

# ODE TO MARBLES

By Max Mendelsohn

I love the sound of marbles  
scattered on the worn wooden floor,  
like children running away in a game of hide-and-seek.  
I love the sight of white marbles,  
blue marbles,  
green marbles, black,  
new marbles, old marbles,  
iridescent marbles,  
with glass-ribboned swirls,  
dancing round and round.  
I love the feel of marbles,  
cool, smooth,  
rolling freely in my palm,  
like smooth-sided stars  
that light up the worn world.