George

Sue Lott

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GEORGE

Now as at all times
I can see in my mind's eye
My pop.
Chiming "halloa, Toodz!" in the front hall
Five seconds, Poopa
From front door to bathrobe
The second of two
Fashioned of the finest blue terry
Yards of sash cinching your softly bulbous tummy
Given a life of its own as you waltz about the kitchen
dead cow moccasins hide your huge scaly feet
Treading lightly on wagging shnook
Making her help you sing of finding life's sweet mystery
Sip that martoony!
Smack the lips mimicked on my face
Sip again
Swish, all your mouth must taste it
Before I hear it roll down your pudgy throat
Wiggle your toes and chuckle with delight
Doughy body twitching gaily
Your thinning curls reach for the ceiling
Angered by the shirt that so roughly brought them
To attention
Split your face in crazy grin, sir
Show me those nearly perfect teeth you didn't give me
I don't mind
You gave me the grin.

Sue Lott