



JUST ANOTHER YEAR

'Just another New Year's Eve,' I said,
marking midnight's newly fallen snow
with hubris heels, jaded sophisticate
on Madison Avenue, my date in tow,
whoever he was. That's me at 21.
And now, an altogether other age,
I hear the stranger's laugh, my pose undone,
see the snapshot of my sparkling face
blushing in moonlight, feel the glancing kiss,
softness of some youthful mouth almost
retrieved, that snowdrift-slow approaching bus
catching us up like Cinderella's coach -
too good to be true? But memory's like that, clear
as paperweight snow settling over the years.

Leah Fritz