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SPUN GOLD

by John Zedolik

His mother warns the tow-headed lad of five or six years that all four legs of the chair must touch the floor,

but the tot favors three so pushes and swivels on this number then crashes to that floor of which she warned him before,

yet rises with top more of a mop and a spring in laughter as well, abashed a bit by the will of the seat

that wouldn't stand his brand of sitting, thus mom admonishes says she told him so, but listening

now is not for his soul. He spins toward the low window's glass, a heel or some toes on the linoleum squares in his pas d' un.

May his luck wind out with his tumbling years, beyond mom's clasping words and this somewhat soft, semi-safe room.