



The GRAND
CABINET OF
MYTHICAL
CVRIOSITIES

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I grew up on a short hilly dirt
street that ended in a woods in
McKeesport – a non-enity
of a town. The woods were my
Garden of Earthly Delights.

In the Spring, wisps of clouds
would fall like fog to Earth,
and I would collect them.

Feathers from angel wings floated free
both magical and imaginary.

And sometimes as I strolled there,
I would discover feathers among the
violets. Humming... something like
music, rose like a mist.

Morning glories of galaxies would
decorate the trees. I never knew who
hung them there.

I once heard a frog sneeze, ka-choo.
A slot machine twinkled in the dark.
This woods is where right-angles were
invented.

One day I found Puck frightening the
daffodils and playing peekaboo with
the owls. I have collected these gifts
in a grand cabinet of mystical curiosities,
which remind me of all the used-to-bes
and have-beens that I have forgotten.

Salut!

-Sonny