

Spoon

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Oh mystical spoon
Shines much more brightly
Than the moon

It lies there
Like it has before
Sitting in
My kitchen drawer

It sits there lying
So simply bare
The finest of
My silverware

With it I eat
Just what I wish
It really stirs up
Quite a dish

But sometimes life
Inside this drawer
Can grow to be
Some kind of bore

In my spoon's dreams
I kid you not
My spoon he is
An astronaut

It puts a smile
On his face
When he shoots up
To outer space

He sees the moon
Yes, in his dream
A moon made of
Some sweet ice cream

My spoon it has been there
It's stuck with me tight
My spoon it stays with me
From morning to night

I've used it to eat things
Put them on my tongue
And used the same spoon
Since when I was young

All those who know me
Claim I'm a nice guy
I've had this spoon to help me
To simply get by

My life as a child
Was not giddy with bubbles
With the help of my spoon
I got through my troubles

I was always hungry for
But alas, never had
The joy and the pleasure
Of knowing my Dad

All through the night
He'd drink and he'd drink
And my spoon saw it all
Sitting there by the sink

After Dad left
I'd droop and I'd droop
But my spoon would support me
With "cheer me up" soup

Flash forward
To the year two thousand and five
Yes, during that year
My life did a jive

The fifth of that January
Came at a fast pace
When off to the hospital
My whole family did race

That day was a blessing
And maybe, just maybe
The spoon was there too
When my mom had her baby

I held it so tight
I leaned down and kissed her
This wonderful gift
That was my sweet sister

Eleven years apart
But I really don't care
Because like my spoon,
I'll always be there

Soon came the year
That was oh so great
That was the year
Of two thousand and eight

Oh that was the year
When the coaches did bawl
I went in to theater
And gave up football

Those coaches they said
"He's six foot four
Football is his talent
And there is no more"

And then came the day
The day came along
That those football coaches
Were then proven wrong

My theater record
Was as clean as a bathrobe
But then came "The Lion, The Witch
And the Wardrobe"

I tried out just knowing
For me there's no part
But the director, she felt
Quite different at heart

It wasn't just food to me
That my spoon would feed
It fed me the talent
That snagged me the lead

The audience claimed
"What a talented man.
He's funny and great
For the part of Aslan"

If there's one thing I've learned
From my spoon, it is this
There are events in one's life
That should never be missed

To some adults, missing these things
Is not a bother
But take it from a child
Who hasn't a father

Kids may not get mad
On the surface it seems
But when you are not there
You're crushing their dreams

Some children get mad
Some parents debate
But if there's one thing that shouldn't be present
It's hate

Life isn't easy
In fact, it's a war
Especially if a parent
Isn't there any more

But it's not just a parent
That impacts one's life
It's those who surround and love
More powerful than a knife

It's important in life
When life pulls and tugs
To be surrounded by people
With love, joy, and hugs

There are many other forms of support for life
In one's emotional platoon
Just take it from me
'Cause I used a spoon

THE END