

ROSEMARY'S WINGS



Rosemary Lee found a pair of wings
Under the tree by the backyard swings.
She buttoned them on, and to her surprise
Those wonderful wings were just her size!
Up to the rooftop she flew with ease—
Over the garden and through the trees.
“Flying, I’m *flying!*” cried Rosemary Lee.
“It’s hard to believe this really is *me!*
I certainly was lucky to find these wings!”
Then she wondered who *owned* the things.
Rosemary waved to a blue-billed widgeon,
Dipped a wing to a homing pigeon,
Then circled around with a graceful twist,
To take the wings back before they were missed.
Under the tree stood a leprechaun.
“Worra, O, worra, my wings are gone!
I shouldn’t have taken them off!” cried he.
And then the wee man saw Rosemary Lee.
“Oh, so it’s *you* who took my wings!
Well, y’might as well hear how I lost the things.
I carried the drum while my brother played
In the Little Folks’ Annual All-Day Parade
In honor of Saint Patrick’s Day,
And the wings kept getting in my way!
Now that you’ve tried them, alas, alack,
I suppose you’ll *never* give them back!”
“Don’t be a goose,” said Rosemary Lee,
And she handed them back as quick as could be.
“What would *I* do with a pair of wings?
I’d spend all my time *explaining* the things!
Think of the time I’d have to spend
Telling each relative, neighbor and friend,
And probably dozens of strangers, too,
How I got them away from *you!*
If ever I wore them anywhere
Crowds of people would stop and stare.
That would most *certainly* bother my brother,
And prob’ly embarrass my father and mother.”
The leprechaun lifted his cap of green.
“You certainly are a smart colleen,
And—this is no blarney—you’re *pretty*, too!”
And he left with, “The top o’ the mornin’ to you!”
Rosemary waved to the wee Irish elf
And shouted, “The rest of the day to yourself!”

Liz Crosby

