Swinging Near Dark

by Barbara Siegel Carlson

On my walk by the river I heard
the creaking of a swing
in a small playground
and saw in late dusk a girl riding
back and forth, her legs
pumping, hair streaming
in the damp breeze
traveling God knows where
it didn't matter, swinging above the river
of night, flying—who knows
why we come
to live for such moments.

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