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**BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, REMIND YOURSELF THAT CHILDREN FOLD PAPER
PLANES BECAUSE THEY CANNOT FLY.**

You've some gowns and makeup loaned from mom when her attention turned askew
With a collection for a demographic comprised just of me and you –
Here's a painted soap box Broadway stage and ambitions we'll pursue.
The spotlight intoxicates,
And until mom comes to berate

Let's play until we're caught and a little after too

Are there potions made of mud or dirt or sediment below?
Was every shiny rock and wayward glass a power to bestow
Your magic transformations were something strange you'd undergo

Chants and movements of the wand;
And the spells would correspond

with wild hearts which could distill joy from raw earth:

Did you spend your days alone and happy in a silent trance?
With the tales of dashing heroes, monsters and Y.A. romance -
and your wonder-catching characters locked in their deadly dance?
A chain clamps the hero's frame,
But he grits his teeth, proclaims

Something formative to the young clay of your body

Was the backyard forest pathing a new frontier to explore?
Your Paper-mâché telescopes; sights never seen before!
The far side of the swimming pool was an uncharted distant shore.

A floaty for sea-faring
And treasure for the daring –

And eyes that see each horizon as a worthy opponent.

Now the warriors were mighty in their household item capes;
And their sticks were ancient weapons leaving destruction in their wake.
(Though they all were reprimanded, later, for stealing window drapes)
And after dad ended our fun,
What we were left with when we were done

Is the hope we sent skywards even as we skipped to our rooms.

We folded paper children;
Brushed with our paints and dyes.
Why not grant our paper gifts
If we, ourselves, can't fly?