

### Promotion Day

First day of first grade:  
 Smaller than everyone else,  
 Quieter.  
 She knew no one;  
 They had already established themselves  
 And she was an intruder.  
 She sat at her desk, a silent mouse,  
 And did what she was told.

I wonder how their teacher told them;  
 How she explained the extra desk,  
 Moved in just the day before,  
 Waiting for the girl to come  
 From Mrs. Prato's room,  
 The kindergarten room,  
 Across the hallway.  
 How did she spare  
 All the delicate egos  
 And six-year-old pride,  
 Take in the extra one  
 And smooth it all out  
 To make it equal again?

Somewhere in that school building,  
 Children were still drinking chocolate milk,  
 And taking afternoon naps,  
 And learning their ABCs.  
 The girl walked across the hall alone  
 And opened the books  
 That she had learned to read.

--Karen Sasveld

### The Dove

The dove finally free from the ark  
 finds no place to rest.  
 Through the day and night she flies  
 high and strong against fatigue  
 and the elements. She strains  
 delicate wings  
 beats a furious path  
 and breath burns in her chest  
 a pure white streak across  
 a blue sky as smooth  
 and immense  
 as the water-world below.  
 She is like a child's chalk dot  
 centered on a blue construction sheet.  
 If only the child  
 would fold the sheet in half  
 bending the dot's wings  
 leaving chalk  
 against the brown desk top  
 and letting the dove rest.

--Jim Zeigler