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On Heron Pond Hill

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ALEXIS SPECK

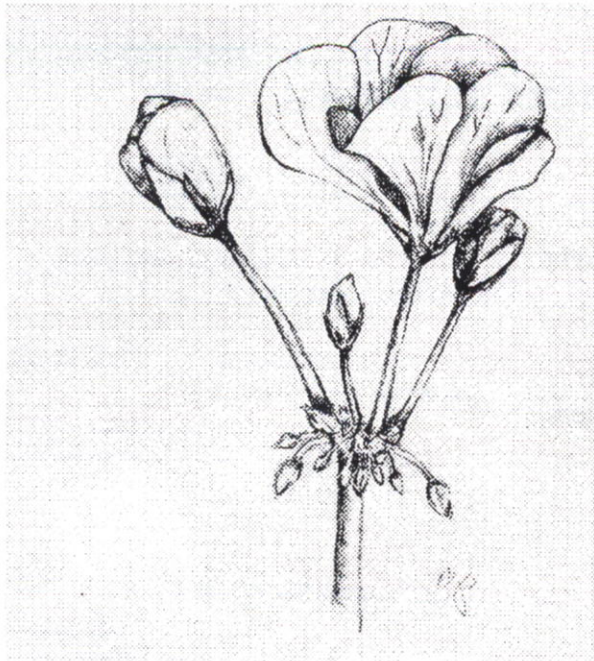
ON HERON POND HILL

Rust spots on the bottom of a bucket,
Memories of the years before
Laughter, sweat, tears, smiles,
My father's natural heaven.

Chasing one another
Through the forest of sunflowers
Leaves slapping our faces and tickling our legs,
Us giggling.

Eating plump tomatoes
As though they were apples
Juices running down our cheeks,
Napkins weren't necessary.

Sun bleached hair, skin bronzed by the rays,
My mother's hands were calloused,
Fingernails filled with dirt,
He thought they were beautiful.



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