

jump rope nooses

By Rowan Waller

the first daycare I went to didn't live up to the high standards society has now
a few adults who watched the horde of children often chainsmoked and sat inside
fighting the finicky vending machines that always ate their quarters
we waged war over the playground spaces using jump ropes as nooses and lassos
some kids are still scarred with the red gashes that came from being prisoners of war
back then there were miles of empty space beyond our territory it was
untouched land and off limits even to the oldest members of our clan
if a Frisbee disc or soccer ball ever ventured past the boundary fence it was
considered lost to everyone, nothing ever came back from those forbidden fields
now the plot we spilled blood and tears over is in the heart of Tulsa
dental offices and nail salons dot the space where I once dug halfway to China through
dense clay and marble using only a garden trowel and plastic spoons