

CALEB NOLEN

John's parents

were dropping him off. Don't blame them
for saying hello but not stopping me
as I walked to the woods behind
the school. It was snowing. I remember
thin ridges forming along all the tree branches,
caves underneath. I remember the shirt I wore,
the song I played on my Walkman radio.
I remember the color of the rope. My mom said
You didn't actually tie it, did you? and I didn't tell her
the truth. What makes you think I'd tell you now?
Things didn't go how I planned. I got cold,
the snow fell all over, then I walked back.