

ROUNDS OF ENCHANTMENT

Glenna Holloway

Remember how we fantasized the fairy rings?
Those greener circles sometimes made a summer field
look polka-dotted from the peak of hilltop swings.
The giddy heights from rope-hung inner tubes appealed
to magic's possibilities beneath our gaze.
One day we thought an elf had startled our broodmare.
She broke into a gallop trailing high-pitched neighs
then eyed the verdant spot and sidled back to where
the wheel-shape glowed and shimmered viridescently
and we two dreamers visualized a pot of gold
beneath the surface waiting there for you and me.
But when we dug we found spadefuls of thready mold.

Too bad our learning interferes with legend's hold.
Somehow life thrives around a little mystery;
new knowledge seems to pave the way for growing old.
I miss the colored overviews from our own tree
when blues were skies and eyes and ribbons at the fair,
and reds were Pop's tomatoes, barns and autumn's blaze.
We hadn't heard pollution's threat; we weren't aware
of certain chemicals or acid rain or haze.
We learned to drive the tractors once we learned to wield
a hoe, plus all the skills between, so many things,
and none of them can cope with man-made ills or shield
us now. Still, I've found my smile. Look—two fairy rings!