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 chipmunkly 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.