

SATURDAYS IN AUGUST REMEMBERED

David Cornel DeJong

We swung in the walnut tree,
shed shoes but rocketed fancies,
with faces so wide for all
the day dragonflies might dart
into them and we wouldn't care.

We galloped down chipmunk lanes,
rattled wooden sabres, traipsed
like untethered billy-goats
and never stopped to look for men.
who could teach us tricks of virtue.

Went home at last, after a dip
in the lake, found a turtle
older than time remembered, knew
we'd stay that way and any old place
forever in case August never ended.

Were scolded by a diffident mother,
listened to a peck of don'ts,
because it happened to be Saturday
and we should be careful of sisters
all butterflied up with ribbons.

And soon Saturday ended like
a thing on trial when Father came
worrying home already loaded with
strictures and moods and prayers
for the judgment day of Sunday.