

South 3rd Avenue

by Kenton Schuster

You could roll down the hill
With no hands on the handlebars
If you were brave enough

We knew all the right places
In our little neighborhood world
Where the hills were steep, and the pavement rough

Just how fast can you go
Pumping the pedals hard
With your tires whirring under the golden locust trees

Down the street, to find Kelleigh
To join our afternoon revel
But I, at only 4'8" she soared right above me

Our laughing voices masked
The neighborhood cacophony
Of the August wind in the trees, and the barking dogs' sound

South 3rd was like an autumn haven
I always said, the prettiest street in town
An appropriate setting for the two prettiest girls around

Our afternoon reprieve
On an azure Nebraska day
Without worry of any matters of the 4th grade

The night would fall too soon
Back to our bedrooms and dreams
A new day ahead, begot of childish fantasy from which dreams are made

For Sam