

“Epilogue”

By Julia Godley

*From “King of the Cloud-Dogs: A Collection
of Poetry Concerning the Fantastical Occurrences
in Everyday Life”*

Imagination's a gift, creativity's rare
lucky for me, I have both to spare.

They say that I'm nuts, that my mind's not quite right,
that the flames in my head burn a little too bright.

Freckles that fly and bowls that can speak,
singing whales, butterfly dough, and ears that leak.

It's true that my thoughts might be stranger than most,
but I'm King of the Cloud-Dogs in my castle of toast.