

---

June 2014

## Summer, 1990

Laura Winther  
*Western Michigan University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

---

### Recommended Citation

Winther, Laura (2014) "Summer, 1990," *The Laureate*: Vol. 2 , Article 23.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol2/iss1/23>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).

## Summer, 1990

Laura Winther

I am so close to the tree,  
the Frisbee lost in it's arms.  
Sole flat on top step, tip toes on paint can board.  
The ladder trembles and sways beneath,  
warning me.  
But I clench and spread my fingers,  
and it is nearer all the time,  
pink and green circular swirl bouncing on the branch.  
My little brother is below,  
head tilted to the sky,  
blonde baby curls jumping,  
shouting "grab it!" and when my fingers touch  
the bobbing nylon fabric, I am relieved,  
at the same time the ladder  
wobbles and shudders, sighs and gives way.  
The sides spread like opening arms,  
a dead tree finally chopped down,  
rings of the stump telling as age spots.  
I am holding the disc in my right hand,  
safe between white knuckles.  
It is too late for me, but I have saved our Frisbee.  
Shaded wet garden soil is waiting below,  
and my arms are laid out before me like a landing strip.  
I am not confused by the pain.  
Only to see my left arm in all that dirt, cocked like a periscope.  
Bone broken clean, two ends looking for each other,  
lost inside the spongy insides of my arm.