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Margaret

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Margaret

By: Paul Van

The summer skies crack open
dumping torrents to the ground
With no umbrella, we rejoice
stomping, splashing all around.

Maybe it's those freckles
on her fresh, unmade face
Or, possibly that smile
that takes me back to another place...

For hours I've been gathering leaves
That have fallen from a hundred trees
She yells over my backyard fence,
"Can I run and jump in those, please?"

She grabs my hand and
we jump in together
For some reason it's warm
despite the chilly weather...

Under the low, cold sun of winter
we glide along on my backyard rink
I hold her for balance, lest she fall-
at least that's what she'd have me think.

They'll tell me I look funny
with my prepubescent friend
But I think what they want me to be
is a little more like them...

The rink has thawed into a backyard pond
she comes and requests just one little wish
"Can we pretend to go sailing and
maybe catch some make-believe fish?"

I am the captain (and the engine)
of our little inflatable boat
I steer us out to the middle
then we stop-and simply float...

No, it's no those freckles
and I don't think it's her smile
What I really like is the innocence
that as we age, goes out of style.