

Chestnuts

I have my smile, you know the snow fell softly on fall browned turf once we lay like fallen brown chestnuts, our bodies caught the subtle, polished rays, as we rolled we clicked like chestnuts when we touched momentarily before rebounding you wanted my body; it was my action causing you to rebound. Now you are away and only want me sometimes, not trusting me to not hurt you again we will kiss, like two fallen brown chestnuts clicking when they touch, then rebounding from the impact, each catching and holding the subtle, polished rays.

We lay softly on fall browned turf, like the snow.

--Joseph H. Rosevear