

Playland

Felix Ruiz de la Orden | Poetry

We brought energy

into the last days of our youth,

where, underneath carnival lights,

we made our last good memories.

Our screams pierced the air,

with a solitude felt only by those

too afraid to look down and see

all the life that formed collectively

through the sun, the earth and the rain

in blades of grass that sprouted out

of our bare toes as we ran

towards the setting sun

together.

I could see the twinkle in your eye

on the swings, where the wind pushed out a tear.

I held on desperately to the chains,

the only things preventing a plummet

to my death.

There was a solemn nature behind your voice

when you asked,

Do you think we'll be just as fun in ten years?

Popcorn and petting zoos

we were all afraid to touch the lamb

leading us lost on the trail,

by the pond,

baptized in the will to never be found.

Our screams echoed back

shaking the pond water

to a tremble, that matched the beats of our hearts,

shattering our idealistic dreams of childhood.

Watching the sky and talking nonsense

I have longed for nothing else ever since

The sounds of rides and background sunsets

(beautiful would they be)

but it is your voices and eyes I miss.