

The boy with the wicked cross-side shot
who could call the 9-ball in the corner
and run the table.
"Rack 'em."

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The young father,
looking out the frost-plastered window of the old house,
at his little girl,
swinging back and forth
over the knee-deep powdered snow a-glitter in the late-morning sun,
back and forth, back and forth,
bundled to the eyes in red wool.

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All our ages ringed inside us like the turnings of a tree,
drawing up the waters of memory,
splashing each season with leaves.
We've grown old here. Bird-brained. Fragile.

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The day dawdles in the soak.