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New England Soil

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In the New England dirt, freshmen parents planted roots. A mom, dad, and child drove around town spotting fledgling land. Settlers without blueprints, a family built a home. Dreams in hands clutched like scratch off tickets for the jackpot.

Dandelion fuzz blown from lips of suntanned children, on egg-on-a-sidewalk evenings. Herds fanned out, playing in hamlet plots and cul-de-sacs. Recycled songs blared on intercoms, piggy banks were dumped onto beds, quarters counted. Little feet darted for the ice cream truck on its route.

Music blasted from cars racing down the bite-sized town highway. Drivers dented crooked stop signs, revved up mowers and gasoline smell. Overgrown grass had its haircut, the neighbors were out front and back. Sipping cold brews on porches, setting in the distant sun, years spent young.

Ash Slade lives in Wolcott, CT, and enjoys reading and writing poetry. His work has been published by Trouvaille Review, The Unpublishable Zine, and Pages Penned In Pandemic. Work is forthcoming in The Lincoln Underground and October Hill Magazine.