Mission / Trampoline

Christian Brooks

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Clang! Clang!  
Clangalang!  

The rusty triangle summons the ranks for supper.  

We were hard and dirty soldiers.  
The day had been long,  
and we had achieved much.  

We were hurried at the meal,  
for we still had much more to do.  

We eyed each other,  
silently knowing what lay ahead.  

One hour 'til sunset,  
back to our posts.  

Another mission: Search and Destroy.  

Another clod fight,  
in Grandma's backyard.  

The bigger the better,  
That's what I always say,  
when I'm speaking about trampolines.  

With just the right number of springs missing (the rustier, the better),  
I always say.  

The black nylon tarp  
That gets so hot in the summer sun  
is best with a few half-dollar-sized holes  
scattered about  
(the ones made by the neighbor's kid when nobody was home).  

Only two at a time on the tramp,  
you'd holler—  
cause only two were allowed.  
No jumping with your shoes on,  
you'd cry—  
after all, the tramp was in your backyard.  

Do you remember the sound of untied shoelaces  
popping against the rising tarp,  
the pop made by the sticks that had fallen on it  
during the night?  
Do you remember thinking you could jump  
the highest in the world?  

You could—you still can.