

Still Crazy Volume IX Issue 2
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Superhero Grandpa

He draws a line.

Behind, his scions play along.
Before, the ogres rise.

He dares the beasts to cross,

posing like a boxer—
at his silly game the children laugh.

He whoops like a Banshee,

attempts a kung fu lunge—
Grandpa's funny, a little daft, drawing lines in sand,

hurling threats at things unseen.

He holds them off,
breaks out milk and cookies,

springs back into the fray,

flaring his shirt to a cape,
firing lasers with his eyes.