

Twelve years from December
And it's never been so near
Me hugging my knees
You painting the air
With your child-voice,
Frost tipped and jagged.
We laugh at some irony
As we were wont to do
From time to time.
The kids playing kickball
In the parking lot-playground
Are streaks of color
Their cries fly over the snow drifts
Effortlessly, effortlessly
To our frosted ears.
Andy is on third, and Kevin kicked a double.
Lara lost her boot, and Craig kissed Tonya
There by that lonely birch.
Carrie's braids dance
Her feet chase the jump rope
Thus we are linked by our child-world.

One year from December
It has never seemed so far
Me draining a cigarette
Laughing to myself over some irony
I am still prone to that.
The kickball has long lost its air
The jump rope's now still
Our child world usurped by the rage filled one
I am a lone figure in that playground-turned-parking lot
And my child-voice rises above the tempest...
and defies the rage.