

Cops and Robbers

Stephen Fannin

The year I turned ten
I became the sheriff of my back yard.
And my best friend Larry began a lifetime of crime.

I was a lot of fun keeping "law and order" between
our back yards.
Stopping only for lunch, I guarded the precious jewels
in the dog house,
While Larry schemed to steal them.

At dinner my badge would come off;
Larry unmasked himself too.
For the time being, I let him escape.
Until tomorrow when we would start all over again...

**1996 High School Poetry Contest,
Fourth Place Winner**

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