

Remember Hopscotch

I.

Remember hopscotch?

The straight lines between each oval, square,

The joy of jumping over them

And springing into air?

II.

Her default landing place at 7

Was fear of flying high.

She chose to ride trains, not planes;

Afraid to die.

She didn't even dig out weeds

Among her flower, dear,

For fear her back would quickly freeze.

She even gave up beer.

A hurricane destroyed her house,

But left her quite alive.

However, she grew thin and gaunt.

A small boy picked her up one day.

He twirled her round and round.

He threw her all the way to Mars,

Having plucked her from the ground.

Her flight to Mars was long and cool;

Breezes touched her here and there.

The smell of roses spread through clouds

And bird calls filled the air.



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Since there was nothing she could do
To stop her flight towards death,
She let herself relax a bit
Before her final breath.

In fact she even spread her arms,
Like trying out her wings.

Since no one could make fun of her,
She soon began to sing.

Then drifted back to the little boy
Who heard her voice in song.

“A singing stick!” he cried with delight.
“It’s my own magic wand!”

He threw and tossed it.
He poked his dog and cat.
He made a frilly hat for it,
And noticed it was getting fat.

It sprouted limbs
And colored leaves
He loved it even more.
And when he threw it higher,
The stick began to soar.

She swooped and leaped and cartwheeled
And like a little puppy dog.
She asked the boy for more.
She dared to do a somersault
Upon great heaven’s floor.

The default spot became for her,
The same as for the boy.
A limitless, expectant place;
The wisdom to court joy.

Of course, this has its drawbacks,
When you’re nothing but a stick.
So my dearest, aged friends,
Even when you’re sick,
Think of something daring;
Then do it, quick.



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