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Childhood

Casey Kerns
Concordia University-Portland

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Childhood

Kerns: Childhood

Casey Kerns

I sit on the table
my dad fashioned-my old bedroom door
soaking in still silence of the back pasture.
Remembering youthful days.

Red and blue paint
covers green house siding
hammered to tree trunks
 A makeshift paintball course.

Empty cans hang from branches
by bright orange twine
 secretly cut from hay bales.

Childhood laughter haunts the clearing
where we built our saloon.
Old milk jugs filled with water,
nails driven through lids
form water-taps.

We trade monopoly money
for Safeway bags of pinecones:
 ammunition for the coming war.
We crawl through mud, Camo-clad, armed with BB guns
 Preparing for battle.

The crackling of burning needles awakens me.
I hear my dad call out.
The last of my memories is thrown
onto the trailer and driven
to the burn pile.
The childhood that I once knew,
slowly turns to ash.