

Civilizing Reginald

By Daphne Fandango (as told to Steve Schatz)

Reginald Maxwell, my brother
is lacking.
Poor boy, so sad – not a clue.

I reach for the sky.
With the swift birds I fly.
He wallows around in the goo.

Today in my mind
I adventured in time
An African prince by my side.

Today he ate dirt
Tore a hole in his shirt
Then ran home to show me with pride.

I read him great books
He responds with such looks
It would make Joan of Arc turn and flee.
I stop and he'll wail
Crying, "Finish the tale!"
Then return to his glowering at me.

I try to reveal
How the muse makes me feel
When I draw, sing or dance,
I am queen!
My suggestions he shucks
Like the rain runs off ducks
He remains neither clever nor clean.

I seek not to frighten,
But uplift - enlighten
Eventually I will get through.
On that day, in my dream
'though it may seem a scheme
Young Reggie will want to dance too.

