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No more the spring-fed creek of childhood. Grass grows in its winding bed and tree roots jut like scuffed knees. Ghosts of brook trout and bullfrogs stir at my step as tough-shelled beetles scuttle clear. Even the wind struggles to know my wrinkled face.

summery mirage  
field mouse takes a dip  
in waves of grass

**Darrell Petska**

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