

Johnny Learns the Value of a Good Glue

(a little too late)

Johnny's wings were almost done;
he knew that with approaching sun,
he'd sail across Columbus Bay
and leave his friends in sheer dismay.

For he had built a flying ship!
of denim dregs and dowel strips;
with flowing fins of fine fur rags
and straps of leather grasps in tag.

At dawn he started to prepare-
He ran, and jumped! Into the air!
The cliffs he left were soon far-gone;
all path and ponder now withdrawn.

But something's wrong, he thought, disdained-
his wings had ripped like cellophane!
'Twas not his fourth-grade paste he'd used
but sister's first-grade safety glue!

—*Michael Pracht*