

1993

Remembering Sundays

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Recommended Citation

Lemieux, Allison (1993) "Remembering Sundays," *Exile*: Vol. 40 : No. 2 , Article 52.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol40/iss2/52>

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Remembering Sundays

The sweet flesh of the summer peach
Stood firm, then recoiled
Between lips and teeth.
The sun on the veranda
Cast heat onto our bodies,
Reflected off the worn windowpanes
And spread over fields
Of wheat stalks and wildflowers
And daisies.

He loves me, he loves me not . . .

The words swell and overflow
From a lost childhood's pages
And fall recklessly
Between the wooden slats of the porch.
You heave a tattered peach pit through the air
And watch it disappear into the overgrowth.
With our bare thighs touching
Carelessly on the swing,
He loves me, he loves me not,
As church bells softly ring.

—Allison Lemieux '95