**The Backyard Fence**

Taken from “New Perspectives” on 9-11-2013

I stand.

 I stand with proper posture –

 I never slouch.

I absorb the sun;

I watch my chalky paint flake off.

My body is scarred.

My wood is bruised.

Year after year I am

Rammed by ball after ball;

The careless weed whacker

Slicing my tender surface.

Children – once young, now grown –

Jump my giant fortress –

Kicking and scratching as they go.

I have been soaked by relentless storms;

I have been rocked by fiery winds.

I am fragile.

I am old.

 Yet I stand.