

When I was Clifford

Frank Lepkowski

She said to me: -

One year I was Clifford the big red dog -

In the Milan village Christmas parade. -

The big head bumped and wobbled on my shoulders -

As I walked along behind the -

Fire trucks and police cars running their sirens and lights, -

And in front of the High School Band -

As they played classic carols in marching cadence. -

In that town we had real reindeer for Santa's sleigh. -

Though it got hot in my Clifford suit -

I enjoyed the freedom of the mascot: -

My disguise let my heart burst out wild and free, -

And it cavorted among the wintry stars. -

I could barely peer out the distant eye holes from my -

Huge head tipping and sliding as I moved along. -

I waved at the crowd, I strutted diagonally from -

Side to side of the crowded street, throwing -

Them candies from a bag held by a helper I could not see. -

My glasses steamed over, soaking with sweat -

All the sad pieces of my life whirled away like straws ahead -

Of the great promise of Santa and his creaking, jingling sleigh. -

I felt my best self entirely free -

For all the holy minutes I lived that role -

When I was Clifford the big red dog. -