

## MEMBERSHIP

### CHILDREN PLAYING LIKE KITTENS

scrambling and rolling  
caring for nothing nor time  
but the moment  
watch them  
gentle as a summers breeze  
in their cocoons of sleep  
dreaming of wonderful things.

they cry but quickly forgive and forget  
innocence is their guardian angel  
youth their teacher  
they laugh and the strings of their hearts dance  
rainbows replace grey clouds  
and mighty dragons race to play.

tho' youth is short and quickly spent  
they grow up  
what was fun, now ceases to be so  
another plain is reached  
of cars and girls and jobs and homes  
then marriage saying I do.

one two three the children come  
playing the same old games  
bringing smiles their parents somehow lost.