

# Little Boy Crying

Your mouth contorting in brief spite and hurt,  
your laughter metamorphosed into howls,

your frame so recently relaxed now tight  
with three-year-old frustration, your bright eyes  
swimming tears, splashing your bare feet,  
you stand there angling for a moment's hint  
of guilt or sorrow for the quick slap struck.

The ogre towers above you, that grim giant,  
empty of feeling, a colossal cruel,  
soon victim of the tale's conclusion, dead  
at last. You hate him, you imagine  
chopping clean the tree he's scrambling down  
or plotting deeper pits to trap him in.

You cannot understand, not yet,  
the hurt your easy tears can scald him with,  
nor guess the wavering hidden behind that mask.  
This fierce man longs to lift you, curb your sadness  
with piggy-back or bull-fight, anything,  
but dare not ruin the lessons you should learn.

You must not make a plaything of the rain.