

Can you mend me?

This morning
with sounds
of children's laughter
moving
across a clear blue sky,
the green-eyed boy
told me about
his father.

A tattooed bully
who rode a motorcycle
through
the living room,
knocking down a wall.

Who threw a live crab
into the bathtub
to pick at
his son's soft skin.

Who hurled a glass
shattering
porcupine slivers
into the boy's forehead
never
to be recovered.

Who penetrated his son,
leaving the child
an open tunnel
for others
to crash through.

Can you mend me?
he asks,
looking at his sneakers.

How
do you tell
a ten-year-old boy
that he's broken,
splintered
into a thousand fragments
of torment?

Who let this happen
to a child
before his first day
of Kindergarten?

Jean Meyer