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After School / A Few Lines

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Dick Chapman

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Lasting skills

After School

By Diane Glancy

If not for this, what then?
The years of school
I learned to read and make loops
with the pencil,
not knowing what it was for:
the silent years of classrooms,
enduring radiator hiss and
dryness in my throat.
The harsh toilet paper.
The smell of brown paper towels.
If not for this, what then?
I learned to read your letters
and I can write:
knot-grass twists around the fence;
trees touch above wet streets.
I can tell you of cracks
in the sidewalk
and locusts in trees.
Swallows fly over fields with
the stress and pitch
of your love.
Wind blows steady as it does
off the ocean.

Maybe a case of puppy love

A Few Lines

By Dick Chapman

Send me a letter, dear, if only to say you think of me often,
although I'm far away.
I remember you clearly tho the years have gone by--
the curve of your chin, the light of your eyes.
Send me a letter, dear; it need not be long.
Change sorrow to smiles and tears into songs.
Dreams that overcome me
And make my heart glad.
Send me a letter, dear; a few lines will do--
Lines that give life and hope of true love.