
never to leave her.