

When kids played marbles

By Glenn Currier

I look into Sweetpea's eyes
as we languish sleepy in bed
she purrs
I stroke her soft coat
think about cats eyes marbles.

You have to be a certain age
to know about marbles
how to knuckle down
and flip your thumb just right
on the small glass globe or steely
to hit the marblemade X
in the middle of the circle
scratched in the dirt.

I don't know if kids can find dirt any more.
Everything's St. Augustine, Bermuda, or concrete
or table tops or laps
with electronic gismos
interacting with a screen.

Oh! how I loved playing in the dirt
making roads and tunnels
in the pile of sandy loam
behind Buddy's house.
That was heaven.
Even now I breathe a peaceful sigh
thinking about those afternoons constructing cities together
laying in the dirt looking up
spotting rabbits and buffalo in the clouds .

What a joy
being
outside.

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