

Third Prize – Grades 7 & 8

## **The Swing**

lay abandoned  
in the woods \_ a rusty relic  
from some other child's life, sunlight  
filtered through the trees and caught  
sinking leaves in beams of cold light.  
overgrown weeds coiled  
near the base and swayed slowly in sync  
with the breeze. the swing looked forlorn,  
as if mourning its lack of activity.  
maybe this was a boy's summer project –  
he would fly until the school year came –  
until he abandoned it.  
maybe it was a meeting spot  
for a group of children  
who formed faux plans, never to be completed.  
i don't know its story: who built it  
or when. but i do know it was loved  
and used. and i know that soon  
the seat will rot,  
the ropes will fray, and it will  
disappear  
along with all its memories.

**by Nicco, Edgecomb, ME**