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Ars Poetica

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EDWARD STOCKING

ars poetica

I ran into her a few winters ago
We hadn't met since third grade
I looked the same
Her voice was no different
Both half-cocked and hopeful
Sprung from a dry tongue
trickling through a wry grin

We fell in quickly
Dog day afternoons, nights of passion, mornings of retorts
Often joyful, never burdensome
But spring thaws wash all into motion
And I moved out, lost touch
Buried her memories with my grandfather

I hear her when the new frost comes
We walk our old trails and embrace as we used to
she leaves in the night as I lay prostrate
cold enough to sting, too hot to hold on