

Ode to Lucy's Gift

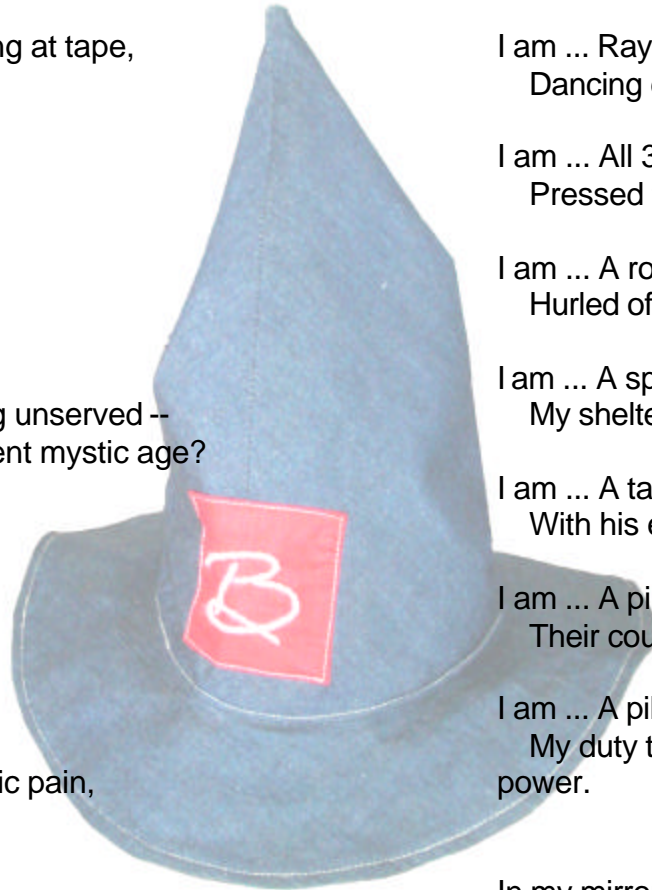
Snatching at cardboard, tearing at tape,
I fumble to find in my hands
This denim majesty.
Alive, it levitates, up, up,
My arm a helpless servant,
Until, revealing an ultimatum,
It descends to assume
A cranial splendor.

Below, feline fur stands rigid
At the specter of a master long unserved --
Black memories from an ancient mystic age?

Yet no spell will emanate from
This noble cone,
Its purpose clearly woven of
A finer thread,
For I am now transformed:

I am ... a mansion with an attic
Vast enough to hold our cosmic pain,
And a walk-in closet
For all who love in vain.

But lo! 'Neath those troubled hearts collected,
Behold, I see reflected, my thatch
Juts wildly from the eaves,
And I am more!



I am ... Ray Bolger -- six feet of horse food, monogrammed,
Dancing down a lemon path to truth.

I am ... All 31 flavors, carelessly discarded by a pimply giant
Pressed to mend his ways.

I am ... A rod, keeping iron vigil, fielding bolts of lightning
Hurled off by stormy souls.

I am ... A spired cathedral, that all may come and share
My shelter, so to help me grow.

I am ... A tack, importuning God to drive me home
With his ever gentle mighty cosmic hammer of repair.

I am ... A pinnacle, a summit whereon eagles perch,
Their courage nesting firmly on my crags.

I am ... A pillar, an ancient column --
My duty to support this exotic and absurd capitol of
power.

In my mirror I am all of these and more, to be sure,
But the clown I see before me now is, most of all,
Your delighted and warmly grateful friend and confidante ...

Bion

Copyright © 2001 Bion Smalley