Come on,
taste it,
it tastes like popsicle!

The red one, the blue one!
Captain America!

It’s a tire,
a tiny black
rubber— Lego tire.

The rigid edges resemble nothing
of a popsicle
or its sweet innocent taste.

A tightly folded pink post-it
holds hand crafted secrets.
Each line scribbled precisely,
mimicking a seismic reading.

Small then big,
ripples then waves.
Sentences cover the 2x2 inch paper.
Writings that only you know how to decipher.

In your small, quiet, timid, voice you tell me what it says...
“‘I love you, mommy.’

Which is far better than any rubber tire
that tastes like a popsicle
could ever be.