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Children Run Wild

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss4/12
Their mouths bend over restless rubber swings
While they cut and stain their hand-me-down knees
Creating scars that mark the passage of eternity

Their voices are long that make weary mothers weep
And can silence the creeping elongated shadows
That signal the sleeping of the sun

Their giggles parallel the veteran branches of the pines
Repeating teases and rhymes while jumping over a well-versed rope
Bequeathed to them by their more learned brothers and sisters

Their smiles blossom after touching "safe"
Flames swamp their cheeks while pausing to lasso the wind
Before streaming off to lie low in a cover of discarded autumn petals

Their tongues dance in jazz squares
That are backpacked over muddy baseball diamonds
On the shoulders of a drifting gust

Their lips scream for the angles of every new revelation
Developing rules to inexperienced frolics
That castrates the legends of formality and handshakes

Their jaws clamp onto each rusty blade of soil
Consuming the dew from the trampled sage grass
Served beside mud-pies and shirt-staining juice boxes
Their ignorance chases the looming horizon in fear of loosing all that is sacred and scarce