

Innocent World

The diminutive boy leaned against the white picket fence
As the older boys in their black and white suits
Frolicked about him.
The tall grass tickled his feet and
A moment of calm prevailed
On a majestic spring Sunday morning.

Out of character, he seemed,
In his wide brimmed hat, black trousers, and white shirt.
Just four years old, yet secure in his
Preordained life of farming, community, and family.
He looked at me scornfully as I weaved past
Invading his serenity.

The silent stares were interrupted by the sounds of their parents
Easing out of the hall, enjoying their friends,
Sharing the beauty and their commitment to a natural existence.
Their horse drawn carriages waited in the distance as
The young children dispersed to their elders
To a day of rest and prayer with family and friends.

As I gazed on into the distance,
The sounds of trotting horses and clicking of wheels
Interrupted the stillness,
But not the peacefulness of their beautiful world.

**Frank Allocco
Lancaster, Pennsylvania**