

DAVID LIVINGSTONE CLINK

Gutters

I have wandered into this story  
quite by accident. I am 10.

The limbs of trees  
look like they are burning.

I am in the thing I observe.  
The sun touches me through these leaves.

Lost.  
Nothing is right with that word.

It is mid-afternoon  
and the police have finally found me.

A call to my parents  
and I am back again.

I could never capture "in print"  
the feelings of a child who had wandered

away, had argued with his brother  
about which direction to go—

headed east on his own  
trying to find his way back.

The short story was never like this—  
it was June, and the leaves were green above me.

This is my memory of 10.  
And it changes with the seasons.