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Appalachian Spring

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Appalachian Spring

When we woke up one morning of our newness
To discover we were breathing in unison,
We were scared. But calmly we packed our things
And crossed Ohio, following the river.
Touching its edge at the shores of Marietta,
You said you would like to live on the river,
In a pontoon that travels as well as you do.
We laughed and loved so easily. How?
Vermont is far. It will be a long drive
Without the passenger you left in Wellsburg.
I do not care to think how long it may be
Until I see you again, if ever.
It does not matter. It has been good
To be lucky for a while, and to hold you. Oh,
Did I tell you? The flower you bought for me
In Connelsville — the one we stashed
In my glove compartment for safekeeping —
Bloomed overnight.

Jennie Dawes