

## MIMI BRODSKY CHENFELD

### *In the Playground*

The child swings;  
the mother sits.  
Across the green  
a wild boy climbs  
red bars and blue bars.

The child swings,  
stares beyond trees,  
flat, brick buildings  
into foaming clouds.

The mother sits,  
hands on lap,  
on a no-back bench  
pocked with pierced hearts,  
old dates.

The boy's entangled  
in red and blue bars.  
He slips,  
clutches a pole.

On the swing,  
the child pumps.  
Legs stretched.  
Head back.

On the hard bench,  
the mother shifts.  
Her eyes stay  
on her swinging child.

Across the green,  
the boy climbs.  
His feet hold firm.  
His hands are sure.

The child swings.  
The mother sits.  
The wild boy's a windy flag  
spread against the sky  
from the last blue bar.