

## FENCES

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

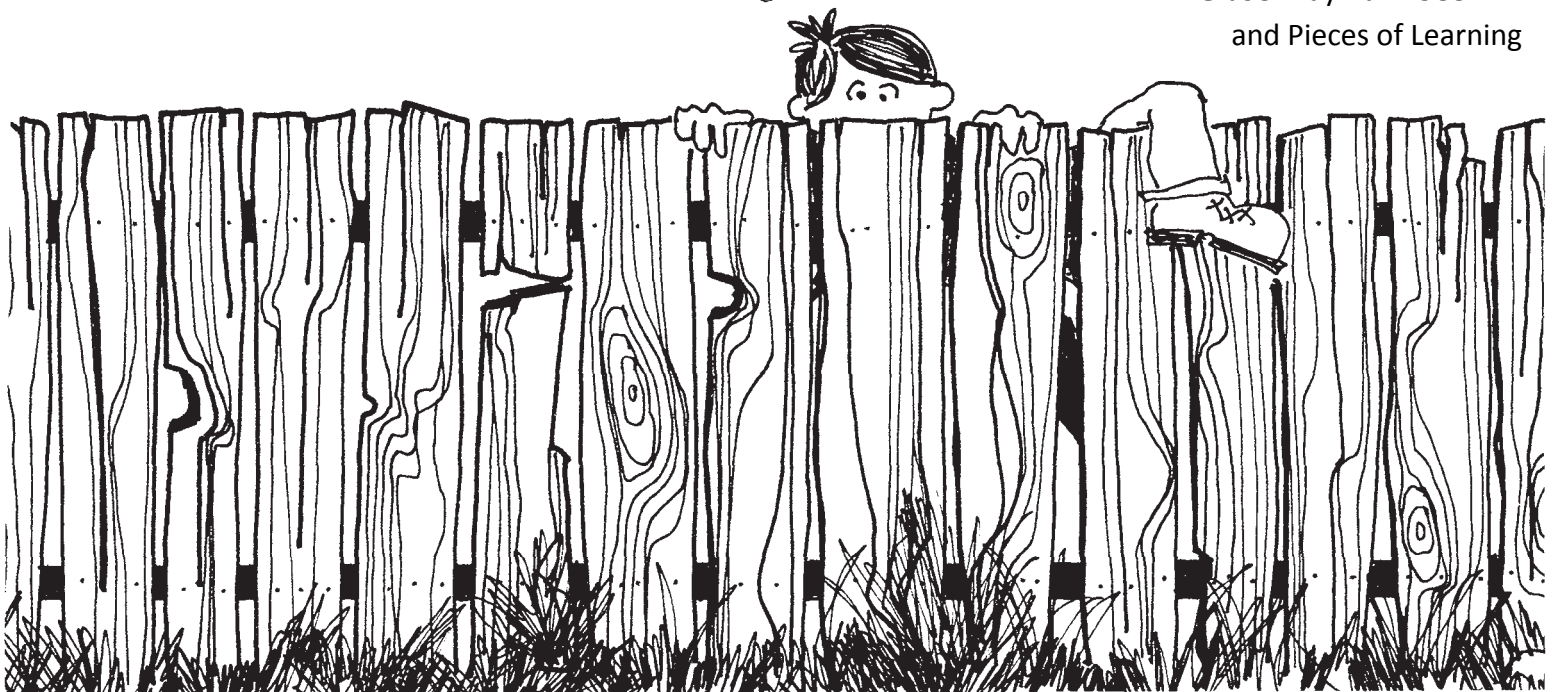
But one thing I was good at,  
Better than the rest.  
When it came to climbing fences,  
Clearly, I was best.

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.

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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.

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