

Tongues Tiresome Yumbling

Is that, could that, could that be
Could that be her approaching me?
Could I, would I, would I dare
Perchance approach that one so fair?

Yes I am, yes I was right.

There she is, her gliding flight
Coming closer, coming near;
Must not succumb to growing fear.
I'll walk real slow, that's what I'll do,
Delay my bumbling ineptitude.
Not slow enough; she still approaches.
Heart to my throat, how it encroaches.

No escape now, just act cool.

Fly is zipped. Don't think I'll drool.

Here it comes. I got a glance.

Now's the time, must take my chance.
"Hello," she says and knows my name.

Can't believe I have such fame.

Raise my arm and start my wave.

How is it that the ground just gave?

Here it starts, I knew it coming,

My awkward steps, tongue's tiresome tumbling.

In my excitement, I kept from seeing
Those real steep steps just plainly being.

There I go, head over feet,

And with the hedge I squarely meet.

Well, that was that. I'm pretty slick.

I'm sure my yowling did the trick.

Now I'll just lie in green cocoon,

My best impression, a big buffoon.

Oh, now that angelic sound!

Could it be that I've been found?

Hands came in and pulled me away.

Was her, what could I think to say.
There she was and still just grinning
At my leafy foliage and hair that's thinning.
*"I saw you plunge across the mall.
Was quite an acrobatic fall."*
Shucks, was nothing, I did imply,
Though mouth not moving, I don't know why.
*"Was quite a leap, but you look all right.
Perhaps we'll talk again some night."*
That's quite all right, I vigorously shook.
My elusive voice I'd still not took.
She grinned and laughed as she walked away.
I need to bumble more often I'd say.

James Snodgrass