

## The Key of the Kingdom (by: Ed Reed)

When we were children  
We possessed the key to a kingdom  
Such as this world has yet to see.  
Wherever we went;  
By lakes,  
Pools  
And streams,  
In woods,  
Meadows, and fields,  
There was a world beyond belief  
In which anything could be something else.  
A world  
Whose every corner  
Would yield some new adventure or surprise.  
A world  
In which we ruled  
And was ours alone.

Only we children had the key,  
The key of the kingdom.

A world inhabited by goblins,  
Dragons, trolls, witches, and green-skinned three-eyed floops.  
A world of enchanted geography-  
Magic forests,  
Glass mountains  
And fountains of youth.

In this world  
We held our castles  
Made of TV boxes  
Against marauding bands of Vikings  
Armed with swords made of lattice  
And shields taken from the tops of garbage  
cans.

We sailed with Columbus  
Across the uncharted waters of a lily pond.  
We descended  
With Captain Nemo  
To 20,000 leagues beneath the bathwater.  
We went west with the pioneers  
By coaster wagon,  
And to the East with Marco Polo  
By tricycle.  
We defied savage enemies  
From the next block  
And returned alive  
In time for an afternoon nap.  
We hunted fierce man-eating squirrels  
We dared damnation  
By taking the trainer the trainer wheels  
off our first bicycle.  
We did a zillion billion other brave,  
Courageous,  
Bold,  
Fun things.

Now that we are older,  
Wiser  
And more mature  
This kingdom no longer has our allegiance  
We have lost the key  
And it has perished with the rest of the misuse  
And neglect.

Age is the grave yard  
Of all our youthful hopes,  
Dreams  
And experiences.