

## LOVE

When I was five I loved to swing  
And run around the playground like a hare  
Climb onto the monkey-bars and sing,  
And tell things to the grey attendant there.

In winter when my fingers became cold  
From zipping gloveless down the sliding-pond  
He took my hands in his — and he was old —  
And rubbed them, as a vagabond

Protects his fire from the wind.  
Now, often when I have misplaced a glove,  
Despondent that my passions must be pinned,  
I brood about those chilly days of love.

*Florence Victor*