

Innisfree

By Kris Pittman

Flattening pennies on the train track.

Running down the lane,
past the old decaying boat,
past seven spruce trees,
past Al's horseshoe pit,
and the Lilac trees.

Nan's house,
where the trout I brought to an untimely end
were eaten, and talked about.

There was a red clay head among the nearly dead poplars
that over looked the river.

I don't know who made it.

The old hen house, its tenants long since gone,
I remember them though,
a little.

There was a Greengage tree,
there was Mike, and my dog chasing squirrels.

The Humber River,
like imagination itself
running steadily, wide and deep.

From the aluminium boat
the shore looked perfect,
like a dream.

There was an old boathouse, in name only,
it was near the Elephant Tree
by the creek.

There was a sign too, up by on the gate
I think it said Innisfree.