

# to the notebook kid


By Eve L. Ewing

yo chocolate milk for breakfast kid.  
one leg of your sweatpants rolled up  
scrounging at the bottom of your mama's purse  
for bus fare and gum  
pen broke and you got ink on your thumb kid

what's good, hot on the cement kid  
White Castle kid  
tongue stained purple  
cussin on the court  
till your little brother shows up  
with half a candy bar kid

got that good B in science kid  
you earned it kid  
etch your name in a tree  
hug your granny on her birthday  
think of Alaska when they shootin  
curled-up dreams of salmon  
safety  
tundra  
the farthest away place you ever saw in a book  
polar bears your new chess partners  
pickax in the ice  
Northern Lights kid

keep your notebook where your cousins won't find it.  
leave it on my desk if you want  
shuffle under carbon paper  
and a stamp that screams late  
yellow and red to draw the eye from the ocean  
you keep hidden in a jacked-up five star.  
your mama thought there was a secret in there  
thought they would laugh  
but that ain't it.



it's that flows and flows and flows  
and lines like those rip-roaring  
bits you got  
bars till the end of time  
you could rap like  
helium bout to spring  
all of it  
down to you  
none left in the sun — fuelless  
while the last light pushes from your belly

climbing your ribs

and you laugh into the microphone  
and who is ready for that?

Source: *Poetry* (April 2015)