

April 2014

## The Trail

Lauren Clark

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### Recommended Citation

Clark, Lauren (2014) "The Trail," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2014 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2014/iss1/8>

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## The Trail | Lauren Clark

I know it well,  
The trail to the old rusted car  
The left turn down toward the pond  
Filled with our fifth-grade reflections.  
That place where we hid when our parents  
Found the hole we dug  
In hopes of treasure.  
We would run,  
Barefoot in warm summer rain  
To catch frogs with our open hands.  
We kept them  
In that old chicken coop  
Behind your house.  
We heard your mother scream  
And ran out,  
Back to that place  
Where we never grew up.

Though now,  
I go back and look down  
Into the water  
Staring at the face that chose to age.  
But behind that reflection I still see us,  
Mud-covered, barefoot, and running.



## Untitled Brooch | Lauren Copley

Enamel, sterling silver, copper, and stainless steel



## Medal to Art Nouveau | Nathan Dodds

Cloisonné, brass, copper, Lucite, stainless steel and fine silver