

Nicole Manges

## Neverland



My brother's gone to Neverland,  
Where all the boys run free.  
I'll bet he's sparred with Captain Hook  
And sleeps in a hollow tree.  
He knows no cares and no regrets  
And thinks that girls have cooties.  
The Lost Boys are his favorite chums;  
They spend time counting booty.  
He will not grow to be a man  
But that's all right, I say.  
Grown-ups think that they're all that;  
I know he'd rather play.  
I'm sure he'll have more fun with Pan  
Than with a little wife.  
Who needs a girl when you've got fun -  
Indians and the like?  
My parents say that he is gone  
And we'll see him no more.  
Just 'cause we buried him last week  
At the tender age of four.  
I know the truth, so don't you say  
That I can't see him still  
Someday I'll look out in the night  
And he'll perch upon my sill.

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