

On Holkestad Hill

*On Holkestad Hill, we children played
In the cattle tracks near the gnarled fence poles,
Catching the grasshopper's wings in flight,
And chasing the gophers back to their holes.*

*It must be deserted now that we're gone.
The gay child vices forever still.
Who picks the crocuses or slides in the snow
Down the long path on Holkestad Hill?*



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