Flying with Geisel by Kristin Burhenn

The buds bloom; it is early spring

Theo Seuss Geisel and I find a swing.

I ask him while sailing back and forth,

“Do you regret not writing a story of worth?”

“Not at all,” he said—a spirited reply,

with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

“People like us, Silverstein and me, are a step ahead.

Everyone admires Shakespeare, Poe, and Byron,” he said.

“But before they wrote sweet verses and prose,

they were children who eagerly listened to those

of us who wrote to their demographic,

who for the naïve and sweet crafted

Such deceptively poignant tales of heroes,

of Whos, of Yertle, and Sneetch-like woes.

Combining rhyme, rhythm, and morals is no easy feat.

Yet we try to wrap them up in a bow, nice and neat:

While in life you can go anywhere,

stubbornness will get you nowhere.

Shoot for the stars and reach for the sky,

but do not forget about that little guy

struggling and burping at the bottom of your tower.

When saving a civilization, you should not cower.

No one is better than anyone else.

No matter what Sylvester McBean sells.

Even if they do not have a star upon thars,

Deep in the Sneetch they are the same at heart.

Try new things even if they’re green.

It’s ok to play with one or two Things.

No matter what there is to do,

the best choice is up to you.

What’s more, our rhymes will continue to inspire

Children who may grow to be a poet to admire.

In life I may not have always been right.

In war, no one’s reputation’s purely white.

I never wrote about faithfulness or adultery,

for my personal life was a bit, well, sultry.

But I tried my best to teach

through rhyme all those I could reach

about the good lessons offered by life.

And while my characters face struggle and strife,

they emerged stronger and better

for everyone line, word, and letter.”