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# My Grandfather's Swing

by Joelenn Peterman

It wasn't grand—  
no, not by a sight.  
But it was powerful  
standing alone in the night.

People came from all over the land  
to seek approval, praise, or just a kind  
hand.

Dreams were shared; tears were shed.  
We all looked for strength from an old  
man's heart and head.

The people, the house, the barn have  
out lived their days,  
but the white swing with the green  
trim still moves and sways.  
Driving by the long-deserted land,  
I turn to see an old man's raised hand.

It's a hand beckoning me to return  
to a place and a time for which I have  
yearned,  
a time when an old man and a little  
girl like me  
shared our love and dreams in a  
swing of white and green.■

*JOELENN PETERMAN*, a 1973 SOSU B.A.E. graduate, now lives in Los Angeles. "My Grandfather's Swing" is her second published poem.