

Glenwood

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Will the world seem the same,
walking down these old streets
in summer sun,
humped sidewalks sloping downhill?
Will the lake smell rise
on the late afternoon breeze
promising lazy beers on the lawn?
Softballs thwack into mitts,
thick grass cushions bare toes.

Sixty years ago and more
my dad ran the bases,
delivered papers, dashed through the woods.
Forty years ago, we slept
in the boys' old room,
red and blue felt baseball pennants
still tacked to the wall.

Now my uncle shows us the cemetery,
my aunt talks of the old farm.
I am all places at once:
then in memory,
here beside Lake Minnewaska
standing next to cousins,
my hair is gray.

Late evening sunset
casts its purple shadows long,
shapes shift, lift,
and grow thick as they gather
the light.