

## Tarrytown

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*Christopher Ribaldo*

I am going to Tarrytown today,  
visit its rolling greens and snow-white steeples  
to see an old friend from South Hampton.

When classmates at the University —  
it was always Hamptons in the summer,  
Tarrytown in Fall. It was effortless.

However, responsibilities had come,  
encounters slipped to postage and paper.

I came from Tarrytown this morning. How  
he had changed so much — he lay so still and cold.

When the train pulled from the station, I wept,  
— remembering walks, talks, and South Hampton.