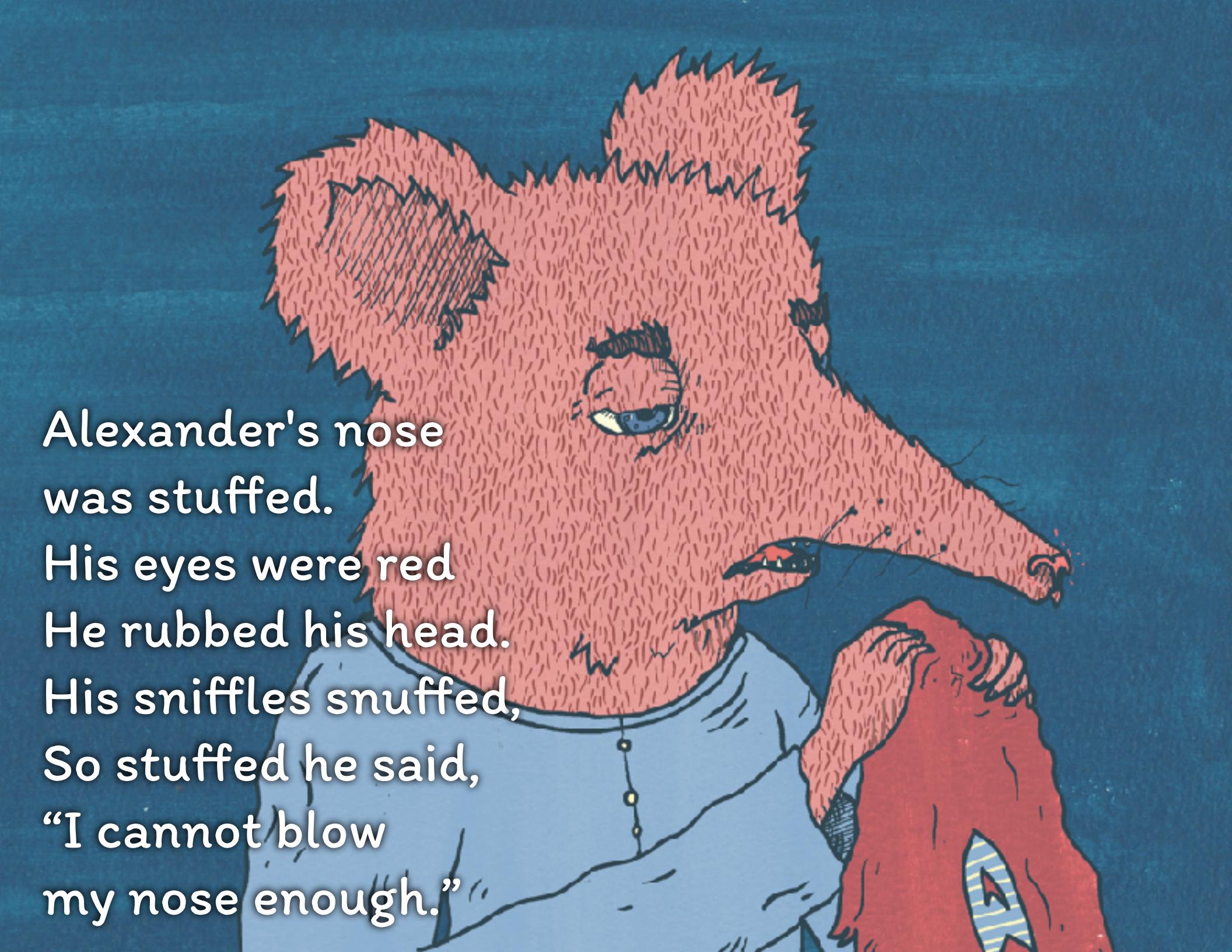




ALEXANDER ROCKET NOSE

BY
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RAFTER**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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Alexander's nose
was stuffed.
His eyes were red
He rubbed his head.
His sniffles snuffed,
So stuffed he said,
“I cannot blow
my nose enough.”

He then produced
A handkerchief
And when he blew,
Up, up he flew
Into the sky, into the blue
Into the blue and then
right through.

A colorful illustration of a family watching a rocket launch at night. A man in a blue shirt and glasses points towards a bright white rocket launching from a red field. A woman in a red dress waves, and a small child stands next to her. The background is a dark blue night sky filled with numerous yellow stars.

His father cried
Such tears of pride
His mother waved
“He's just so brave,”
Up, up he shot
And then she thought,
“My son, my son,
the astronaut.”

