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Private Associations

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Private Associations

Bob De Smith

The Hebrews raised their Ebenezers,
The pioneers scratched their
Wagon wheels on trails,
Their names on rocks and gravestones.
I drive west, alone,
My tracks traced in memory.
Do you remember
The river parkway,
Green and at an angle
To the road,
Where we spread a picnic en route?
Were there mosquitoes?
The inn where we had our first getaway?
From what? We were newly married.
(That spot is now a resort with a water park—
Farewell romance!)
The four-plex, farmer's market, church spire, hospital?
Mirror Lake, where we camped on the verge of new life?
We have a picture of that one: you're on the end of a dock,
A month from giving birth,
A jaunty pose that looks more pensive now than it did then.
River bluffs.
I wonder if that hotel we stayed in after your surgery is still there.
A little brown church,
Open prairie sky,
And home.