

The Swings on Crane Avenue

PARKER WILLIAMS

He loved them,
would sit there for hours and dream about flying,
close his eyes as the wind rushed his ears
and the world was blocked out and he was alone.

Momentum carried him faster and faster
and on three he would jump
and for a moment believe he'd taken flight
only to come crashing back to earth.

The chains have rusted now
on the swings on Crane Avenue
and when the wind blows
the empty seats sway.