

If I Could Be A Doughnut by Peter A. Letendre

Angel Earthling

Here he comes, the angel-faced little boy,
sneaking around the house with his new toy,
a space gun, the kind that makes a clatter,
forcing nervous hearts to flutter-flutter.

At imagined aliens, he takes aim
and startles the curled up cat. Like a flame
it rockets up a wall and clings for life
on the ceiling, breathless, stiff as a knife.

Now to the kitchen with his ray gun gleaming,
where Mama's drying dishes, daydreaming.
He just sees a clone wearing frockery.
One loud zap and there goes the crockery.

Deep asleep, old Grampa's a pile of bones,
he splutters, twitches, snores and somehow moans.
In the boy's eyes Grampa is cosmic crust
who, without warning, he lasers to dust.

Now in his room, his toy taken away,
this tiny, dreamy-eyed earthling gives sway
to being a pirate on the high seas,
and writes to Santa, "Next year, a sword please."



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