

## Stadium of Youth

An outsider I am . . . to the Stadium.  
I hear the tumult . . .  
I sense the carefree ecstasy . . .  
I . . . I realize the false gods  
                    the cruelty  
                    the blindness . . .

I was there.

I envy the players. No, I don't. Yes, at times.  
Those who evicted me didn't know.  
But I am naive no longer.  
It was initiation.  
The games go on without me.

For out here.

Reality must be.

New rules. New old faces.  
Wise I am without the tinted glasses.  
Or cynical. Or just older . . .  
And

"I wouldn't be a kid again," said my wife.