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Comet Racer

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Comet Racer

I flew my “Comet Racer”
On flimsy sticks,
And ragged pigtailed;
It soared crazily,
Like a giddy child;
Swooping low,
Diving into treetops;
And crowded chorus lines,
Dipping and careening...
With a whip of my line,
Flew as high as Helios;
Eyes blinking golden maze,
Flying my Dive Bomber;
As it chased the mocking wind,
Bucking like a Bronco;
Crashing ungallantly,
Into Mr. Martino’s pigeon coop;
Hanging as helpless as a marionette,
Grounded among its puzzled audience.

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