Park Swings
By Samuel Curren

We heave our legs forward  
And back, forward and back,  
Across acres of air washing  
Past us like Fridays.

Your curtain of hazel hair
Unfurls as your pearly cheeks
Balloons. You gaze over the kids,
Green slides, and dirt hills as if I
And the rest of the world
Are an afterthought.

We land, crunching the bark
As you turn toward me:
“I went higher than you.”
“I know. I looked at you once
And that messed me up.”
You tilt your head
To the ground, but your lips
Curve quietly upward;
You have never beaten me
Before.

One day, when the clouds drag
Themselves across the sky
And our games lie forgotten,
I will return to find the echoes
Of your voice rippling through the air
Or your tepid hand pinching my shoulder.