

Turning One
(for Bridget)

you wobble
like a drunken
bumblebee

who's not quite used
to her tiny wings

and when you drop to the floor
and heave a book onto your lap
you stumble into the intonations

and primal incantations
of an articulate babble

arms all frantic
amidst the origins
of the spell

Aaron M. Moe
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