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Lost Dolls

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LOST DOLLS

Scuffed, dusty,
 mud-spattered and forlorn,
 a lonely doll lay helpless in the roadside cinders,
 arms and legs raised
 imploring —
 longing for a little heart
 and mind
 to bring her back to life.

Tossed from a car by a vengeful sibling,
 accidentally dropped
 in a feat of dolly-derring-do,
 or set down and forgotten
 in a neglectful moment
 as daddy pulled away from the curb.

All along the road —
 teddy bears,
 toy trucks,
 bent bicycles,
 and beat-up baseball mitts.

Tears flow
 as children grow
 and dollies daily die.

— *Ron Edison*

LET'S DANCE

Shall we dance, World?
 Whose music shall we provide?
 Too strange is your tune.
 We'll put that aside.
 This one I know.
 Here's how it goes.

Why do you hop
 when the music is soft?
 Why do you leap
 when it glides peacefully?
 Watch what I do.
 I'll repeat it for you.

Take hands, World.
 Be light on your feet!
 (but how can we dance
 when you don't feel the beat.)

— *Jeanne Pachaly*