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## A Children's Game

Amy Bradshaw  
*East Grand Rapids High School*

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Amy Bradshaw

A CHILDREN'S GAME

Sometimes, lately, I have begun to feel like a used deck  
of cards.

The kind with the old maid;

We used to play that game in the sweat of a summer's night,

Hating to get the old lady,

Trying in all ways to get rid of her.

Passing out the singing bluebirds,

Waiting to pick them up, turn them over and see if we were

The unfortunate.

We could tell by an expression who had been passed the  
bad card,

Laughing with relief that we had not received the maid,

The lady was a symbol of all that was evil then.

We all had the same feeling about it:

hate.

Sometimes, lately, I have begun to feel like a used deck  
of cards,

The kind with the old maid.