

A place with your past held

like motionless swings on the beach,
footprints lead away, towards the water.
Beyond, the town waves in heat.
Gesturing to a street, you say
*See that bunch of houses? That's where
we used to live.*
And I look, but no one
house stands out as yours.
Newlywed cottages,
blinds closed in afternoon sun,
flatly refuse clues.
I only know you once
lived on this static row,
moved no further
than marriage allowed.
Evening strolls on the
boardwalk before bed.
It's me you're with now,
travelling for miles, close
as the houses, or the
highway from here.

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