Ashley Price

Humanities - 3/4

25 Sept. 2013

**The Place For All Ages**

Back and forth,

up and down.

“How high can you go?”

The grass tickles my little, pale bare feet as I swing.

At this age, there isn’t a care in the world.

Back and forth,

up and down, but slower.

Thinking. Thinking.

About today, tomorrow, past, and future.

I hear the creaking of the swing against the hook it’s being held by,

loud and high pitch like a cat’s meow.

My structure is growing older,

but it knows it is loved.

Back and forth,

up and down no more.

“A pool should go here.” They say.

The structure enjoys the weeks he has because he doesn’t know how many more he will get.

His wood is becoming sad, the swings are becoming a dull green.

The once little girl returns for one last visit.

I swing back and forth,

up and down.

Once again.