

EAST-SIDE CHILDREN PLAYING

Bodenheim, Maxwell, 1892-1954

This lame boy with eyes like rain-washed berries,
Stares at an orange on a push-cart,
And seems a dwarf-tree slightly leaning toward the sun.
Behind him, a chubby girl buried in soiled pink clothes,
Swings her candy stick as though it were a scepter
And the doorstep on which she sits an ancient throne.
Above her, two boys with faces
Like clumsily painted cherubs,
Calmly slap each other's cheeks, and joyously weep.
Then, a twisted washed out old man
Drags himself past, and the children smile at him.