

## Young Notes

Hugh Findlay | Poetry



Now at this age,  
decades later,

I re-read old poetry and  
discover old notes to myself  
of words and lines  
that meant something then,

moved me somehow,  
sent me dashing to deliver  
magical thoughts and tips  
to the old me now.

Do I still get it? Can I still feel?  
Must I be so unapologetically smitten  
with poetry, that I ache  
like a new lover?

Note:  
"Tons of soil / Sons of toil"  
Well, not bad I guess,  
for a *spoonerism*.

Did I know it was called that then?  
Would I wear these clothes then?  
Drive that car? Marry that girl?  
Or even say "spoonerism" in public?

Little echoes of a pure mind,  
these muted mutterings.  
And I half thought my soul  
was still not for sale.



HUGH FINDLAY (he/him)'s writing  
and photography have been  
published worldwide. Nominated for  
a Pushcart Prize in 2020 for poetry,  
and the Best Microfiction Anthology  
2024, he is in the third trimester of  
life and hopes y'all like his stuff.

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