

1986

## Postmarked Fort Hill

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## Postmarked Fort Hill

I will not forget the front seat  
Of your baby blue Malibu classic  
And the summer we spent on Mt. Davis  
Drinking cold beer  
On cold nights  
From clay mugs  
Until we peed in the woods holding onto trees for balance.

I will not forget the lessons you gave me  
In tennis  
And life  
Or the way you got angry when I wouldn't play.

You gave me tee-shirts that had grown  
Too small  
And maturity  
And kisses  
But mostly, you showed me  
To love  
And it hurt,  
And it does.

Jennifer H. Miller