But Alexander's only thought

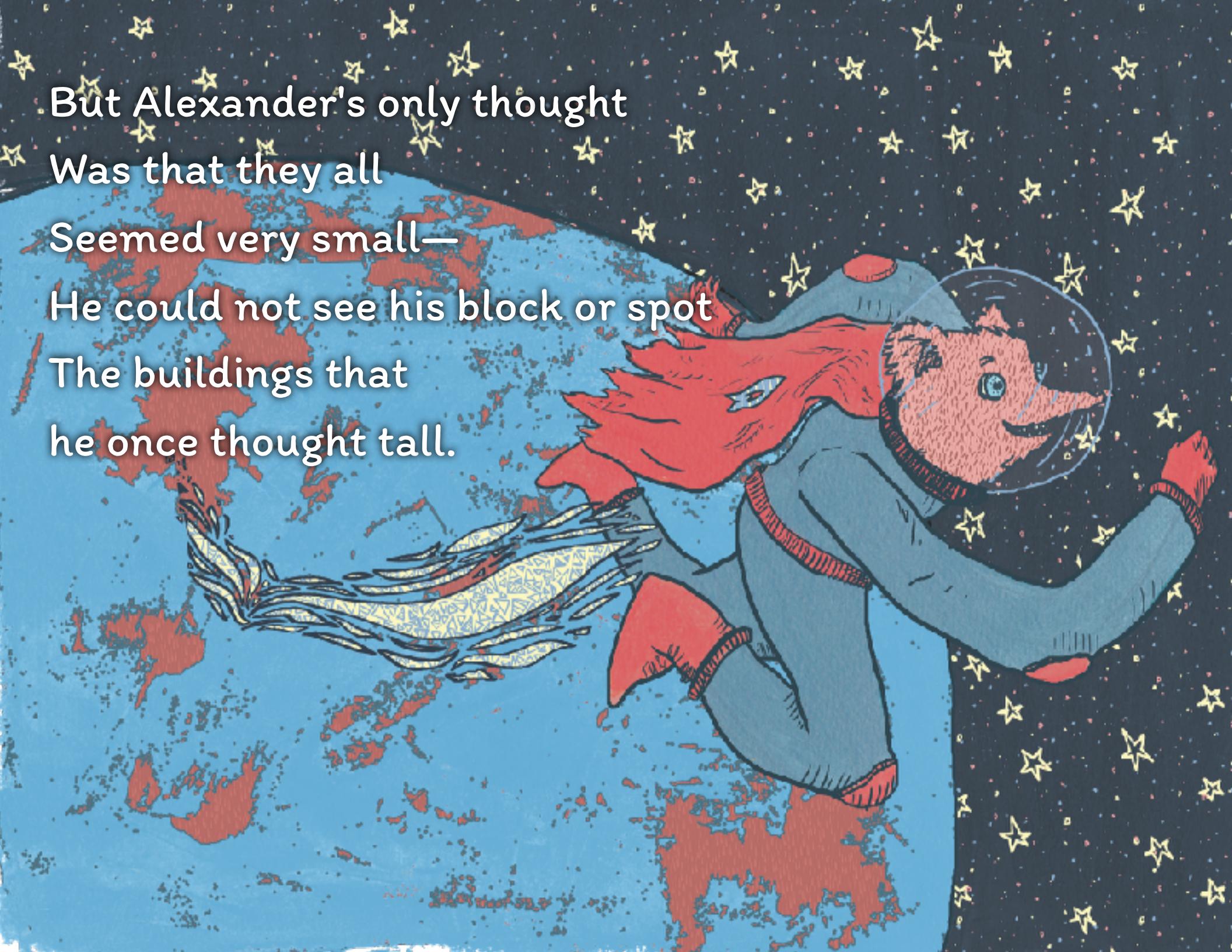
Was that they all

Seemed very small—

He could not see his block or spot

The buildings that

he once thought tall.



Through the clouds
He was propelled
Through misty rain and
past airplanes
He was compelled
To think of how
He'd ever land on land
again.





He whooshed upon a distant world
With jagged rocks and canyons grand
The lifeforms there
were shale and sand

And very few
could understand
How Alexander
nosely-hurled
Could somehow land—
And somehow stand—
With cape-like
handkerchief unfurled.

They gave him flowers made of rocks
Which smelled of feldspar granite blocks



They bent and bowed
When they would talk
Of how he flew and how he walked
And how he'd get back home somehow.

Before he spoke
he sniffed a sniff
Of one rock branch
with crystal leaves
And when that fragrant
whiff was whiffed
Alexander wheezed a wheeze
Then sneezed the most
horrific sneeze
And once again
began to lift.



Overwhelming nasal-thrust

Was caused by
sweet rock-flower dust.

Past meteors, past satellites—
Asteroids and comet plumes—

He flew his flight
Through bright starlight
And countless multi-colored moons.



As he neared, he marked a mark
And landed softly in the park
His mother and his father cheered
For they had thought he'd disappeared
But now was home just after dark
And safe despite what they had feared.



His mother kissed
His stuffy head
And then to Alexander said,
“Oh, I have missed you,
And have wished,
You'd come back home
To be in bed.”



Alexander softly sighed
He smiled wide
And gently tried
To sniffle just a little more
While staying
firm upon the floor.



So lightly then he blew his blows
And never rose— unless he chose—
And snored his snores unlike before—
Brave Alexander Rocket-Nose.