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James Hill College of DuPage

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Walk to the River: An Idyll

James Hill

This afternoon we trespass Over quarry land reclaimed: Restored to limestone rubble And scrubby prairie grass.

We are grown men, the three of us, With neither guns nor fishing rods Nor any likely excuse To walk this far cross-country.

Yet here we are, rambling, Unaccountable, like boys, A fine land beneath our feet, A heaven of blue above.

Down we go through the forest Of hickory, oak, and maple, Made gold and brown and crimson By the friendly autumn light.

Then coming to the river's edge, We life-long friends, we middle-aged men, Skip stones against the water's glare, Happy to be just "us" again.