

A Gnomes Flight Home

Most never know



inside a gnomes way
guarding the forest
twenty years to the day
then suddenly (and a mystery as to why)
It's time to go home
taking off on the fly
now a gnomes dash is keen
flights dart caressing landscapes
always judging not to be seen
out of no extra thought
remembering Mrs. Gnomes hues
living four hundred years
with a good time overdue
his forecasting well paid
nursing one smell few knew
tiny powers each strongly made
casting brightness as he flew
to his secret within time
unriddled relativity
airy spirits of the mime
past the tree of his birth
snickering memories supersede
by cloak of vomit-nut
cast away the predators need
downshift from blurry speed
to catch her excited stare
moment readies their new wonder
reaching homes bottom stair