

Jenna Sundel

I remember the day the swingset came,  
It seemed tall, shiny, and grand to us then.  
I don't remember the day it became lame.  
I cannot remember how, why, or when.

Possibly when the swings started to squeak  
or when we started to grow and it shranked.  
All I know is that our new strength made it weak.  
The swingset and us were no longer linked.

Yet the day it went away made us cry,  
for it is always hard to say goodbye.