

Slivers of the past echo in my journal...

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I open my journal to tell childhood stories as I
Remember slivers of my life
I write under my sunbrella on the table by my fire ring
Built with stones I borrowed from the Ramapo River

Red Japanese maple leaves flutter in the hot summer breeze
Back then, rows of willows wept behind the stone walls
Where the ocean waves echoed along the beach
Today two ducks, a drake and his mate, paddle
Across briny pool water below the fluttering leaves

I grasped my red knitted hat from the seat
Of the bumper car, demolished years ago.
No bumper car rider absconded with
My hat, recovered when I scurried back to find it,
Relieved no one had claimed it as their own

Two days ago, outside my kitchen window
I saw a solitary egg resting by the pool
I pondered what to do
Today it was gone

My father carefully swept three speckled eggs,
Scattered on the front lawn, into a small cardboard box
He carried the box upstairs to the master bedroom window
With a pole, he extended the box over the empty nest.
We watched as he tapped the pole, tilted the box
And the eggs rolled back into the nest.

I celebrate realization of childhood dreams...
Will my new neighbor be like the hermit on the hill who spoke to no one?
Or like the man who drank his martinis dry, and sat in his beach chair
On the front lawn, and shared his olives with me?

I ride my Sun bike, designed for challenged riders like me,
Along the beach as waves sweep across the sand.
It's not my brother's bike, the bright red one with silver fenders
I envied as a child, not the one I wished I had back then.