

Graduation

And on any old
Thursday in December
a biting one where
the curtains seem to be drawn
my days ended
school was over
the eternal summer began
this trek that I started
when I was six
on a glowing August morning
had found its resting place
among the knotted and leafless
outstretched fingers of the
oak trees planted around
the cement and the sod
the cement and the sod that
found its way under
the ice that slipped under
the rubber of my soles
while I walked out into
the eternal summer that was
the rest of my life.