

Sonnet Scroll

Memory of an Upside-Down Nephew By Jean L. Kreiling

for Alex

When he was three years old, or maybe four,
he was amazed I could stand on my head.
(My grasp of grownup dignity was poor.)
How did you do that? Show me how! he pled.
And so I held his ankles: his bare toes
reached almost to my waistline, and the trill
of his triumphant, helpless giggling rose
to ears and memory that hold it still.
My sister's boy, only on loan to me,
he learned more useful tricks as decades passed.
I seldom see him now—geography
divides us—but the bonds between us last.
Though he's now six feet tall, his voice grown deep,
those upside-down giggles are mine to keep.