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## Private Associations

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# Private Associations

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*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.