

Paper, the Airplane

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There once was a boy, who really did try
To make paper planes to fly high in the sky.

He planned and he folded till one was just right,
And then, in his room, it was tossed for a flight.

But it flew out the window. A Breeze happened by
And saved it from crashing, and helped it to fly.

“Oh, Paper, just how may I help you to go?”
Asked the Breeze. Paper plane replied, “Thanks! Not too low!”

So Breeze nudged the plane he called “Paper”, and then,
Paper was lifted upward again.

When Paper tried moving some of his folds,
He found he could turn, becoming quite bold.

Then, in a treetop, a ruckus he heard—
A cat was approaching the nest of some birds.

Paper dived down in a fearless display,
Surprising the cat, who scampered away.

“Oh, thank you!” the birds, who were Robins, chirped loudly.
“You’re welcome,” said Paper, with shyness, but proudly.
Three baby Robins bobbed around
Inside the nest, all safe and sound.

The Breeze, being restless, then scooped up the plane
And crossed a broad river, to music and games,

At a countryside fair, with tents all festooned.
Paper saw children, clutching balloons.

Then a small girl cried out in utter dismay—
Her balloon tugged too hard and had gotten away.

It floated up, up, and then Paper's left wing
Got caught in the curls of Balloon's yellow string.

“Oh, No!” thought the Breeze, as he saw his new friend
Tumbling downward, “This could be the end!”

When Paper gasped out, a sound he knew, sounded,
And, clutched from his fall, the airplane rebounded.

There, right above him, and holding the string
In his beak, was the Robin! And making a swing

Back over the fair and the river they flew,
Saving them all—to where home was in view.

The Balloon, with the airplane, were taken back home,
With Paper exhausted. How far had they flown?

Robin was thanked, and, rethinking his quest,
Said, “The least I could do, for you saving my nest.”

The Balloon, shriveled up as it lost all its gas,
With its string and the airplane, it lay on the grass.

Breeze was long gone--that's the way breezes are--
But Robin stayed close, as his tree wasn't far.

The boy came outside, looking around,
And found his lost plane, there on the ground.

He took it inside, and said, with a sigh,
"I'll make me another. One that can fly!"