**Shoved At Memorial Park**

A big kid is eyeballing my son.

The big kid is four years old.

I hate him already.

Fletcher is two and a half,

Trip-tropping over the playground,

A tiny fish on a busy reef.

Whirling colours of children

Swirling over ladders, platforms, slides,

Riding and fighting for the eddies.

Fletcher in baggy shorts,

Finding the gaps

For a quiet turn on things.

He knows about stairs and ovens and knives

But who is this large

And fierce boy?

From the shadows of his oversized cap

He watches the talk,

The nudge and then

The shove.

Noisy fish flapping overhead.

My son at the bottom of a hard new world









