

## FALL-OUT .

We were enchanted children

In their own image,  
they created us  
We mirrored them  
took on their forms  
dutiful son and daughter.

They bent our dreams to theirs  
We bore the imprint  
of their blemishes  
absorbed their skirmishes  
as ours.

The seas of grown-up quarrels  
ebbed and flowed, washed over us  
Retreating tides of angry foam  
left wrinkle marks on shore  
and little tiddlers

stranded.

Sue