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## Childhood Memories

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# Childhood Memories

Towering over the emerald river  
stands the old stone train trestle,  
where I spent a number of my childhood  
afternoons with my cousin.

I can still remember the dazzling  
marcasite beads of asphalt, piled  
like sand dunes along either  
side of the trestle, and the skeletal  
chunks of bleached wood lying  
helplessly in the warm sunlight.

A tattered oldrope swing  
across a beam under the trestle,  
swings lazily; over the surface  
of the water. This rope we used  
as a makeshift swing.

We dove off an elevated branch  
and clung to the rope as  
our leap cut swiftly through  
the water and sent cascades  
of diamond drops catapulting  
through the air.

My cousin and I spent hours  
at the trestle taking turns  
gliding pendulum style  
through the air falling away  
into the rope into the chilly water.

*Kristie Penn*