Rocket

By Todd Boss

Despite that you
  wrote your name
  and number
  on its fuselage
  in magic marker

neither your quiet
  hours at the kitchen
  table assembling
  it with glue

nor your choice of
  paint and lacquer

nor your seemingly
  equally perfect
  choice of a seemingly
  breezeless day
  for the launch of
  your ambition

nor the thrill
  of its swift ignition

nor the heights
  it streaks

nor the dancing
  way you chase
  beneath its

dot

across that
  seemingly endless
  childhood field

will ever be
  restored to you

by the people
  in the topmost
  branches of whose trees

unseen

it may yet from
  its plastic
  chute
  on thin
white
string

still swing.

Source: *Poetry* (November 2013)