

for Charles Auguste (by DD)

You, dare I say it, *leapt* brave  
into the world, extravehicular  
on that very particular  
day made by Caesar, the Emperor of Rome!

Leap year little Prince, in the Land of Cotton  
your first days so sweet smell like  
jasmine & new. Is jasmine blue?  
Your thumb-sized feet  
in blue or red shoes,  
we love you, it's true  
you're absolved hitherto!

This place you have come?  
Chock full of sugarplums!  
(Well I'm only kidding  
it's sometimes forbidding.)  
Once there was Real Water on Mars  
& English rock candy, stripy in jars.

Mr. Levandowski is building a robot  
to cross the Mojave (he might be a Crackpot).  
In Madagascar, a far-away type of place,  
blackey gold sifakas with amazing grace  
make spectacular leaps in tropical trees,  
& flip in midair 180 degrees.  
But they are Endangered so it's best to hear  
about their high-up feats  
before their low ends, they meet.

Oh there are thunderstorms too,  
elephants, eggs, buckaroos,  
fat bowl-shaped moons in Katmandu.  
And a new constitution in ravaged Iraq,  
Giddey-up horsey & piggyback.  
Bananas & jam & worms to eat,  
Mr. Bojangles & King Lear to meet...  
Oh dear, Little One, too much to review.

Well. You'll see.  
Just think, now you are your own Me.  
Though you might not know it, you certainly show it,  
howling out loud at your  
Johnson's baby shampoo.  
And we have been quietly  
waiting for you.