

What Boys Find

We made forts high up in sap-filled evergreens
to protect us from our natural enemies:
Parents, teachers, and law enforcement.

They were wise never to attack us in our plywood perches,
but vigilance waned and stomachs growled, and soon
we'd wander back into their web of chores and homework and rules.

Every hour of classroom tyranny or pointless chores
had to be negated with an hour of mischief,
shameless consumerism, or anything forbidden, like:

Exploring construction zones, building secret forts
and hidden bases, climbing atop the church roof,
roaming around abandoned farmhouses with backpacks
full of nudie mags, stealing through the graveyard in darkness,
trying to smoke the butts of cigarettes at the Beer Cave,
putting pennies on the railroad tracks, throwing rocks
at houses, or tipping Biffs in the dead of night.

Everytown has gems for boys to find.