

# 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)