

Leaving Sunday School

Brightly pastel, as if tufting the air, she twirls
At the door, beribbons her hair, and pats her dress
Going out. As if in gossamer, she smiles distress
That her shoelaces, undone, bounce like curls
As she runs. There, by a sycamore tree, squirrels
Turn and dart before her, up the bark to impress
Sparrows, robins, and wrens observing not less
Than spring, and her especially, who furls
A lilac, with dextrous twist, around her finger.
As I say she should run, she does, down a walk,
But then I wish I had asked her to stop and talk,
To tell me why she should not solemnly linger
To consider furry and feathery creatures up there,
How she could saucily teach them how better to care
For each other.

—Clinton F. Larson