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5½ Inch Lullaby

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Two Poems · *Dara Wier*

5½ INCH LULLABY

When something he would never know,
when something happened to him,
when he was too young to remember,
when it reminded him,
when he knew all along,
when someone lies about something,
when it doesn't mean it isn't true,
when he was too young to remember,
when he was sleepy and friendly with thoughts,
when he'd spent the day gathering,
when his head touched his pillow,
when he was too young to remember,
when it stood among his towns, runways, train-
routes and farms,
when each animal had a name, a place
and a purpose,
when it remained as he made it,
when he wanted to change it,
when something confused and cluttered
everything he'd spent the day building,
when his jetfighters sank in his rivers,
when his frogs on their lilypads floated
to the tops of his tilting skyscrapers,
when he was finally falling asleep,
when his room floated above the other rooms,
when noises and music and voices rose,
when the legionnaire stays true to his dream,
when another goes on and on,
when a tone without words takes on form,
when the wonders of everything wear down,
someone steps in the room.