

Fire of a Phoenix

when Daphne was born
an Angel sprinkled
one too many drops
of pure energy
over her tiny body

now when she skips
her arms strike out
in all directions
fierce like lightning

now when she flits
over earth
she hums
with wings
of a ruby-throat

she dashed
down a street
and tripped into
a sprawling halt

with scuffed knees
bleeding
she already
imagines how
next time
she'll trip
into a somersault
and like a roly-poly
unfurl onto her feet—

leaping
skyward

again

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