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Memory

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Cover Page Footnote
Summer hung in Edmund Lyon Park
Reaching out forever,
Always changing,
Always the same.
The pool was there,
A monument to the days of my childhood.
Here I played Marco Polo in the high noon sun.
My skin a dark almond,
Hair golden blond,
Moving through the warm, thick water
Tiny body writhing as "Marco" reached for me.
Smells of the heavy hot chlorine filled my nose
As the shouts and giggles of my playmates poured into my ears.
I learned the art of silence as I slid by "Marco"
Staying quiet to keep him away.
Before the haze settled in
And the sky grew dark
And the lightning struck the old oak tree
Followed by the blast of the lifeguard's whistle
Calling us out of the pool.