

*Idle Thoughts*  
*Playground Wall*

WHAT memories in you are stored?  
What playground games have taken place  
Against your time-worn, moss-bricked face?  
What batting tyros fell from grace,  
Chalk stumps hit before they'd scored?

What bravely bruised and bleeding knees  
Have testified to heroes' role  
In some imagined superbowl,  
Defending rough-scratched chalky goal,  
While super-striker scored with ease?

What infant brows have sought to peek  
When pressed against your rustic red —  
Discerning where young playmates fled —  
To smooth pursuer's path, instead  
Of having honest hide-and-seek?

Whose toil-torn hands and patient rote,  
In daily toil, in wet and dry,  
Laid brick and brick, and by and by  
Made headway sideways to the sky?  
No brick brought progress he could note.

He must have sensed a waste of time,  
As brick and brick he picked and laid —  
For every brick, I'm sure, dismayed  
The man who contemplated, weighed,  
And failed to find a hint of climb.

This wall is long, it's high, it's wide.  
Though weather-worn, it still stands tall  
And proud — but noticed not at all:  
It's always there. . . but just a wall.

## *Idle Thoughts*

Who cares it breathes a builder's pride?

The school's been closed. No shouts resound.  
Tall weeds emerge through playground tar,  
Or take a liberty too far:  
Find mortar cracks and grow and mar  
An ancient wall that stands its ground.

It makes me feel. . . well, sad inside  
For years unnoticed by the hordes.  
Acclaim is not what life affords  
For unseen walls. No-one applauds,  
When brickwork's just a dead man's pride.

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