

E. Texas Ave.

The Promise Ring

Your house chased smells of sweets and cakes,
strolled down around the bend.
After rain, rising, springing.
Aspiring to be a hill.

I'd hang my hat in Hartford union.
Strolling down the way to River Park, around the bend.
Like gentle stemmed flowers we bloomed where we planted,
so seasonal like sand.
I'd hang my head in.