

The Little Prince

by Roberto C. Garcia

& where, I wonder, is the poet's planet,
What kind of king, or queen rules it?
I lasso a star & go see if I can find it.
A prize rules the first planet I come to.
Gold, shiny & full of compliments,
Move on, it said, *you didn't win*.
My star hadn't left yet so I lasso again.
A podium rules the next planet I come to.
Polished oak with many seats in front of it,
We are very learned here, it said. *Are you?*
I wrap my arms around my star.
A statue rules the next planet I come to.
Gray, well dressed & drinking tea,
Sorry, it said, *I'm too busy being a poet*.
At this point my star looks to me with sad eyes,
As if to say shouldn't we go home.
An open door rules the next planet I come to.
Old & weathered it hangs open, dark inside.
The world of poets, it said, *is inside*.
Inside the door, I asked.
Inside, inside, it replied.
& I tell my star to leave,
& I walk inside,
& inside is another inside.
& now I am happy.

