Sonnet of a Bygone New England Winter

M. M. Stone

We wandered past grocery store aisles,
chicken noodle soup, saltines and honey–
you held my hand, tightly, as if a child;
a moment, I believed that once you were me.
That evening we drove down to the lake,
you ran, free. Your innocence grew lithe,
the ice formed a blanket for us to play;
we laughed like children, floating into life–
A crack; you fell. Your eyes, drowning in the sun.
I pulled you from the water, held you alone,
brought you to the car, cried like a harp, unstrung;
I prayed to God that I could bring you home.

I awoke, sunlight peeking through the window–
for memory was a dream; winter, a ghost.