

*For my childhood friends
wherever you are
by David Briscoe*

*I never told you
Though I felt it so deeply then
In those days when we played
With all our hearts
Until mothers' hollers burst the fun
And we parted, one by one
Piles of snowballs
Promises of pranks
Secret society of nonsense
Pulling our sleds, bikes and boots
Heavy
Back onto porches
To re-enter the world
Of homework or housework
Each a solo silhouette
Against the last wash of sunset
But I will tell you now, fifty years on
That you were human beings
Of laughter and tender hearts
And I loved you
And I still do*