

Miguel's Brave Knight

Young Cervantes
and His Dream
of Don Quixote



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Imagination

No giant or dragon
is bigger or stronger
than the human imagination.

—M. E.





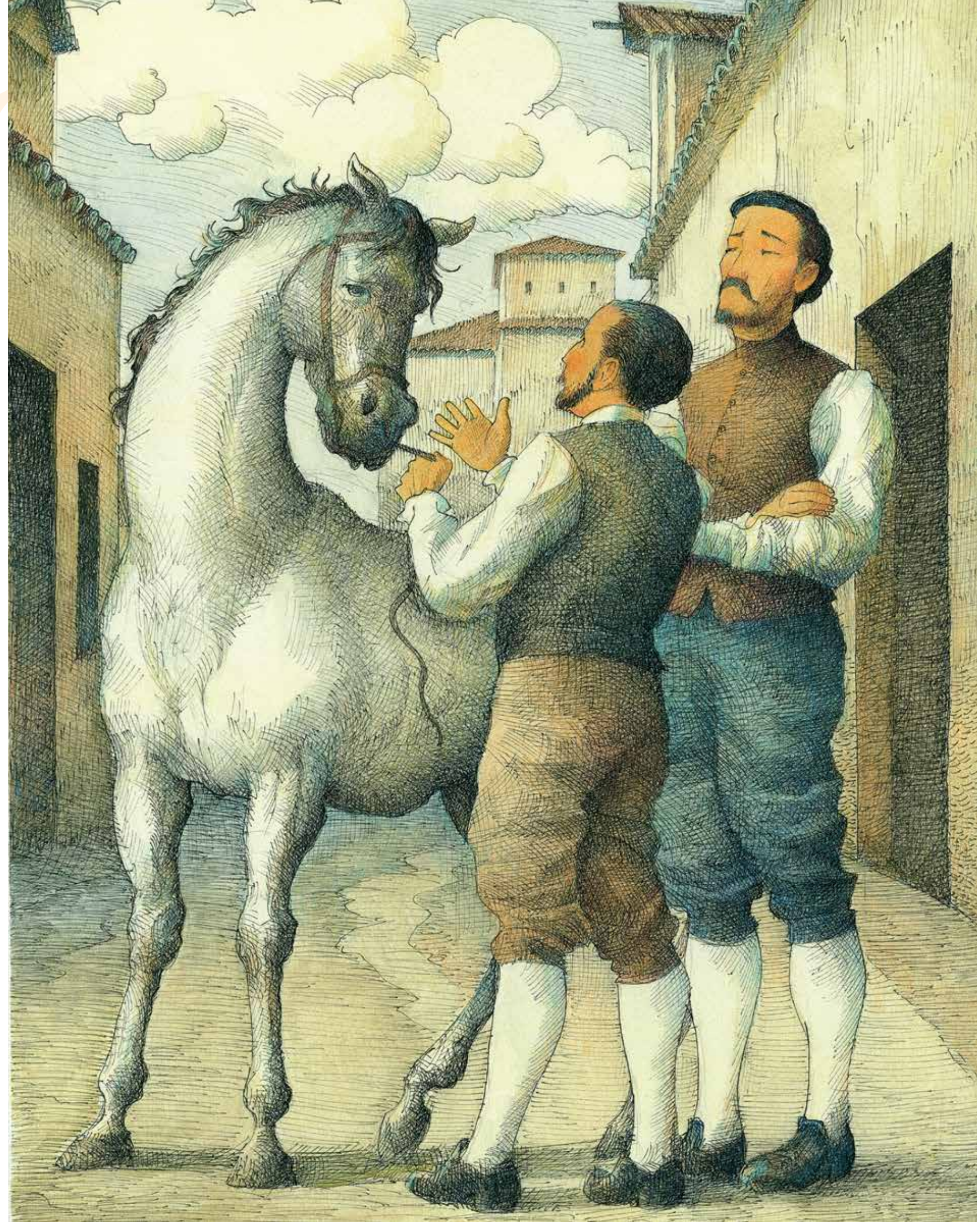
Happiness

Happiness

When I close my eyes,
I ride up high
on a horse the color
of moonrise!

But then I open my eyes,
and all I see is Papá, selling
the last of the horses from his stable—
his sweet old swaybacked nag,
a tired animal that would be happy
to sleep
all day.

With eyes shut tight again, I picture
a galloping steed
that will carry
Papá's sadness
away...





Stories

With my sisters
it's easy to pretend
that the tales Mamá tells
are real.

We act out each scene,
creating little plays filled with dragons
and heroes.

I wear Papá's barber bowl on my head
and hold Mamá's broom high.

I am a knight on a steed,
armed with a golden helmet
and glowing lance.

Happiness surrounds me as I prance
and gallop into my fanciful world
of brave deeds.