

HOME, CHILDREN AT PLAY

A white castle, southern style
brick-strong holds me
In its warmth, hands firm,
the grasp secure

Tall oak trees, with acorns yielding
to red toy wagons' playfulness and squirrels' hunger
Leaves so tiny each spring a child's
hands eagerly tough, a smell so sweet to the eye

Colored fall of reddened leaves' blanket
summer's yard of tag games
while the grass folds beneath small feet
and the hands clasp together in victory's strength

A circular island directs traffic
and before it rests a sign
"Careful, Children at Play"
how fragile, not even knowing

Father's leaving and so must we
for sale the yard and brick strong
dream hands letting me go belie words
"don't worry" you will be sheltered ...things will be fine...

Why no longer is there a place of
once soft dreams where tiny leaves
and hoarded acorns give respite
to new restless yearnings, never ceasing?

The pieces fit once, and who can
replace a puzzle once broken?
Was it ever real...can we ever know
in the heart, once home is no longer; and no longer
Children at Play.

Commented [JS1]: This is a poignant poem that captures both the safety of your childhood and the breakage resulting from the divorce. The images are very evocative, you can feel the leaves, the acorns, see the squirrels and the little red wagon. And then it is all gone – so sad!