CARDBOARD SLEDS

I watch the children turn our summer hill into winter again.
They ride their cardboard boxes down our mound of sun-scorched grass.

I sit in my chair on the patio and swallow their joy.
The wonder in grass as snow and a sleigh ride
in shorts and a tee shirt.

The incongruity makes me smile
and elicits pealing giggles from these young souls.

Silly hill! Who knew that you could wear so many different coats?
Sliding through seasons and staying true to your childish purpose.
Slippery grass shining in the sun like the crystals of a frosty morning.

The children swerve down the elevation with abandon.
The climb back up is easier without the snow.

Legs languid in the heat.
Climbing the incline again and again.
Turning our slope into a sweaty mountain.

With each descending cascade the grass surrenders more dust.
As twilight approaches I finally call in the tumbling herd.

RICK CHRISTIANSEN

Rick Christiansen is a former corporate executive, stand-up comedian, actor and director. His work is published or forthcoming in Oddball Magazine, Muddy River Poetry Review, Stone Poetry Journal, The Raven's Perch, The Rye Whiskey Review, As It Ought to Be Magazine, WINK Magazine, MacQueen's Quinterly and other journals, anthologies and magazines He is the co-host of SpoFest Poetry and Prose. With Damian Ward Hey, he is editing the forthcoming Dead Pet Poetry Anthology, "Gone but not Forgotten." He lives in Missouri near his eight grandchildren.

Cobalt Poets Series # 537 ~ August 16, 2022