

## The Swing

I push with my feet, then pull with my fists on the ropes,  
At first sweeping up, and then swooping down,  
A touch and a go, a to and a fro, where my hopes  
Abound of fleeing the ground.

I swing like a pendulum, swish to a peak, and fall back;  
Each side then just mimics half-spirals of motion,  
Both mirrorlike twins, meeting up twice at half track,  
As at shore ebb and tide of the ocean.

Rising higher each time, I'm hoping the trip will soon stop  
Just a second to claim my seat on a cloud,  
But my Icarus vision, which captures a vanquished tree top,  
Now plunges to humble the proud.

The arc of my flight in the park has full flared to half circle,  
And, brushing the summit, I bail from my seat,  
A trapezist who dares to trespass on air in the circus,  
To find the braved field bittersweet.

At five years of age, as if freed from a cage once for all,  
I flew as though plumed and then fell in my play,  
A broken-winged bird, but in spite of the sprawling, hard fall,  
I still dream of flying today.

*Stephen Wentworth Arndt*