

"Three Year Old Boy"- Poem

Writer and Illustrator Carol L Brunk 2014



POEM

"Three Year Old Boy"

The vision is only visible to an appreciative loved one;
Brightly completed the encircled golden oval;
Floating above an angelic rounded face;
Illuminate;
With waves of fine babe' textured hairs softly outlining;
Placid, secure;
The white dove;
Loved forever.

The momentary pointed temperature on antlers to the right and left above the head;
A small thermal increase;
The ear uncomfortable to vocalization that can deter;
Drops of small moisture rove the cheeks;

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A temporary triangular view from a small seat.

Favorites all day.....

A companion that brought joy to lift his eyes in excitement with a lick to the face;

A toy dropped in his lap, often;

Friendly wags of the tail and

An unforgettable name gave to him.

Choo! Choo! Smoke stack expelled;

Images of mountainous scenery terrain;

Iron or plastic encasement;

Entertainment to him that will never end – even fully grown.

Thousands of years old;

It vanished;

Extinct reptilian;

Replication of soft stuffed imprinted cotton formed and shaped;

Delight to the child’s imagination

To give a voice of a ROAR!

The circus under the big top presentation representation in a three-dimensional life size animated wood
statures harnessed ride;

With the elegance of 16th Century French European style etched shapes, lines with color splashed;

Primary, secondary, tertiary combined

Ticket Purchased.

Child becomes the race driver, the jockey.

He envisions a brightly light weight fabric

It contours and shapes itself to a perfect fit

He grabs the harness, cap bill- head down forward position; Lean.

Facial expression changes

A narrow expression of determination

Clear, view in sight;

A drive to succeed present at an early age;

The promise; the driven drive

Vroom! Vroom! Vroom!

Of painted statues in formation for the March opening parade;

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Lion, zebra, giraffe, ostrich, horse, polar bear, flamingo

The pull-ups;
Gloved placed hands grip circular;
-engines rev;
Rolling for the stalls;
At the starting gate;
Going for the rocker in circular motion
-the gentle glide.

No Bets, this track side.

The music box becomes the Master of the Ring;
Dick Clark’s announcement of the American Band stand blares;
The flag goes at a wave of a hand in downward motion;
The race begins;
Mouth takes on a beautiful upward curve, excitement energizes;
Vroom! Vroom! Vroom!
The statues rocker accelerates the gentle circular glide.

It happened-
The grandeur view;
The checkered flag, hands down!
The Indy 500 finished-cruzed passed;
Combined with
The Kentucky derby-forward-
Dust bowl behind.

A trophy hold from Mom and Dad.

Atmosphere changes ever so slight on a Spring day;
Evaporation turns into natures seeded cloud;
It empties in a drizzle;
They got him dressed in a Canary Yellow nylon plastic coat;
Canary yellow flopped top-Silly hat!
Grounded, water contained in a circular fashion;
No hesitation! When the footed boot goes in;
The knee high March!
Splash! Splash! Splash!
Noah’s covenant appears;

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Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo
Drizzle stayed a steady rain;
Quack! Quack! Quack!
The fish shaped crackers came out of the pocket;
Small hand delivered the treat;
Smiles wide- Pelican!
He’s the Pelican!
Arms stretched out- he flapped!
The knee high March!
Splash! Quack! Splash! Quack!



From Spring into the Summer’s warm day;
He chose a road to travel;
The gravel churned up behind as he peddled;
Tri-3 that day- birthday wheels;
Handle bars flared engine red plastic gripped;
Quest, journey, objective in mind,
-jungle expedition in grandeur view;
Oak trees transposed to jungle greenery;
-the thick bush
-maybe Aussie- Was it?
Songbirds became the chatter of monkeys
-remembered from the zoo;
He’s was the hunter, the botanist;
3 -wheeler pulled over;
-jeep rendition;
Stick became the whip!
Ventured forward-search for the perfect flower;
Cracked the whip!
Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!
Poked a gardeners snake – moved it along;
Victory!
He was on the quest;
Bushes pushed away, plenty of four leaf clovers;
Roar! of the Lion-(actually the family dog ran passed him)
All smiles;
-Giggles;
-Lots of grins!
He gathered a bouquet of 3-colored purple petals silken with yellow centers on greenery stems;
Put into – the jeep rendition;

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– front basket full;
He peddled out of the jungle;
The gravel churned behind;
Up to the porch delivery made to the smiling Mom and Dad.

From favorites of all day, the carousel, the Spring puddle and the flower delivery
The gentle rocking of a back seat car at times;
Culminated the day;
Nourishment taken, head rested, eyes closed;
Sun sets in the West;
At full moon’s noon day position high;
Softening light, glow cast, reflective transfer from moon through paned glass;
A moon haven’s glow upon a beautiful boy of 3 years old;
Placid, secure;
Encircled golden oval brightly reappeared;
Illuminated;
Loved forever by Man and God.