

Samantha Hunsberger

Yorktown

We danced. You used to dance me to sleep.
In that house by White River. Where the backyard
flooded every spring. And you wore a wool hat
every summer. When a meandering moccasin made
its way to your back porch. And you would catch it.
The same way you did that rat in a backroom
dryer vent. But better than the way you caught
your mind. Forgetting. Slipping. Forgotten. Gone.
Just like it never happened.