



MINKA THE MOLE

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Dedicated to all who dream.

G'm Minka the mole.
I'm very small
and almost always underground.
You'll know I'm around
by my trail of earth-mounds.
That's me, scratching up dirt
with my snout and claws
to find worms.

Sometimes, just for a second,
I peep from my tunnel,
then, in a twinkling, I vanish
so no-one (except you) will see me!



You won't hear me scratching below,
and you might be a little upset
when I've sewn your garden,
not with more flowers,
but with a trail
of little brown mounds.



When I see a gardener,
with a grin, not a frown,
shoveling my soft crumbly mounds
around his shoots and stems,
I'm so glad *he* doesn't think my molehill
is a mountain of trouble!
And look! Hurrah!
Fed by my claw-scratched soil,
he has rows and rows
of smiling satisfied flowers!



My favorite moments
are when my black beady eyes
are lit up
with bright streaks of dawn.

My snout twitches with longing
to climb into those purple-gold skies,
instead of returning to earth-browns,
and the tangle of roots.



Every day, I ask the One
who made me a soil-digger
to lead me away
from black tunnels.

With help, I'll dig and climb,
up and up,
to the top of a wondrous hill
flooded with golden light.



At times, through an open tunnel
I peer out in delight
at other creatures warmed by sunlight.

But I must tear myself away,
and dig down again through
a thousand catacombs of dirt.



Still, I have hope –
My dream lives in a girl's face,
in her cheeks that are round
like my soft mounds,
in her blue eyes shining
like early dawn,
in her voice that whispers:
What an adorable treasure you are!



Her hands were gentle,
when they held me
in a half-minute above-ground.

Her soft touch
felt like my mother's sweet love.



One day,
in a moment above-ground,
she'll lift me up
through petals and leaves,
above the tallest trees
into vast cloud-spun skies.
I'll fly above tree-tops,
leaving behind me,
not rounds of dirt,
but sparkling clusters of stars.



Trust me,
dreams can come true,
and when I've grown wings,
look for my radiant black coat
high in the sky.

I'll be waving at you,
and soaring.

