

Missing U

written by Brooke Wagstaff

This is the tale of the letter named I,
A lonely author who lived life with a sigh.
Typing her treatise on the common green pea,
I encountered a problem while pressing one key.
The harder she pushed, the worst was still true.
I declared to herself, "I'm missing my *U*!"

A panic seized I and she looked to the sky,
Confirming her fear that all was awry.
I dashed through the city and away from the crowds,
Fleeing the streets and all that was loud.

Climbing a cliff overlooking the C,
I searched for a sign that would answer her plea.
"My writing is hindered, my home life is stark...
Upon a journey for U I must now embark!"

She hopped on a ship and it sailed double-quick.
(Clutching her side, I felt quite C [sic])

She arrived at a jungle, all filled with suspense...
The lump in her throat said she'd moved well past tense.
The Bs, they were buzzing, the blue Js flew near,
But I gathered her courage and slashed past her fear.

She burst through to a vista all cloaked in blue,
And I's eyes slowly widened as they took in the view:
Umbrellas, ukuleles, and UFOs, too!
All could be found in this haven of U.

"You're welcome to stay, but you won't see much here.
When the *birds* flew away, so went the cheer.
The *fish* are long gone, no key *lime pie*...
There's plenty of sorrow, but not even one—I!"

She peered at his face, kind, handsome, and true.
"I am none but I...U, is that you?"
You looked at me then like I will never forget,
And I took your hand on that day that we met.

So, that is the story, according to me,
Of how I found U, and they became we.