Higher Limb
Anonymous

A boy moved into a house with a bright backyard, where grew a live oak. The boy loved it. He would stare at it, study it, pick its leaves, crawl across roots, lean against moss -- he asked for its secrets, and whispered his own. He would climb it, grapple and hang from limb to higher limb, swing dirty foot to dirtier foothold, grasping gnarled bark, snapping brittle twig. He had wanted them to build a treehouse.

A man bought forty planks of timber and two-hundred nails. The neighbors helped. His wife had fallen asleep on the sofa again.