

Robert H. Demaree Jr.

TRANSITIONS

I stood at the edge of the cellar hole,
Wondering where they had gone,
And thought of lives
A thousand years ago,
Pressed along those narrow
Red rock ledges in Utah,
Days of fear:
Then finally one morning
They packed up and left.

By the pond, our kayaks,
One leaning on the other,
Against a white pine,
Old lovers arm in arm.

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