Heroes On The Shelf

Darwin L. Gardner

St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1990/iss1/2

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1990/iss1/2 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Heroes On The Shelf

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1990.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1990/iss1/2
I remember a cold day last year.

Evening time, and great white flakes drifting lazily with no destination in mind.

Not so yourself.

You were the picture of quiet determination.

The three-legged stool placed just so.

Your tongue clenched between clean white teeth providing balance to youthful instability.

Reaching up, away up high, Superman was dismissed to the shelf.

I watched from the other room and thought proudly, "He's quite the little man."

This, as you grabbed paper and pen and majestically descended the stairs.

Wandering into your tiny world I marvelled at the hero's plastic bravery as he faced the howdes of others dismissed and forgotten.

Soon, his features too would blur with the dust of time and maturity.

Is this then where heroes go when their sheen dulls and reason replaces wonder?

The top shelf--the Hero's Purgatory, doomed to remain until some other tiny alchemist transforms their leaden hearts to gold.

Looking back, I remember pride in you.

Today, as my vision swims through the mists of remembrance, I feel kinship with them.

Promise me Son, that you'll take me down once in awhile it only to resurrect Heroic memories.

Who knows?

I may still be able to slay the odd dragon, or two.

Darwin L. Gardner
Heroes on the Shelf

I remember a cold day last year.
Evening time, and great white flakes
drifting lazily with no destination in mind.
Not so you.
You were the picture of quiet deter-
mination.
The three-legged stool placed just so.
Your tongue clenched between clean white
teeth providing balance to youthful
instability.
Reaching up, away up high, Superman was
dismissed to the shelf.
I watched from the other room and thought
proudly, "He's quite the little man."
This, as you grabbed paper and pen and
majestically descended the stairs.
Wandering into your tiny world I marvelled
at the hero's plastic bravery as he faced the
howes of others dismissed and forgotten.
Soon, his features too would blur with
the dust of time and maturity.
Is this then where heroes go when their
sheen dulls and reason replaces wonder?
The top shelf--the Hero's Purgatory,
doomed to remain until some other tiny
alchemist transforms their leaden hearts to
gold.
Looking back, I remember pride in you.
Today, as my vision swims through the
mists of remembrance, I feel kinship with
them.
Promise me Son, that you'll take me down
once in awhile it only to resurrect Heroic
memories.
Who knows?
I may still be able to slay the odd
dragon, or two.

Darwin L. Gardner