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Lea Killian

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For My Grandmothers

by Lea Killian

How I ache
for the dirty feet and tangled hair
of childhood.

In the Summer,
do you not remember
how the sun set
upon our faces?

We opened our eyes
to shooting stars, hoping
to catch them on our tongues, like
snowflakes in Winter. Instead,
we settled
for wrangling fireflies
into crystal mason jars.

Springtime sprouted
clouds of dandelions
from the ground,
and we blew our wishes
into the fields
behind our house.

I do not remember what I wished for then,
but I know what I would wish for now.

Running through the Autumn leaves
of youth, grasping memories,
I realize we're all just children
who miss climbing trees.