



Shadowy Elms

by J.B. Sisson, Eastport, ME

How often many long lost years ago
on afternoons womb-warm with summer heat
or cold with winter rain and whistling sleet
my mother strollered me down Tory Row.
There was a yellow mansion where she'd slow -
the grandest home set back from Brattle Street,
lemon meringue much too sublime to eat -
and talk about the wreck at Norman's Woe.

But who lived there? How could I ever know?
Those old elms whispered everything they knew
and cast their mellow shade across the lawn
or cried their aches when they were stiff with snow.
Their songs and stories always turned out true.
My mother would sigh so, and we'd move on.



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