

MARBLES

In the rush of sunfall days
fugues of boys spilled marbles
in chromatic fantasies of glass.
The glee of bulging pockets
clustered bright in rings
inscribed upon the ground
until well-thumbed shooters blew
the unaccommodating beads
and sent them spinning
all away in dust to lie
unbroken somewhere lost
as boys with flatted pockets
who are men.