

Being Seven

R.F. Tripp

Now that I'm seven,
it's better and better.
The sky's a lot closer,
the water is wetter.
And I save a part
of a part of each day
for some very major
serious play.

'Cause play's how I travel,
play's how I go
from deep in the jungle
to deep in the snow.
Sometimes on horse-back,
sometimes by car,
and sometimes by rocket
if I have to go far.

And although I play
even for fun,
mostly I play
to gets some things done
—like buddies stranded
in dangerous places,
on the sides of mountains,
or forgotten oasis.

Armies are anxiously
waiting for word.
They ask, "Is he coming?
Has any one heard?"
And then I arrive
just in the nick.
You see that's the magic,
the secret, the trick.

But some days I stay
here in the yard
when I feel kind of lonely
or feel kind of tired.
And I watch the wind
pour through the trees,
and I dream that I'm dreaming
up through the leaves.

And—Oops! there I go,
I'm back in the sky,
yet I can't quite remember
when I first learned to fly.
Oh well, when you're seven,
it's hard to go wrong.
If you want to be seven
I'll take you along.