

## **Hopscotch**

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I think I have begun to understand why  
you would never let me out of the house  
under the open sky and carry with you  
a stone half my weight at all times

throwing it ahead of yourself repeatedly  
only to step in its trail, follow its lead  
as if it were one of those red pebbles  
that the girls used to play their games

of Hopscotch, a sport I always had  
a knack for - I could maintain my  
balance and hop longer, faster and more  
precisely on a single leg than any of the

others, which was perhaps because it  
was the only way of getting around that  
I had ever known, it came naturally to me  
and I did know how to cast the red pebble

so that it neatly landed in just the right spot.  
But you insisted that I had failed long ago  
at my first and most important game of  
hopscotch, stepping out of the safe base

and landing where the pebble wasn't thrown  
which is what gave me my knack for the game.  
I can't seem to ever recall any of it but today  
at the Madrasa we had a lesson on "land-mines".