

Overlooking Paddle Boats

When I am very old
I will remember a young man
With a jacket tied 'round his waist,
Lying next to me on a hillside
Overlooking paddle boats.

And the breeze that couldn't ruffle
his thick black hair
Will ruffle through my mind
As I recall the excitement of
Love's first kisses,
Along with the tune of a distant carousel
Still loving him, though his hair
be snowy white.

Shelly Sitzer has been published in several poetry anthologies. She loves poems of nostalgia and romance and is a retired vision therapist living in beautiful central Virginia where she enjoys gardening, painting and singing.



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