

An Ode To This

The cherished apple of the book's eye
 was red as the child's nose,
 as she swam oceans to find it.
She felt the molten lava water as the rain
 tinkled on the tin roof like piano keys
 and made wild flowers' scent bum her
nostrils,
while listing and twisting collided inside her brain.
The book witnessed the child's fear and heroism
 with loose-leaf ears wide open
 and the taste of dreamy sweat on its spine.
Abraham Lincoln took her by the hand
 to show her Rome burning for the first time,
 while the oceans were nearly drowned for their
ignorance.
And that apple only Mark Twain could surmise
 got away and started growing
 sporadically among poplar trees.

Oh, Dickens! Thou dost have swagger!

But this time the machine took her the wrong way
 and the child got too close to Shakespeare,
 no longer separated from life by pen
and ink,
 mad statues clutching her hair and clothes.
To all, she replied, "That's just not my kind of applesauce,"
 as she strolled gingerly through the cosmos
 making friends and foes with gods and clouds.
Meanwhile, the superfluous dog of silliness
 howled at the squeaking door
 that blocked its passage to the lily fields.

But they were dull, like diamonds against stars
 that hide behind the child's blanket at night
 with flashlight in hand for protection against
the ghosts.
The child stole away this time and that
 for her own undeclared happiness
 so much that she could be joyful forever.

