

Sometimes a Memory

Sometimes I am there again,
tracing hoof prints along the riverbank,
in search of safe crossing over fast-moving water.

Some nights I can still hear it—
the churn of water over stones
the soft music of summer passing through trees.

I think sometimes I am still there,
and you beside me, life flowing through you
an endless warm stream in which I might swim.

And sometimes I am just a child,
pulling a stick across wet muddy sand,
watching the impression soften and melt away.

Patricia Hale
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Third Prize