

## Prompt: Write an Ode

### An Ode to Marbles by Arthur Fornari

One Ode bounces and jogs tangentially into another  
Evoking memories of a bronzy cloth draw-stringed bag my mom lovingly stitched together.  
It held my prized marbles I still prize today  
The attention in familiarizing each swirling rainbow color variations as they rolled clinking together in their sack  
The touch of contrasting textures from new smooth to rough worn chip mottled surfaces  
The marbles I'd risk playing with at the start of elementary school  
I was five and just moved from the city  
It was my introduction to get to know my first grade suburban classmates  
Along the school yard's yellow lined cracked asphalt  
Engaging classmates set up their marble rows  
The objective, to stand behind another five or ten foot distanced yellow line  
There the player would aim a glass giant or dense silver steely to hit the row of marbles  
The challenge looked simple if you hit the marbles you'd win them all  
If you missed hitting them you lost yours in forfeit.  
The unknown challenge was knowing the lay of the land  
The playground's rough bumps and divots along the broken surface  
They were places of hidden groove advantage to the rows of lined up marbles  
How many times did I see my marbles roll directly at the row?  
How many times did they mysteriously fly over the row?  
Like magic watching them miss their mark to be sacrificed as my loss  
This was how I got to see who played fair and who I'd engage as new friends.