

FENCES

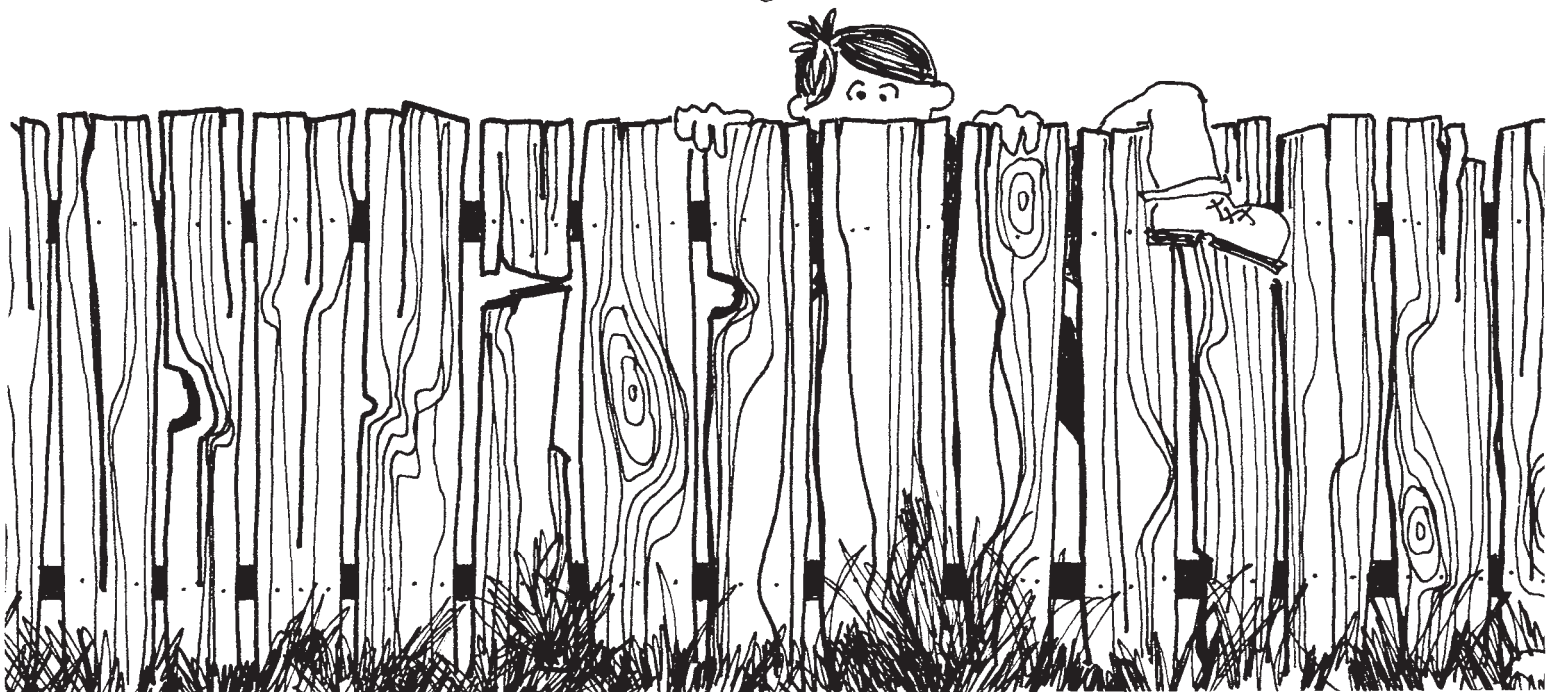
I wasn't good at kickball.
As a catcher I was bad.
The basketball eluded me.
As a runner it was sad.

But one thing I was good at,
Better than the rest.
When it came to climbing fences,
Clearly, I was best.

I'd hit a fence at sixty,
Grabbing madly for the top,
Throw one leg over, then the next,
Push away and drop!

Landing on the other side,
With a soft but solid plop,
I'd conquered one more fence,
And for the moment I could stop.

'Cause fences are like mountains,
At least to kids of eight or nine,
Just begging to be conquered,
Just waiting to be climbed.



Now grown-ups say that fences
Let you know where you should be.
Like rules we have to live by,
They keep things orderly.

But when I was a kid,
Somehow I didn't know.
So breaking all the rules,
Over fences I would go.

And now that I am all grown up,
It seems to me I find,
Some people building fences
Of a very different kind.

As long as some folks build them,
Build them high or build them wide,
I'll keep on climbing fences,
I need to know the other side.

And for every fence they build,
When all is done and said,
I think I'll try, for all my days,
To build a bridge instead.

