

The Yummy-Gummy-Tummy-Tree (7)
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Twirling my tongue up and twisting my face,
I was just getting my gum into place.
Just as I puckered up, blowing a winner,
my mother yelled out, "It's time for your dinner!"

"I know what you're thinking... don't swallow your gum!
Your belly will ache and begin to get numb!
For real! It will not be funny or yummy
when you grow a gumball tree inside your tummy."

I thought, how silly, she knows I'm too big
to think that I might grow as much as a twig.
She must be daffy. Come on now— a tree!?!
I may as well grow a giraffe on my knee!

But wouldn't rock if I really could grow
some Rainbow-Ring Gumballs or Gum Flavored Snow?
What if I did sprout a twig from my belly
and some of the gumballs tasted like jelly?

They would be *better* than regular gumballs!
A new kind of treat. I'll call them— YUM-balls!
A glorious gumball wrapped in a gummy!
A heavenly treat for my tongue and my tummy!

Yes, I will grow Yum-Balls on my tummy tree
with just enough cool Rainbow Jellies for me.
Or even better, if I can grow more
I'll share them with Pessy, and Embl, and Thor.

A zillion for them and a zillion for me;
I'll have to grow quite a few twigs on my tree.
A new branch will blossom high over my chest
including some room for a bluebird to nest.

My friends will all love it 'cause they love to climb,
and they'll want to play with me all of the time.
And more and more friends will gather to see
the fun yummy-tummy-tree growing on me.

They'll gather around me all saying out loud,
"That Rodro's amazing! His mom must be proud!"
They will blow bubbles like clouds in the sky
and float around laughing without asking why.
And I'll shout out loud, to let them all know,
"There's still lots of flavors I have yet to grow!"

I'll summon some Cinnamon Honey Delights,
Chocolate Chip Pizzas, Blue Brownie Big-Bites,
Moo-Moo-Cow-Pies, and Candy Bar Peach;
no flavor will ever be out of my reach.

A jumble of Yum-Balls for all of my friends,
where big bubble blowing and fun never ends.

I'll grow a new branch- that is fit for a swing!
I'll grow a new branch- where a songbird can sing!
I'll grow a new branch- where we laugh when we chew!
I'll grow it for me, and I'll grow it for you!

Climbing my branches will be a new sport.
They'll be enough room for a three-story fort.
Below all my leaves, chewing Pink Lemonade,
the older folks can come and rest in my shade.

My fantasy tree was such a big deal,
I started to feel like it happened for real.

Flat on the ground with the tree on my belly
I shouted to Embl, "Please pass me a Jelly!
Yo Embl, down here at the root of the tree!
Grab me some yumballs and throw them to me!"

I wagged my arms with a shout and a scream.
I flailed like a fish hoping I would be seen.
I shouted so loud that I started to quake.
I started to think— ‘Did I make a mistake?’

“Hey Thor, my good friend! A little help, please!
Toss me a nice Macaroni-N-Cheese?”
But it was useless. The kids in my tree
were too busy playing to bother with me.

The boys in the fort and the girls on the swing
were chewing and laughing and doing their thing.
I made-up a treat that was yummy and free,
and seemed to include everybody but me.

I grew it for them ‘cause I wanted to share
but they all forgot me, and they do not care.
They’re having a ball chewing gum in my shade
forgetting their friend and the tree that he made.

Should their *lack* of caring be cause for concern?
Should I *not* expect more respect in return?
Could it be selfish? Should I be mad?
Should I just enjoy what I did and be glad?

While I was thinking, a whine and a pout,
and fighting and fussing had started to sprout.
The fort began rumbling, the swing jarred about,
and even the birds were beginning shout.

I felt kind-a bad when they lost track of me
but losing their manners; now that shouldn’t be.
They got a bit greedy and couldn’t agree,
so — I shook their bodies right out of my tree.

They all got a shock when they fell to the ground
and that made them all take a good look around.
At first there was silence— but then a surprise—
the glint of a smile crept into their eyes.
Then came a giggle that spread like a breeze,
and laughter that put all their anger at ease.
At once they remembered the joy they forgot.
“My bad”, and “I’m sorry”, were heard quite a lot.

Pessy stepped forward and straightened her glasses.
She cleared her throat and then spoke for the masses.
“We must be crazy! What were we thinking!?!
You gave us a lift and we ended up sinking!

You gave us a gift to show that you care
and we left you down here alone in despair.
Rodro, we’re grateful and glad to express—
your Tummy-Tree is a gum-yummy success!!!

We gathered some YUM-Balls. These are for you!
We’re thankful for you and for all that you do!”

Grateful my act of good will wasn’t wasted,
I thanked them and savored the flavor I tasted.
Then— Just as I puckered up, blowing a winner,
my mother yelled out, “It’s time for your dinner!”

My daydream went **pop** along with my bubble
and I had to hurry to stay out of trouble.

My dinner was good, and it filled up my belly
but not half as good as a Tummy-Tree Jelly!

Care, share, and always be there!