

## An Ode to Linda

Poppies poppies and poppies  
Poppies and Mary Poppins The Queen  
Tends to the Poppies  
And the Daisies  
And the Petunias  
And the Lilies  
With one hand  
The other hand  
Rides the waves of the air  
Casting the magical spell  
Of sound and rhythm  
Without touching anything  
The Angels sing  
And the Birds whistle  
At The Queens gentle command  
At day.

At night,  
Mrs. Poppins unwinds  
With a spiked sweet tea  
Telling a telling of mischief  
Sentiment  
And a dash of vulgarity  
That makes even the saddest and grumpiest of folks  
Wheeze 'til their eyes run dry  
And they get a rock hard beach body  
While the frying okra sizzles  
The biscuits bake to golden perfection  
And the marshmallow fluff ages in the fridge  
Next to the bottle of ketchup that expired fifteen years ago  
When I was five  
Sneaking peeks at the looming black piano  
Enchanted by the power of your marriage with it  
Too shy to touch it  
Playing it while you were gone  
The beginning of Linus and Lucy  
Running to the other end of the house at your return  
For fear of you witnessing my amateurism

Then we played together  
First on your piano  
Then on mine  
Heart and Soul  
I won't ever forget it.

The cadence of your happy doorbell jingle  
So vivid in my memory even today  
I won't ever forget it.