You and I Talking With an Old Friend in July

Deborah Hughes

Grand Valley State University

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clear night
  and old songs
  roll in
  cants and cadences
from sharp star
  to sharp star... 

we
talked over the
  running years
between us
leaving much unsaid (no time, no time)
and
the
  laughter days
    that
    chance doled
      out
        to us
          in our only innocence
            of childhood
were polished
  by our words
as a
  stone waits for water
    to
      polish it into beauty,
so our words ran
  and gasped laughing
    falling
      again,
        on the old breakwater
          of memory.