

# Nut Breakers Hill

*by* Judith A. Lawrence

The snow compacted,  
three days iced.  
The sled allowed  
for two.

She was twelve  
and he was ten,  
didn't matter  
cause they were friends.

She wore two sweaters,  
new boots, doubled her socks,  
gloved her hands snugly,  
and pulled down her cap.

Bouncing dizzily  
they flew down the slopes  
with her holding on  
for all she was worth.

Her thick brown hair  
fell out of her cap  
as they both tumbled over  
and fell on their backs.

Reaching over  
he planted a kiss  
on her upturned nose  
and cherry red lips.

In feigned indifference  
she shook him aloft,

tossed her hair laughing  
and swiftly ran off.

But the kiss, the kiss,  
still lives on her lips,  
and chases through  
her memories forever.

