

A New Playmate

(for Matthew, aged 2, of Beacon Hill)

Yesterday my two-year old boy
must have wandered down our wide lawn
through the long shadow the big pine can make with the morning sun;
smiling as tall blades of wet grass
tickled his unprotected feet,
laughing with chirping black birds,
all the way to the very edge
of our swimming pool.

And he must have gazed
much longer than I could
at the strange moving surface of stars
until the new face
looked up at him: happy
he got down on his knees and reached
out in play.

His body splashed it to fragments
that still are bobbing.

T. Grove