

Juniper Field
by Allie Hostetler

I've never been afraid of Juniper Field.
Most of the children feared its tombstones
And the bending arms of the willow trees.
They thought the fireflies gave the place an eerie glow.
But I never did.
Most of these souls in town thought the place was odd.
But I never did.
Where in this town can I find more comfort than
Under the arms of one of these willows?
How can I discover more about our past,
If I do not read the names on these stones?
And how could a soul ever think that fireflies create an eerie glow?
Our town will never measure up
To the beauty they offer in this quiet place.
So when the sun begins to dress in its evening clothes,
And the street lights flicker on,
The neighbors already know.
They'll witness through their windows,
My gray coat and I,
Travel over the cracks in the sidewalk,
Headed to the place they refuse to know.
I'll see the tops of the willows, and I'll break a smile.
I'll nod with respect, towards the tombstones.
And the fireflies will grace my eyes with their glowing beauty.
Hello, Juniper Field.
I've never been afraid of you.