

Cloverdale

4/9/19

Passing through Cloverdale does it every time - beautiful Katie Shifley, 244 Butternut Drive. I will never forget Katie Shifley—great kisser.

It was summer break love affair. We met at a dance in the late spring between our junior and senior year of high school. A bunch of us guys used to drive the twenty-seven miles to Cloverdale. You know, *the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence*. So it seemed with the girls of Cloverdale.

Love at first sight comes but once in a lifetime it seems. Ours began when I asked her to dance for the first time. I had to ask her to dance the moment I first saw her, was compelled to, as if some omnipotent force willed us to be together that night. We danced together the rest of the night, our bodies flowing to the music as if one. After the dance, when we said goodbye, she kissed me tenderly. It was electric and we both knew.

And, as I leave Cloverdale I wonder: is her long auburn hair, that glistened in the sunlight and was breathtaking to smell, now feathered with touches of gray; has her tall lean body born the usual effects of bearing a child or two; or has the crows claws of father time etched evidence around her bright emerald eyes; and are her soft elegant fingers that laced mine throughout that summer now calloused? Oh, to kiss them again just one more time.

And, when her almond cream, velvet soft skin is now gently caressed by fingertips does she shiver and sigh? Oh, to touch her skin again one more time.

And, I wonder when she sits and stares up at a full moon on a balmy summer night does she remember those nights, remember that night, our last night? Oh, to have one more night under a full moon with Katie Shifley of 244 Butternut Drive.

And, I wonder when she hears 'Unchained Melody' on the radio does she remember? If she drives through Cloverdale, does she remember?

Bound by a youthful quest for love's understanding we clung to each other on a summer's voyage, discovering passion and oneness of the heart and soul—all of this beginning when our eyes first met. Oh, why does such a love not continue for a lifetime?

Oh, where for art thou Katie Shifley?