



# HER

*sculpture*

*Sophie Caillault / sophomore*

# PLAY PLACE

*free verse*

*Grace Lang / sophomore*

Walking through the forest, to the old play place of our awkward years.  
 Fallen branches, webs and weeds, choke our aging path.  
 Trekking past barriers, soon reaching what we no longer recognize.  
 The resonating sounds of cars as they fly past, the canopy above,  
 they remind us of what once was.  
 But it's so decayed, so dismal.  
 Hanging branches and tall grass almost completely obscure the bars we hung from,  
 and the beams we balanced on.

This was expected, having been years since there was a single thought of this place.  
 My memories, packed away, stacked in the back of my mind, open their folds  
 and start to flow in front of my eyes.

We continue to wade through this cutting grass as my memories become vivid and  
 colorful:

falling from the metal beam, which ended with a hospital trip and stitches,  
 the never-ending competition to reach the farthest monkey bar,  
 and pushing friends into spider webs that decorated the winding forest.

This feeling of sadness will fade, and we stop caring what becomes of our old  
 memories.

Our individual little boxes will get pushed farther, into a darker and darker corner.  
 We should not forget, the experiences as valuable as these.

We should not forget the friends who came with us, even when school and life  
 distance us.

Returning to your individual places, conversing with old friends, relishing in these  
 memories.

Working our boxes, push after push, back to where we can treasure them.

The grave of our play place, finally at rest, an aura of dense woods bringing her  
 peace.

Do not forget. Remember your friends, your adventures, the good and even the bad.  
 As a collective, we do not realize her value until it is too late.

She brought you joy; do not dispose of what she gave you.