

fences

i'm eight:  
    back when  
    my dreams were  
    of treasure hunting;  
    when  
    the backdoor was freedom  
    and my yard  
    the furthest bounds  
    to be wandered.

but this isn't my yard.  
not anymore.  
not when  
the fence is collapsing.

but if i can just fix it —  
if i can balance those posts  
and shield them from wind —  
then i'm still eight;  
then i still need to be home for dinner.

the fence is fine.  
the fence is safe.  
the fence is familiar.  
and you know what,  
my yard didn't even have a fence  
when i was eight,  
to tell you the truth.  
just trees and  
a mutual understanding.  
    but that's  
    still a fence.

i don't know myself  
without a fence —  
hypothetical or not.  
    but without it,  
    i certainly can't stay eight.  
    so hold this post for me,  
    would you?  
    my arms are getting tired.