

# CATALOGUE

*Bryce Christensen*

Three two-by-twelves: The bridge across the ditch  
where once we played in back of Grandpa's home.  
A dozen lilac leaves: The fleet we'd pitch  
into the stream, green yachts in red-brown foam.  
Five boys: The crew who'd cheer our fragile craft  
past perilous rapids laced with brush and weed.  
Six trees: The copse of merry elms that laughed  
when playful winds gave tardy boats fresh speed.  
Three months: The span for freedoms school denied—  
between our desks no watery race course flowed.  
Eight summers: All I'd known when Grandpa died.  
(They sold his home—and ditch—for what he owed.)  
One man: This ditch-bank sailor, who still grieves,  
adrift on currents long devoid of leaves.

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