

as a small child i worried that the clouds
might scrape the sky
the same way the eye can be scratched
deeply enough
to make it blind.

i had a rubber monkey doll.
i had named him jocko.
he was brown.
he had a friendly smile.
he had a tail that curled.
he was not an imaginary friend.
i would drag him around with me everywhere i went
and we would crouch down
talking about it
praying these clouds would not be the ones.

one day his right arm fell off
behind the riojas family house
where intense canasta games occurred.

jocko kept his eyes for three more years
and after that i was on my own.

as a small child.
wf.h.
2024