

An Elegy to 10265 Cheviot Drive By Katie Kim

*Niche da ist man daheim,
Wo man seinen Wohnsitz hat,
sonden wo man verstanden wird. 1*

--Christian. Morgenstern

Something wicked this way comes.
Reverberating with the sound of thunder.
Creeping like a hound from yonder.
Flashing sharp metallic teeth
and receding with mouthfuls
Of dandelion-yellow stucco.
One gulp after another,
Devouring what used to be,
Devouring a sanctum to the imagination.

Before the rambling pile of debris,
A giant dandelion once bloomed—
Dispersing pappus-clad fruits far and wide,
Tales of adventure and space
And of runaway technologies and childhood,
Bright yellow against lawns and gardens green--
A two-story abode of a westside wizard
Who reigned, softly, conscious with his words.

Enchanted by Mr. Electrico
And his energizing command, "Semper vive,"
He wrote
To live forever.
In a basement office stacked with books and miscellanea,
He conjured from typewritten scrolls, distant visions—
Dreams of cosmic exploration
Or nightmares of apocalyptic destruction.
Always, a new spell was in-the-making.

But now nothing remains of that abode-

1 "Home is not where you live, but where they understand you."

Only crumpled stucco, splintered wood and shingles
To be carted away like trash to the local landfill,
Making way for some vanity project
Of glass Lego blocks.

And yet the dandelion's florets,
Floating like parachutes,
Have planted seeds
That sprout perennially
In classrooms and libraries
and other homes
Because in those places
Where curiosity and imagination flow,
The fruit of the Great Dandelion.
Continues to grow.