

On Mornings When I am Your Son
-after Meg Day

It takes morning to come with a sun by way of an omelet, red tomatoes, cheese melting just the way you like it & the cock-a-doodle-doo of the smoke detector waking the household & you running downstairs to see me attempting to turn it off before the surprise is ruined, & I, failed cook, retreat to dispose of my failed sun, now crescent moon. Sometimes it takes a haircut of safety scissors, tarp, squeezed into my brother's high-chair to crop my hair out of my face under a bowl that once held eggs, taking the poor haircut without complaint because for some reason, cold scissors against my eyebrows make me feel warm & I know you are trying. On the days I am your son I creep downstairs to put your shoes on to slide around in before you wake, put on one leg of your jeans & wrap your belt as a tie around my throat & borrow the glasses you have but don't wear to play adult & I wish you would switch places with me so I could put my shoes on your feet, squeeze them on your big toe because that's all that will fit & ask you to make me an omelet just like you taught me. I wish I knew to ask Why 23 times and cross myself, sry. I wish I knew how to ask for lines instead of curves & to feel an angle other than looking down to avoid the mirror and the pair I found but someone else is looking for. I will have you put your hand on my bowed head in glee at my latest surprise to feel the shave I stole from your razor & smiling you tell me it looks elegant, refined & I wonder if we all know it now but don't say & I wonder if this will allow me to take refuge behind the kitchen wall as I slip your shoes on without you knowing and to an already risen sun, ask how the omelet is to have you tell me it's perfect.