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

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)