

How Odd

How odd.
At your age, I was married
with you in the crib.

But here
we sit across the table
chewing grown-up tidbits,
and I

hunger
back to this same table top
when you blinked at my tricks.
Pennies

vanished
before your wide-eyed trust.
simple trust in Daddy's clumsy
magic.

"Do it
again, please Daddy", you pleaded,
from an early version of you.
The coins,

of course,
slid under a napkin.
"Look over there." You looked that way
and poof!

But now
no such magic will turn your eye
since past the napkin you see
me a

wizard
unclothed. No cape, no smoke,
wearing sleeveless tricks
like you.