

## Carried Along On Great Wheels

Dear ghosts long-vanished into ash and gray city wind

I think of you

When someone bicycles by with a little seat on the back, and in that  
seat, listing perilously  
earthward, a two-year-old girl half-asleep

Sagging down towards the pavement, wearing a tiny helmet and  
carried along on great  
wheels

Sack of potatoes is what my father used to call me, joking, when he  
hoisted me up on his  
shoulders

And I loved it, loved seeing the world from that great height

Now bare black trees stretch over the lake glistening like a giant eye  
at the center of our city

And from leafless branches an explosion of gulls, winging in unison

Their furious texts scribbled on sky and immediately erased

The lives we dreamed we'd live, and the lives we actually have

Dogs on twin leashes, pulling us eagerly toward everything that flies

ALISON LUTERMAN