

‘Play’ by Oscar K. (Thirds)

The morning hums with soft surprise,
As light spills out of waking skies,
Bare feet patter through the dew,
Chasing clouds the wind once knew
The grass, a sea; the trees, a gate -
The world unlocked, imagnate.

A branch becomes a knight's proud blade,
A rope swing through forest shade.
Laughter ricochets off stone,
Each shout a kingdom of its own.
Mud on fingers, leaves in hair -
Adventure, blooming everywhere.

Sidewalk chalk in bursts of hue,
Stars and Dragons drawn askew.
Puddles gleam like secret doors,
Inviting splashes, daring wars.
No schoolboard tallies loss or win -
the game is joy, the prize within

And when the dust begins to fall,
With amber light that soothes it all,
The echo fade, but not the spark-
Still glowing in the coming dark.
For every tumble, skip, and stray
Is how the soul remembers play