

by: David Clink • for your 2017 Aurora Award consideration (Poem/Song category)

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The Fence

We watched it scribe
a picture-perfect line between our houses.

When it was only a few inches tall
we wished it taller, and wondered

what kind of fence it would be.
You spent time talking to it, feeding it.

When the skies opened
you tried holding an umbrella over it,

walked its length and back,
a flashlight in your other hand,

gave up, came inside when lightning
advanced, thunder shouted.

We held each other as we watched
through the screen door.

It would survive, but, as we stood there,
not knowing what would happen,

the storm grew more intense. And
with every strike, you held your breath.