

# *Happy Little Verses*

**Helen Han Wei Luo**

the tickling of ukulele strings pops through  
its ripe, juicy chords, bursting  
notes like sun-kissed mango  
skin, sizzle, splat, the sugary tang  
beckoning the bucktoothed  
squirrel's bucktoothed nibble, the hairs  
on his tail fluttering,  
leggiero on the ukulele tunes. Follow me into  
these happy little verses,

since the wild onions  
against our window have bloomed.  
Pungent and purple, like constellations of feathery  
kissing against warm skin - I think I must  
furl like lambswool around winter's  
cocooning burp. Mount the slow spiraling trail  
of the tangerine peel, scalloping the fragrant terrain  
with ten tiny toes. Waddle, waddle,  
a gust of sunshine could tip  
you over my hot-air balloon, soaring across  
the polka-dotted, scribbly sky, over fields of  
sheep and horses and wild onion blooms.

At night the housecat curls beneath the window,  
lapping at the milky moonlight dripping  
down the blinds. The golden-crisp apples  
of your cheeks puff and puff,  
and I move softly. Feel the brush  
of each stray figment  
snuggle into place.