

# In Childhood

By Sarah A. Chavez

In childhood Christy and I played in the dumpster across the street  
from Pickett & Sons Construction. When we found bricks, it was best.  
Bricks were most useful. We drug them to our empty backyard  
and stacked them in the shape of a room. For months  
we collected bricks, one on top another. When the walls  
reached as high as my younger sister's head, we laid down.  
Hiding in the middle of our room, we watched the cycle  
of the sun, gazed at the stars, clutched hands and felt at home.

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