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The Children

Lucille B. Reigle

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THE CHILDREN

Lucille B. Reigle

To break the miasma of maturity's discipline
There appeared an aura of light and pink froth.

It was bound by supple limbs, fair skin and
Wispy hair and seemed if embraced too tightly
Would crush, dissolve, never to appear again.
It danced to music, jumped rope, climbed trees
And laughed joyously at simple things.
It collected firecrackers or detergent bottles
Things we call junk and cached them away.

Forgive our night—What ask they of us
But to sing with them whatever song
They're singing.