

# 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.

