

## Small

Sometimes you look into the sky and just feel small  
A good kind o small  
The kind of small that mice must  
feel in a large garden  
Tomatoes and zucchini or whatever else  
Aunt may grew or hell  
Maybe just weeds  
A kind of small that  
Just makes taking a bite of cake easier  
Like the frosting  
Had nothing inside it  
But smallness  
And sugar  
A good kind of small that keeps little babies tucked under the arms of  
Fathers  
What have no idea what they're doing  
But they do it anyways  
Because  
They have a sleeping girlfriend  
Who has class in the morning  
And little Trevor  
Or jack  
Or Samantha has kept poor ol  
big Samantha up all night last night  
So they do it  
A good kind of small like the  
Lingering taste of watermelon  
Sitting with feet swinging in the breeze  
Over a lake you  
Told yourself a million times you'd jump off when it was  
Warm  
Because it's not that high and that cute  
Boy might come  
Over and say  
Wow nice jump  
And you'd laugh and he's say his name was  
Phillip  
And you'd say wanna go steady

Because that's what kids said when  
You thought about that small feeling  
A good kind of small  
Like the tiny toes of a marsupial  
Bug eyed and  
Sleepy  
Swinging in the dreams of tiny Samantha  
And perhaps  
Big Samantha  
A good kind of small  
Like sand in your sandwich  
At the beach  
But it's small  
So you bite in anyways  
The extra crunch you tell yourself  
must be a chip that  
Somehow got into the pbj  
And a seagull swoops in  
And suddenly you feel rather big  
And then your sandwich is gone  
Flapping off  
Towards a horizon line  
You know is just full of other crunchy small sandwiches  
Sometimes you look into the sky and just feel plain  
ol small  
and that's ok too.