

Poetry Series

Nancy Huntley Yates
- poems -

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Handprint Of Clay

Old dusty boxes stacked in the attic
Cobwebs on the rafters
Me reminiscing through
old papers and photos;
A different time long ago.

Beneath a folder of Kindergarden smiles
and crocked alphabet letters;
wrapped in thin cloth,
still dressed with red ribbon;
Your beautiful handprint of clay.

I remember the seasons
I remember the moments
Your toothless grin and small steps
Your weight in my arms,
your breath on my cheek, as I ran to catch the city bus.

The tree you climbed on Saturday
with frayed rope and tire below
Loud cartoons
Popsicle stained lips
Chasing the dog through the yard.

The animal clouds
floated like you
The soil beneath your fingernails
Jar full of worms
Wrestling your brother in raked, dead leaves

Your hair wild
Your legs like the wind
Skinned knees sliding into third base
Dancing around the campfire
Gazing at the moon...
And your beautiful handprint of clay.

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