

## CHILDREN TOGETHER

Sometimes you are a little boy  
Fingering some wet treasure  
Found beside the water,  
Walking on the ribbon-like path  
The cows' hooves pressed onto the mud.

Sometimes I see my childhood in you  
Brushing the pony's dusty rump  
In a sweet-sour smelling stall  
Short, sure strokes with a rough bristled brush  
Listening to the murmur and straw-muffled stomping.

Sometimes you are like the child in me  
Watching something you love  
Depart  
Like a cool summer morning or  
Your mother's thin smile.  
You stand in the hay field  
Swallowing the clover's hot breath.

Sometimes I see my childhood in you  
Perhaps we were children together  
Standing beside the same sparkling water  
Whistling back the same piercing cry  
To the same blue heron  
That flew over the same green-roofed barn.

So, now,  
As we watch slick treasures  
Beneath fast flowing water  
And wonder as our mothers melt  
With thin frosted smiles  
Into back doors  
With squeaking back screens,  
We fill our summers  
With the smell of clover  
And we curry the hurts away  
With soft murmurs  
In sweet-stale rooms.

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