

When they were Younger

Ian C Smith

His paint-peeled studio, forgotten toys
sandpit sloughed, bones buried by dogs long dead,
outbuildings hide-and-seek spots for their boys.
Compost bays where he fancied his ashes spread,
ivy threading through thickets of unpruned trees,
nitrogen-rich vegie patch now nettles.
Tyres swayed on ropes, twirled slowly in a breeze.
Winters' great bonfires crackled, roared, petals
of sparks ascending, flames like angels' wings.
Pet donkeys shared those nights, skittered, backlit.
He hears echoed voices, knowing lost things,
smells yesteryears fast-fled, lickety-split.
Pausing between paddocks, near their old stile,
he recalls the optimism in her smile.