



Seesaws

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Published on Stories Space on 22 Feb 2019

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/musings/-seesaws-.aspx>

I remember when kites had tails, falling leaves and Brussel sprouts. Seesaws sawed and acorns had caps. I remember when pies were round and not "pie are square."

"Where have all the popsicle sticks gone, so long ago?"

I remember double features and Dinah Shore. Howdy Doody was controlled by strings, and Gene Autry sang. It was the age of black and white TV with rabbit ears. I remembered how to tie my shoes and listen to Hank Williams sing the blues.

I remember when my mom grew my sister in her tummy and read me funny stories. Grandmother got run over by reindeer and nickel ice cream cones were still five cents.

Now that we have remote controls, sesame buns and buffalo wings, there are no more seesaws.

