

Gusts

by Tim Young

a girl in a red cap
flashes by
the river walk
blue and green
yellow sun
escapes
behind memories
thrown out and about
like tucked away photos
brown on the edges
curled in the crossfire
of nostalgia

ancient blooms
pressed in books
regard their death
as long noble dreams
glazed by fingertips
touching each other
like a kiss
in a color magazine
fires roaring

a girl in a red cap
slows to a crawl
repeating each moment
memorized in every glance
like each strand of hair
nestled under her cap
unable to break free
until gusts cut across her face

