

elms

by David Ackley

In his youth the man who became
my old grandfather planted elms along one side
of the drive to the white farmhouse,
making by my time, a green canopy over the double tracked
dirt, the leaves overhead flickering in the least breeze,
their almond shadows shivering underfoot, a watery surround
tinged lime, where I swam in the air, for those moments free.

