

## 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.

