

A Playground Memory

James Gregory Maynard

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The flat, oak board, swing seats hung on long heavy chains, three to a section with four sections, allowing twelve students at a time to mount their flying machines. The ground below each swing was worn hollow by scuffing heels and toes.

The girls swung lazily, their voices a constant chatter of what not, while the boys silently, with determined scowls, drove their rocket ships higher and higher, reaching for the clouds, until they hit that point. The point when the swing was parallel with the top bar of the frame. Then, as you flew just above the top bar, you felt the chains slacken, and you became weightless. As you began falling back to earth, the chains tightened and the seat caught your fall, launching you in a wide arc to other side, sending adrenalin coursing through your veins.