

"Little Boys"

Shama Nathan

With their worn out jeans, and mischievous grins they are ready for adventure.

I pity what might come their way.

Kicking trashcans, bottles, sticks and stones, as they stomp along,

The parents of these ruffians are long gone to town.

With a tattered hat strapped under chin, a sock rolled up near the knee,

The other near its ankle, they scurried across the lake.

As they hop-cross, they bring down each other, each boy and his brother.

They are laughing now once they reached the end.

Muddy and soaking wet, they scurry towards home.

Small footprints, brown and faint, line the door, and all throughout the kitchen floor.

Clothes sticky and heavy are strewn across porch, shoes are thrown against the ground.

The sound of mother coming is near, she has not idea what she is about to bear.