

## *Ropeswing*

*A rope ran round the popple limb  
Where the boys swam  
And the wood wore smooth  
Where the rope rubbed  
As the boys swung.*

*The boys clung to the tree's trunk  
Till they swoopstepped off, dropped, rose again  
Then waterbound down and plunk  
Like slungshot streamslick stones—*

*Sharp bark wore smooth to a livewood groove  
Where the rope rubbed when the boys swam  
And the groove grew till the branch broke.*

*Boys, popples, topple.*

