

FIVE STAGES OF CAROUSEL APPRECIATION

**Once the rider,
Joyously I stayed on. Long arms lifted me
up and took me down.**

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**With friends, free of our parents,
grabbing the faster horses.**

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**Older now, ridiculing it all, I stood on the
horse's saddle.
I fell.**

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**Walking the park in memory and sorrow,
depressed,
and watching the people,
Vicariously and resentful tht it seemed
so simple for them
to have a good time**

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**With a small boy, my own, both of us
anxious,
both of us assuring each other that we
were having a good time.**

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**Today it is strangely different.
Watching the people, in their lives,
happy and apprehensive,
young men running for the good horses,
excited as the ride begins.
This is not vicarious, it is not
patronizing, it is appreciation.
I am happy to be seeing life in its merry-
music phase.
And you are by my side. '**

=30=