

# A meditation on mint tins

*by* Julie Leung

And I am reminded of river eyes:

The summer we slumbered,  
Like mummies in the sand,  
Shrouded in shared thought.

In the lukewarm water,  
We would thrust our calloused toes,  
Bruise our heels against the pebbles,  
And swear allegiance to the experience.  
We selected the most ostentatious, proud  
And housed that season in an Altoids tin.

I shake its contents and think of our laughter.

