A Real-Life Giant!

When my mother was fourteen,

while she still roamed the streets of Albany,

And when she’d spend her time with her cousins

Or with her beloved Aunt Dorothy,

She would love to be at Sam’s

While she was still talking funny.

She met a real life giant,

A man who never lacked sovereignty.

He took up the space of two chairs.

With feet so big, they looked like a deformity

He would eat a whole bowl of garlic,

Something so bizarre, it could be a felony.

She was a finch compared to-

the condor that was his enormity.

She had seen him once before in the tales of-

Princess Bride, for him to exist, must have been sorcery.

His voice was so deep, the glasses would chime-

As he spoke. It was definitely an abnormality.

She was frightened by the height and grumble,

But the gleam in his eye proved his sincerity.

She shook his hand, excited to meet a star.

Her hand was like a baby’s in his, normally-

 Her hand was average, the exact size it needed to be

 But with him by her side, she was tiny.

Andre the giant, the French WWF star, the devious-

 kidnapper of Princess Buttercup. He lacked conformity.

She told him how much she loved his role,

The flattery on his face was courtesy.

When my mother was fourteen, she met a real life giant.

How lucky was she?