

Growing Up by Harry Behn

*When I was seven
We went for a picnic
up to a magic
Foresty place.
I knew there were tigers
behind every boulder,
though I didn't meet one face to face.
When I was older
we went for a picnic
up to the very same
place as before,
and all of the trees
and the rocks were so little
They couldn't hide tigers
Or me anymore.*

