

Snapshots Adrift

I.

Slide and trampoline lines,
The original pecking order.
Clambering up the steps to gaze triumphantly across the playground,
Sovereign over all others.

II.

Joined the front to support the fight.
War is a peaceless puzzle, but it's easy to root for the home team.
A stray round, a phantom limb now aches on the sidelines,
No funerals for denied expectations.

III.

Lust at first sight gradually begat
Love and respect, and even some trust.
Tin cans scraping pavement announce
Departure to a life loved together.

IV.

A misty brow, long-furrowed,
Yammering in a dry heat.
She turned and asked to where the grandchildren were galloping off,
"Who are you?" He asked blankly.