

Dreaming of Ed Sullivan – A Sestina
by Jayelle Lindsay

I was so upset once, I stepped on every crack
on the way to school. When I got home her back
was fine. She broke eggs into a bowl, I watched her fold
them into the batter. We ate dessert every night.
Her wedding dress had fifty satin buttons.
We had to go to bed. They watched Ed Sullivan.

Before 1948 no one had ever seen Ed Sullivan.
On summer nights, we played Kick- the-can and Crack-
the-whip. My brother got told to button
his lip. You might think I'm going a long way back
but I remember it stormed that night
from the porch, the sheets of rain would fold and unfold.

My aunt taught me Origami, how to fold
paper and they also showed it on Ed Sullivan
but we had company that night.
Horse chestnuts on strings will crack-
loud as anything. We stole the sugar bowl, went out back,
stole rhubarb, sat on the branch of the apple tree like buttons.

Home sick from school I could play with the button
box or help Mom with the sheets she had to fold.
In forth grade, Pamela Wilson got held back.
We were told she watched too much Ed Sullivan.
If you put Coleman's mustard and water in a sidewalk crack,
yhe worms will come up. My aunt would say 'Gooood Night!'

Our garden had fireflies and bats at night.
I had a blue velvet coat with pearl buttons
to wear to my uncle's wedding and my Cracker
Jack prize was a diamond ring! If we fold
all the newspapers, we can watch Ed Sullivan!
We saw an acrobat spin plates, lying on his back.

Dad worked too hard once and hurt his back.
He had to stay in bed with linament. One dark night
Mom rubbed him in with toothpaste. Ed Sullivan
aad Topo Gigio, Wayne & Shuster and Red Buttons.
The United Church had Welch's grape juice, taught us to fold
our hands to pray. I kept my eyes open a crack.

Now I can manage buttons up the back.
I fold my own egg whites and on Sunday night
I crack my shins on old memories, dream I'm married to Ed Sullivan.