Playground

by Will Shade

The Keds-stubbed grass, toy trucks without wheels,
and Band-aids threaded in the sand…
Most parenting is vigilance.
Seconds ahead of its own sound,

a passenger jet spears the heights
not far above the treetops,
drowning the traffic and playground cries
till the action stops

and children stand transfixed.
Some learn the word early, some late,
But all acknowledge its import.
The mommies chat real estate.

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