2004

Flashback

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CHELSEA BEATTY

FLASHBACK

Home was 24 Prospect Street,
2nd house on the left.
I remember how it used to be—

Riding down the hill
Full-speed, no brakes
My pink hot wheel skids to a stop,
the soles of my shoes hot—

Gliding over the packed snow
wind and flakes whip across my frozen cheeks
my blue sled tips me over at the bottom and I tumble off,
falling onto my sister, laughing—

Summertime, swimming all day
the concrete of the pool crumbling under our wrinkled toes
one day in springtime it was gone
big yellow bulldozers in its place.
Years later, running across the yard in games of
Tag, Mother May I, and Mr. Fox,
we’d find pieces of it,
aqua blue against the mud—

Twilight brought out the fireflies and the mischief
hide and go seek, our shrieks of laughter and surprise
filled the warm night air
our little legs pumping hard as we ran for the safety
of the front porch.
We drank lemonade on its steps,
eating our tray of snacks that appeared,
courtesy of the “snack fairy”
we’d run, breathing hard and sweaty, to gulp the sugary sweetness,
wipe our faces with dirty hands
and collapse on the fresh cut grass.

Home is 24 Prospect Street,
2nd house on the left.