When You’re Young

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Abstract

Old man squats leans against the grey brick of the walls and twists green rubberbands into memories of green childhood. The knotty spotty hands once clung strong to tree branches and aimed correct pebbles at pigeons...
When You’re Young

by

Joie Hand

English 2

Old man squats
leans against the grey brick of the walls
and twists green rubberbands
into memories of green childhood.
The knotty spotty hands
once clung strong to tree branches
and aimed correct pebbles at pigeons.
Now they have trouble feeding his weak mouth
void of good teeth and sensitive taste.
He used to run for miles, he says,
through flowered pastures
on legs now stick thin and splintery.
They, the grey nurses, don’t let him
wander far now.
The little boy is confined to the grey brick
and green dreams.
But it’s all right.
When you’re young, dreams take you
to all the places you need to go.