

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.

