

THE TRAMPOLINE

Stephen K. George—Department of English

It's an Idaho autumn in our snug backyard,
Naked elms, limp leaves, cold misting rain.
On a bed of chestnuts sits a shimmering black tramp,
Rippling like jello with a yellow-green mane.

Bubby is bouncing on his stubby legs,
Crying, "Daddy! Daddy!...Daddy! Daddy!"
Down he flops, and then up again,
A blur of Pooh sandals, red coat, and belly.

Bub glances at me, gauging my response,
His ruddy face shining, his nose dripping wet,
His arms are pumping like a cross country skier—
Pure energy, pure joy, completely content.

I grin in reply, holding out my arms:
The smell of baby, blonde hair everywhere.
On our cedar fence, a squirrel watches, smiling,
As father and son float in the air.