

## Do you still go down to Cicero Creek?

*Maggie Hoppel*

Do you still roll up your skinny jeans  
into wobbly capris and trundle down the hill  
on the rickety stairs your dad built in the 90s?  
Do you still cling to the tree trunks as you go?  
And when you get down there,  
crouching on the rocks by the cloudy water  
do you press your palm to the gravel beneath the stream?  
Do you still wade in to your knees and back out  
to the U-shaped shore? Do you leave footprints?  
Do you dig up garter snakes? Do you get leeches  
and laugh secrets into discarded Diet Coke cans?  
Is anyone beside you to hear them?  
Do you stuff your pockets with sparkly rocks  
your mom won't begrudge past the porch?  
And if we went back—I'll be home  
this summer—do you think we could strap on our crocs  
and whittle away the afternoon pretending  
to be something more than ourselves?  
I'll call you as I ring the doorbell, like always,  
just to hear your sock feet thump to the threshold  
on the other side.