

What was wrong with this kid...? We were now at the Statue's base... Well I'll leave you with your mom... She set out... skipping... I studied her little silhouette... for any signs of hidden... as she joined the stream of tourists... Why was today so easy...? Hey...! Kid...! I was suddenly very... worried... Hey lass...! Something seemed... important... though who am I to... still... I was shouting... Kid...! It was ok to shout... because of the crowds... Hey...! but then people were starting to look... I felt so... but what could I do... Hey! Hey...? That kid... I thought about her all...

But usually I do... every morning in fact... suffer the pain of a child in pain... on my lap... but even then... even that...! I am easily... bivouacked... between the child-on-lap pain and... my knack... for knowing it is all a... needing to clean my kitchen floor needing... more dental floss... those are the real... *things*... but stop... back... back...! I said to the non-crying child Shall I take you to your mom...? She acquiesced... Yes but please the real one... And so we were driving... through the Holland Tunnel... down the... She was happy as a... When was the last time you saw your mom I said... Oh on a field trip... last year... *Last year*... in her kid way of saying... it sounded like *lass chair*... We boarded the ferry... Well lass we're almost... It had been such an easy daydream this... She seemed to be having such a good... She had taken my hand and was swinging her arm... I do not have time... for a... phantasm of a child... in non-pain... I have a real... life... but also I live...

Please recycle to a friend!

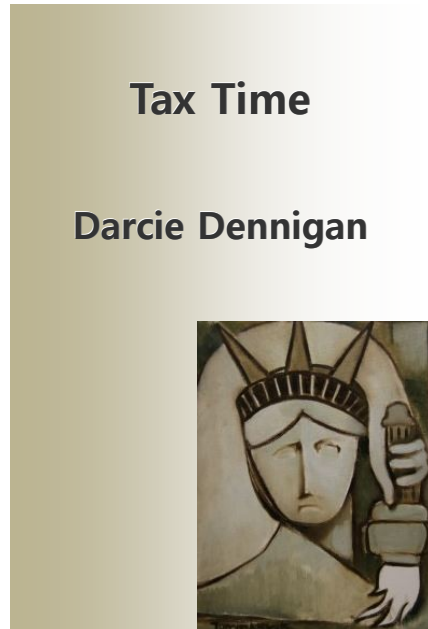
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Origami Poetry Project™

**Tax Time**

Darcie Dennigan © 2013



**Tax Time**

*What are days for...?* Waking up... I wake up every day... in an SUV... in the driver's seat... with a crying child on my lap... The child's crying... Usually I can trace it... a child dressed in rubble post-earthquake... a child dressed in mosquitoes post-malaria outbreak... But yesterday...! In the SUV... the child on my lap was perfectly... happy... We were parked at an intersection... I think it was New Jersey... the child was watching a woman... dressed in a Statue of Liberty costume... There's my mother she said... as placidly as if she were licking a... lollipop... Usually... Usually the child in my lap is in dire... Usually... I must have been saying these things out loud... because the child was piping up... *You shoe all-y... You shoe all-y...* saying the word in parts, so that it sounded ... like an ode to a shoe ...