

Jet Engines

The little boy in the bookstore had his own
Jet Engines.

I spy and eat my sandwich.

He (dressed in a yellow-stripped green t-shirt and tan kakhi overalls)

Makes a sound like laser beams
and tromps on over short legs throughout the store

Toy bus in hand

Rosy big baby cheeks

(...continuous laser beams...)

He shouts, "Go away mommy!"

Mom replies, "Max come here!"

I hear them all around the store

Max still flying

by the sound of it

He finally settles on landing for lunch
and fusses a little about this and that...

I think to myself now

Remembering the little boy.

I hope you learn to fly good

I hope the little boy grows up to be a God man

I pray for us and sigh

please

Oh *please* teacher

(For Max and me)

Teach us how to fly