

At The Bluff

I have only
to close my eyes
and open wide
my memory
to hear
tires roll slowly
over the white crushed
stones that led to the
cottage
where each summer
the family would retreat
for two weeks to
be family
on vacation. Where
the sky
always felt
a darker blue, the
lake grey and cold
and the evening chill
not so cold.
To hear
a cardinal
high in spruce
thicket announce
another day, the
spank of a baseball
into the blackened
leather pocket of
Dad's glove and the
old brass school bell
rung to announce
supper. If I
squint tight my
eyes, I hear
laughter around
an evening fire
that illuminates
the momentarily
worried face of
the youngest who
asks, "will we
always come here?"

I hear tires
on the stone drive.