

## 4H

after the fair  
we took down the tents  
wiped the cotton candy  
from our feet  
and washed our hands  
in a stream of water  
from a cold iron pipe  
the livestock had fed on.

the sun was going down  
and the children were gone  
leaving deflated snowmen  
of torn tickets  
and apple sticks  
in the swamp  
where the midway had swum.

we walked hand in hand  
the wind rippling soft  
at the ribbons on our breasts  
swirling the eddies of gold  
left behind by judges  
who should have known better  
having known us so long.

well there's always next year  
and the years after that  
rolling like meadows  
across the horizon  
to bring down the sky  
and its not the winning  
that matters  
but the way we die.

—*Dave Margoshes*