

## *Eric*

You stand before me,  
pajamas on backward  
teeth like a beaver,  
looking up  
through dark-rimmed glasses  
questions of the day  
in your eyes

Your skinny body holds  
the wiring of a man,  
your bravery is that of  
one thousand lions  
as you present yourself  
with no umbrellas  
no shields

There is no question  
you cannot answer  
you frighten my suitors and  
stomp through my mind,  
and I give you the kleenex  
of my soul  
every day

I wonder, as I read the news,  
will you wear your soldier  
suit backward,  
will the lions fall  
dead  
on the field?