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RONDEAU FOR TRANSITION

by Glenna Holloway

A girl will cry when boys pull hair,
Will run to mother and declare
That boys are mean and nevermore
Will she allow them through her door.
Years later they all gather there.
Soon one gets in to meet her dare,
Becomes a mute beneath her glare.
"I never met a bigger bore,"

A girl will cry.
Another comes, stakes out a chair,
And makes her wonder what to wear
As dreams and brand new worries pour
Through portals never used before.
When love becomes her greatest care

A girl will cry.