

Richard Brenneman

Have You Forgotten?

Have you forgotten
the time we walked
together down the path
that began nowhere
and ended nowhere?

Between two trees
near where that
old house stood
with lifeless windows
gazing hollowly at us.

We watched
frogs at a pool
in the pasture;
you said maybe
the path was
an Indian trail,
though I thought it was
just a cowpath
wandering aimlessly.

I haven't forgotten
when we walked
carelessly in the sun,
and dreamed of things more ancient still.

Perhaps somewhere,
Do you still remember too?

Richard E. Brenneman is retired and lives in Boston, MA. His poetry has appeared in the *Rimrock Poets Magazine*, *The Denver Post Magazine*, in San Jose, California and in England. His avocation is genealogical research which has also been published, and now with more time he has returned to writing poetry both as therapy and to share with fellow literati.