

## THE BLIND-SCHOOL CHILDREN

*D. A. Giffin*

Within their fence, the blind-school children play.  
The soft air cushions their exuberance.  
The eyeless trees of April stand about  
In afternoon Victorian solemnity.  
They supervise in silence.  
Not so the supervised—not one is still—  
The air is shimmering with movement and their distant noise;  
Kaleidoscope they cannot see but are.  
That tiny girl in purple hooded coat  
Who bends beside the slide  
Seems some not-quite-forgotten medieval monk  
Returned in miniature, warped by time.  
Round goes the merry-go-round;  
Up, down the tecters and the swings rise;  
Bodies in motion; Breughel come alive.  
Do not say that Fate has been unkind.  
Life means burning your bridges behind.