

To the Dreaming Kid

Halloween-themed shirts from Goodwill
kid you're a tiger creepin' in the crabgrass out back
hair's on fire you crawl through the
cashmere jungle of your grandmother's
finest getup in her big old closet

mismatched kid--you pick your outfits
for yourself stand on tiptoes to reach
the highest shelf borrow Mommy's cross
on a silver chain you don't know who Jesus
is but he sure looks pretty

scribble kid--scratching ink on paper
for hours someday you'll wish you kept those
notebooks of stories and pictures
epic tales spanning farther than you can
step and longer than you've been alive

cover your ears kid--sing yourself to
sleep kid you won't remember the
yelling when you're older but you'll
certainly remember the songs

summer kid--sit on the pavement but not too
long 'cause it's hot and you have
bare feet use pebbles to scratch
messages on the tar

potion making kids--six year-old alchemists
mashing Jerusalem artichoke and mint
making a pretend poultice to heal
a pretend wound

kid you're a dreamer--you build webs
in your room weaving birthday
balloons, ribbons, and scarves,
draping them over the doorknob and tying neat
bows till Mommy can't get in wait
for flies on the rug
they never come

keep drawing and reading and singing and
writing kid--when you can't keep
your head up you can go back to
the cloud covered kingdom dream you can fly paint
epics on your skin carve trenches
and scream loud enough to call
lightning down to meet your open palm