Jill and the Beanstalk

Canto I

The story of Jack has often been told,
You know about the beanstalk and the gold.

You remember the cow and Jack’s mad mom,
Who screamed and screamed when their food was all gone.

But this tall tale is not about a lad.
It’s of giants, Jill and her not mad dad.

Jill’s heard about the giant’s favorite food,
“But stealing is stealing, stealing is rude.”

She vows never to be bad in her life,
And will one day vow to be a good wife,

But before her days as an indenture,
She vows herself a harmless adventure.

Thus, our story begins under the stalk,
Where a city sprung after people did flock.

Jill’s feet hit the dirt in the early morn,
“The dusty ground,” she thought, “How I forlorn.”

She spots where green earth pierces the sky,
Considering the climb, wishing to fly.

The manliest of men have climbed and failed,
Many have slipped, some vanished, others bailed.

Clearly the clouds are not ‘tended for men—
They’re destined for the ventures of children.

Her dad insisted she go out and play,
"Run, jump, climb, have fun for the day"
So Jill makes way through the streets of downtown,
Cute as ever in her Cinderella gown,

Friendly city-people doting her pass,
Saying, “Now there goes a good little lass.”

But when she doesn’t pause to start her climb,
They gaze in awe, forgetting about time.

Motionless now, only her and time moves,
Not looking down as she gets in the groove.

When people again speak, Jill’s out of sight,
Their words in the air, “She might fall. She might.”

Canto II

Cloudily white the land, ivory the castle,
A great gander for Jill after the hassle.

Spires higher than mountains crown on stars,
There's no judgement how large nor how far.

But only for a moment Jill stands still,
Not seeming frightful, when men would shrill.

Simply moving along, humming a song,
Some how knowing that nothing will go wrong.

Soon she arrives at the crystalline gates,
The cool air sends a shiver, then she waits.

Stomping is heard, “so the stories are true,”
Then she spots a cracky hole to sneak through.

The tunnel’s dark black as she crawls with grace.
One thing about Jill, she can keep good pace.

She sees inside, there’s a giant fire!
A giant’s foot! propped up and retired,
Bubbly mouth snoring in bassy deep sleep,  
She glides through the room, not making a peep.

While crossing the floor, making her beeline,  
Suddenly pounces, a fervent feline,

Who’s on the hunt for something exciting,  
Shocking Jill with her first bit of frightening.

Though only for a moment, then he purrs.  
Jill straddles his furry back, kicks like spurs,

She points to tasty pears in the kitchen,  
But he goes out back intent on chickens.

Hay and feathers fly in the stirred up coop,  
A giant broom swings downward with a swoop,

But the cat is agile, quick on its feet,  
In a minute they’re out on a backstreet,

Happy as ever under the bright sun,  
Warm all of a sudden, weather for fun.

Canto III

Sniffing down the way comes a pesky pup,  
No problem for the cat who just goes up

A steel ladder to see the great big world,  
A city like Jill’s magically unfurled.

Good people work hard as they do their jobs,  
Yet like Jill’s home many lie and some rob.

A jovial dame stirs corn in a kettle,  
A sootful blacksmith bangs and clangs metal,

A distressed lady yells, “He’s got my purse!”  
A sad man with a gun does something worse.

It’s life as Jill knows on a massive scale,
A sea of commotion too large to sail.

What’s this!? just before beyond her vision,
It seems another beanstalk! has risen?

From the center of this colossal city,
One hundred taller, one hundred pretty,

Early once more, like when this tale began,
When Jill had walked outside without a plan.

Did climbing the stalk return her to dawn?
“Oh no! Now the ivory castle is gone!”

How is she ever suppose to get home?
Oh now she suffers evermore alone.

The cat rolls over and Jill tumbles off,
Past the rooftop crest and down a deep trough,

Plummeting from the monstrous building,
Luckily her gown puffs (sails her gliding),

Among curlicue vapors white like pearls,
Propelled by brisk whimsical winds and whirls.

Jill lands soft on a single cobble stone,
By a home as familiar as her own.

She knows by sight the enlarged door and lock,
She knows by sound her amplified dad talk,

Wishing his Jill a fun day and goodwill,
But as she leaves, big Jill steps on small Jill!

Who now makes way through the streets of downtown,
Cute, just bigger in her Cinderella gown.

Canto IV

So that’s Jill’s tale, what’s to say has been said,
And the hard fact is that that Jill is dead,
But it’s not about one girl nor one walk,
It’s about wonder and a paradox.

Let Jill’s enigma be one core lesson:
You and your thoughts are a giant blessin’.

So go have fun and compel people’s minds,
Close your eyes and see what you want to find.

Imagine a world and it will be real,
As real as anything real you can feel.