



7-15-1991

Mission / Trampoline

Christian Brooks

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Recommended Citation

Brooks, Christian (1991) "Mission / Trampoline," *Westview*: Vol. 10 : Iss. 4 , Article 28.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol10/iss4/28>

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MISSION

—By Christian Brooks

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.

Trampoline

—By Christian Brooks

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.

(CHRISTIAN BROOKS, a SOSU sophomore English
major from Austin, Texas, plans to pursue a career in
writing.) *

Vicarity

DESIGNED BY OLIVIA ORTIZ