

# EverGreen, Trudy Pushpin

Can you smell him?  
he smells like mothballs.  
can you feel that net?  
i was so young then.  
he grew old and couldn't play with them.  
and my brother would always give them away  
to the man with the jungle in his backyard  
and a train set in his garage.  
you see, no one drove us then,  
and his mother broke her hip three times.  
serves her right.  
her son killed monarchs,  
and other things i liked to watch fly.