

## PLAYING IN THE SAND

*Kevin Griffin*

With the world noise all around him,  
with sweep of July swallows about him,  
and the song of the birds above him,  
and the gentle breeze and the sun  
and the sky and the evening,  
he played.

With the mountains behind him,  
and the sea and the mountains in front,  
from field and bog and garden,  
with the odours of summer around him  
he played.

He played as kittens play the games  
now for fun  
later they would play for real  
in other Julys.

Wordsworth's boy played his games  
from the past  
and the future  
sketching his dreams in fields of sand,

breathing life into  
little red tractors, cars  
and dutiful cows  
humming his very own background.

In easeful, complete intensity  
he was at one with his creation  
peopled with his people;  
pliant, pliable,  
he could march his own soldiers  
to the top of the hill.

He would have to shower before tea,  
washing away grains  
of shining sand.  
The fields of play would linger  
slowly losing shape  
drifting to other patterns.