

JENNIFER POLSON PETERSON

The Pool: Sonnet 2

Let me remember how we came.
There was a time when time was
a river trail worn smooth, where days and weeks
were great stones one could lay a passing hand on.
There is a place along the bank
where women may go down,
stepping free of shoes
and slipping off their blouses.
You know it when you see those silks
hung among the tree branches
and dancing with the wind
until the women come back
which they may
never.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jennifer Polson Peterson's poetry has appeared in *Pembroke Magazine*, *Cumberland River Review*, *Diaphanous*, *Rockvale Review*, *Image Journal*, and elsewhere. She lives in Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

HERON TREE
23 February 2020
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