

## SHINY ONE

This little world is closed to me now  
as I watch her play.  
Sealed so, should I try to enter,  
I would be banished, ignored.  
Her plastic people speak to her and she to them  
in a language of effortless imaginings and  
raucous laughter. Unfreighted by my realities,  
she lives a joy-filled life  
on crescent moons of her own devising,  
under things and behind them,  
secret places where she tries on  
costumes like futures as fairies, or  
weather women.

This river of hers is not wide but deep.  
Not knowing what  
awaits her on the other bank,  
she remains in no hurry  
to exchange her magical  
days for my dusty ones,  
showing no proud flesh  
from her childhood wounds nor  
empathy for me and my well-tended life.  
I'm not wise enough  
to envy this shiny one,  
leaving me only to ask her forgiveness  
for my growing old.