

Michael Fitzgerald's 55-Word Writing Contest

STOCKTON

By **Tim Nunes**

February 19, 2012

He rolled down valley highway,
past backyard cacti and
deserted juice stands.

She sailed 'cross sparkling water,
past foreign freighters and
floating hyacinth.

They met at dusk,
the sun behind twin demons,
peat dust on their shoes.

He brought walnuts,
she brought wine,
a toast was shared.

"To us," he said.
"To us," she replied.