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The Middle Onward

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Poetry by Adrienne Krater

THE MIDDLE ONWARD

His ashen eyes, plump with days,
Lowered to hers, and his heart did
Shake, it beckoned her to stay,
For such beginnings always slid.

Her ruddy cheeks glistened with
Memories that could never be,
And she wondered at the myth
Of ends. That door with no key.

He remembered what could have been,
Blue dresses caught in raspberry bushes,
Constellations bowing towards them,
Or her song, as timeless as the thrush's.

She remembered what could have been,
Crooked bowties stained with thyme,
Brass toned chuckles and an ivory grin,
Or to know and remember, he smelled of lime.

And then time slipped, it fell far under,
And he knew the beginning could not be altered.
He sat against a tree, his slacks steeped in dew,
With raspberry stained hands, he greeted the middle onward.