



# CONFESSION

what do you see,  
in the eyes of a child  
when he looks up at you

what do you feel,  
when a child places  
his soft, small hand in yours

what do you think about,  
when a child runs to you  
and calls you, dad

and tell me, please,  
what do you say to the child  
when he asks:

"who am i"

paul doucette

where have all the  
little children gone?

the playgrounds seem to be  
used less and less these days  
the sandboxes are empty and littered  
the swings are broken and still  
and the air is void of their young voices

there are battlegrounds  
all over this earth and they draw all to them  
the back streets of new york  
the rice fields of the orient  
the living rooms of our own homes  
the battles vary in suffering  
but the pain is there and hurts —  
where and when will it all end,  
this pain, this suffering  
or is this the inheritance we plan  
to give our children

take a moment and wonder:

where have all the  
little children gone?

paul doucette



## Friday Night Children

The night is clear now  
slashing rains quit,  
'Way past bedtime  
but the slippery black tar  
too good to miss.  
'Bikes switch to a buckling swirl  
stuccato brakes  
Shrieks of job in the night —  
Amber bubbles on the graize  
And the laughter dies.  
Discovery waits on the shore  
as the moon slides beneath.  
Fireflies in the water  
and a stick makes trails of fire  
A new delight —  
Sleep tight my babies

don twomey

# SOUR