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The Shinging

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The Shinging

Shaun Stiemsma

A boy plays with sticks out in the yard,
His socks mismatched, his shoes dirty
And worn almost smooth on the sole.

The sticks vibrate, perfect in his hands,
A rhythm of another world, another time
Where lions rule, or turtles fight,
The Shinging.

He summons it forth, the sticks working just right
And time does not slow down, it expands:

Making space for a childhood,

Space for a book to read,

Cookies to bake,

Walks to take

Easy.

And time luxuriates, the seconds stretch—
All who are connected feel the expanse
At the expense of purpose, commerce,
Time expands and holds hours and years,
Whole generations safe, held in the moment
Of the Shinging.

As long as a boy plays with sticks in the yard.