

Games.....

Chester Sheppard Dawson

Who does not remember? Pieces of glass

chatoyant

magnetic

fierce risks

shrieks

gains. Enough to get excited about?

Apparently. Out of nowhere, the gang: A

shallow excavation in the hard path while

obediently behind a line scratched with a stick,

the toss.

A hole-in-one stood to gain the scintillating

treasure hereabouts. Amidst ragged glee and

shouts, crafty semi-adherence to the rules, a

meager skill evolved. Win or lose. As always.

One reflects as candles wane: Perhaps marbles aren't quite

so inane. For lesser things whole nations rise

and fall, for pieces of brightly-colored paper in-

gloriously sought by us all. Watch this game!

Then reconsider the squealing chaos of kids with

neither widows made nor orphans strewn.

High noon! And still Paper First, whereas kids still settle

for lesser bait. There are implications here:

Perils

await which we are not to ignore or evade, and per-

haps an exchange of paper for glass might be a wise

trade? Not so. Not so. The ancient avarice simmers:

the evil lies at hand.

The paper of the world is still in command.