

*Amanda Buchholz*

## **Protesting Age**

Stumbling down the hill,  
I'm at a house  
I've not been to  
in more than ten years.

So familiar,  
yet so not what I once knew.  
The now red house  
is almost its old sky blue again.  
Our chickens come wobbling towards me,  
and the kittens  
that have long since gone astray,  
are cuddling against my leg.

I hear voices  
and around the corner  
is a young girl  
with brown hair  
and freckles,  
giggling and  
playing on a swing.

Mid air,  
she hops off the swing  
and lands in a crowd of people.  
Downtown New York City.  
February and freezing.  
Chanting and singing.

People holding signs  
with the words and symbols  
of “Peace”  
and “No Blood for Oil.”

I, too, am clutching  
a huge picket sign reading  
“Support Our Troops,  
Bring Them Home.”

**AMANDA BUCHHOLZ** is a student at Southern Connecticut State University. This is her first published poem.