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IT

Jay Frankston

It sits and stands
and laughs and dances
and wraps itself
around my finger
And the spool unwinds
and pours itself out
splashing pictures
on the ground.
It gets into my hair
and makes them into dreadlocks
and pours Jamaican music into my shoes.
It pushes and tickles
and shoves me around
and switches my shirts,
my ties, my socks,
and plays games with me
of which I don't know the rules.
It walks and flies
and gets in my eyes
and gives me visions
of yellow corn fields
and a ladybug waiting
on the tip of my finger.
A single drop of dew
glistens on each blade of grass
and the sun licks it off
and smiles.
It runs and hides
and calls from far away dreams
so many years ago
when the circus was in town

and the mime with the sad eyes
offered it to me like a rose
It chuckles and claps
and horses around
turning my life into a rumpus room
and nothing I can say
can make it go away.
There are days
when the wind lays down for the sun
and children make children of us all.