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?