

# Of the Long Ago

*Naomi J. M. Estes III*

It is a faraway daydream, pure in its love, a semblance of yesterday.  
And it sounds like two sisters, chasing ladybugs and dragonflies  
under the midday sun.

It tastes like the melting sugar cone of vanilla ice cream, dripping  
on burning black asphalt.

It smells like tanned skin and the freshly lain tears of cut onion  
grass.

It looks like the wriggling bodies of worms, dancing on sizzling  
pavement.

It feels like whistling winds and the sweat of clammy, clasped  
hands.

It is a faraway daydream, a veneer of memory beneath the squish of  
my brain,

an echoed reminder that casts a dimming light on the looking glass  
of time—

and it sounds like two sisters, chasing fireflies and June bugs under  
a setting sun.