Everybody Believes They Are the Good Guy

By Cynthia Arrieu-King

I was hanging with grandparents in a kindergarten

and the teacher drew an accordion wall across

to keep the children in antigravity class together

the grandparents separately graded balloon worksheets

sunlight floated in, the grandparents thoughtful about addition, mulling vacation

Come here I said to the little one too little to be in class, soft as peaches

I want to tell you something and you repeat it back to me next time

She toddled over, put her arms up to hug me, we hugged

She had stars inside her soul, was visibly celestial beneath her coat

More human than human, got it? I cuddled her

Okay, she said, I’m more human than a human

Source: Poetry (December 2017)