“The Hat of Miss Magee”

I saw Miss Magee walking down the road wearing a hat the size and shape of a Brazil nut. The clouds hovered, the houses stood, and Miss Magee looked passionate.

The next day, as she walked the mile to church, her hat appeared to be a bulging envelope. The crickets murmured, “cha cha cha,” and Miss Magee waved, smiling and biting her lip.

On Monday I took a stroll around the block and saw Miss Magee walking over yonder. Her hat was indecipherable, a black shape without boundaries, and wonderful.

And later I went walking. I saw Miss Magee: how rakishly she wore each passing hour! Dragonflies and bats veered overhead and Miss Magee shivered in the evening air.

The following afternoon I took a turn and spotted Miss Magee: strapped onto her head was Mr. Bellyache, from Outoftown. I didn't wave, for she appeared distracted.

And the other day, you'll never guess whom I saw: Miss Magee. This time she wore nothing but the state of Massachusetts. It was charming if just a bit small for her.

Early this morning, I walked through the meadow. The starlings glittered, the chicory bloomed, and I suppose that more than the world is the hat of Miss Magee trembling about her eyebrows.

© 2002 Joanie Mackowski from The Zoo