

Lacing

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VII.

Sometimes I kneel down to play a game
from my childhood. Only then can I feel
grains of gravel, each pebble digs in so real.
Sometimes I act as though I am the same,
a young girl, rope in hand, at the tetherball game:
I blare out rule after rule and feel them peal
within me, as though I'm chanting to be healed
from some minor infraction. It's lame,
to say the least, to be kneeling alone

with socks full of holes—so he came to play.
From the lining of his vest, he took out jacks
and a small rubber ball. “You’re not here alone,”
he said before throwing his with mine. “Let’s play
until the sky breaks from the throwing of our jacks.”