

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.