

Fences

*Fences are such forbidden things.
They break the landscape line
For miles and miles.
And they separate your place from mine.*

*Like thorns on giant cactuses,
Their cruel barbs point out
To pierce the passer by.*

*One every hand
Over green pastures, fields and prairie lands,
They bar the paths
Of every creature that would roam afar.*

*If I could do as I pleased,
I wouldn't have a single fence,
But let them roam at ease.*



from "Leaves of Yesterday", Copyright Elvina Granlie McNamara, written at age 17.