

as the frigid archipelago they grow.

Football Field

Peopled in ghosts the dark field sleeps,
Yesterday's boys have found a goal
On dusty road or bare atoll,
Playing for keeps.

Silvered the empty bleachers curve,
Small winds stirring under the moon.
Only the lonely stars observe
Ghosts of a russet afternoon.

Hands on hips, the whistle blowing,
A joyous and tumultuous wall
Of boys to meet a fragile ball,
The long line crouches, straightens, flowing,
Somewhere beneath the bombs' cold light,
Armed with perilous sharp tools,
Armed with boys' own savage rules,
They play it out for keeps, tonight.

BIANCA BRADBURY.