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## Recess at Midnight

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# RECESS AT MIDNIGHT

by Allie Pines

You called it my spy car.  
I was your James Bond, crouching  
in the woodchips of rocket ships and enemy fortresses,  
cleverly disguised as yellow plastic—

the street light flickered orange  
as electricity skipped across a florescence of puddles  
not yet splashed through.

We shouted “bang” at the dark  
as if telling the world to play dead would stop time,

(our words hitting the cogs and chipping the teeth  
like the slide that chipped mine)

yet even the leaves are rusted  
and falling while the trees shake their bare branches like bones—

(when did I outgrow this skeleton place?)

I took you to East Hall  
and we watched the vines grow into the classrooms.

*Everything is evolving. Everything is falling apart.*

The chairs are still there—

clicking together like the clockwork of ourselves.

