

# No Girls Allowed

by Glenda Barrett

After standing on the sidelines watching  
my brother and friend, swing back and forth  
on a grapevine across the dried up gully  
located in the upper pasture on the farm,  
I couldn't resist saying, *It's my turn!*

I grabbed the large grapevine, backed up  
several feet and swung through the air  
landing on the other side like my brother.  
Once wasn't enough. I begged them  
to let me try once more.

This time as I swung over the gully,  
the grape vine began slipping,  
I lost my grip which landed me  
in the middle of the gully on a pile of sticks  
that cracked loudly from the impact.

Red faced, I crawled back up the bank,  
while my brother and his friend were splitting  
their sides in laughter. Bruised and shaken,  
slowed down from the incident,  
I limped back toward the house.

You might have thought that would have  
taught me a lesson, but the very next time  
I saw my brother and friend playing together,  
I found myself saying the familiar words,  
"Let me try!"