

# Synchronicity

Silver to Gold

Quicksand gobbled my brother's boot.  
Hopalong Cassidy outfit  
in mud.

Black and white garb now muddied brown.  
Now bootless he limps home alone  
in tears.

Silver grommets caked with mud, dimmed,  
lackluster like his cowboy garb,  
caked guns.

Black hat with white rim, hangs on string.  
Wet, mourning the boot, muddy mess,  
shine gone.

Boot never found, quicksand swallowed  
by housing. Brother' cowboy days  
soon past.

He drove autocross races in  
slick, shiny cars, skilled hands with shoes  
polished.

Twice the National Champion  
and other trophies in silver  
and gold.

Muddied past gone. Now on asphalt.  
Colorful uniforms not black  
and white.

**Synchronicity:** Created by Debra Gundy  
Eight three-line (triplets) stanzas.  
Syllable Pattern: 8-8-2

Coincidence of events that seems to be meaningfully related.

No rhyme. First person with a twist.  
Twist to be revealed within the last two stanzas.