

HOPSCOTCH

1 2 Buckle my shoe

3 4 Shut the door

5 6 Pick up sticks

7 8 Lay them—

straight

curved *looped*

coiled

double dutch

in urban jungles

Detroit teens sprinting in

then between tightly swinging ropes.

There, in the northeast corner

bottle-caps and stones

tossed on yellow-chalked

squares where Haitian girls

balance on tippy toes

mouthng such rhythmic joy

as they hopscotch

infectious with mirth.

This is what calls to Lynn—

playground laughter

children's smiles so free

supple limbs on an

asphalt sea.

She tosses her own tokens—

on which squares will they land?

on fields of sweet corn and collard greens?

in sheltered cobblestone farms?

or, endless liquid Pacific highways?

Now, she feeds her soul

on the aina

embraces a new ohana

commits to living pono

brandishing her own sword

of inspiration on

this mighty hilltop.

This is what calls to Lynn—

she of shimmering freshwater pools,

fierce dweller near the wild torrents.

She of spiritual gratitude

and contemplative awe.

Like the double-dutch and

hopscotch girls,

her urban feet fly into

blue space before

Lynn lands with such grace—

a prayer of goodwill pressed

between her fingertips.

—Allison Francis Paynter

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