Today, Claire Hersom of Winthrop offers a glimpse of two people who once sat under the moonlight in a small town, entranced by each other. “It was impossible not to kiss,” she writes. “We had no choice.”

October Moon

*by Claire Hersom*

I see you every so often;  
at the grade school parking lot  
the House of Pizza  
driving down by the lake near the Legion.

You have a painter cap on,  
your expression a half smile,  
and if I close my eyes, I can  
feel your mouth kissing mine  
under the October moon,  
the mill stream steady beside us,  
me, hungry to pour life back into  
a splintered heart.

Under red and gold branches,  
windows of the town dark,  
we held hands, hip to hip, and kissed  
until the world lost its balance.

Twenty years later, you pass me in a car,  
your wife and your daughter talking,  
moving a hand, brushing hair from a brow  
or reaching forward. One hand on the wheel  
lifts a hello in my direction.  
We smile.