

# The Game

by Jeffrey Bicknell

The rushing trees  
The wet of the rain  
And the early morning dew  
We break the silence  
As we run in terror  
Our greatest fear  
Is being found  
Crawling silently  
Like a snake  
Sliding away From  
An eagle's watching eyes  
The air smells like it does  
Right after a summer rainstorm  
The crunching of the leaves  
Beneath my soggy wet sneakers  
The thrill of the game  
As we hear enemy footsteps  
We get up quickly  
And run  
In enemy territory  
We feel as if  
We are escaped prisoners of war  
Slipping and sliding through the mud  
As we run frantically  
We find the prize  
The little orange flag  
We hear the enemy  
Closing in on us  
But when they get there  
We are gone  
As swift  
And as quick as a cat