**Yard Love**

***01 March 1994***

He was fourteen, and he watched his neighbors.



The girl next door, also fourteen, was in his eyes.

She was the one who motivated him to try.

Her hair was golden and her eyes were blue, out into

the backyard she flew.

Hiding from her mother, she rounded the corner

by the shrubs she stood.

He climbed the fence and crossed the yard.

They stood and looked at each other hard.

To the back door, her mother came, "Lillian,"

she called, "Where are you?"



She grabbed his hand and pulled him into the

shrubs, their lips met, locked in ecstasy,

Her mother turned back into the house, saying,

"Now where can that child be?"