

The Magnetic Fields, Irma

Irma waits by the window,
Vaguely looking down at her socks
And humming. Possibly her
Father will come home with a box
Of chocolates. Possibly
Not. Father's memory
Was never what it once was.
Shouldn't really drive anymore,
Either. As if in answer,
With a sound like blowing up your
Ears, Father's jeep crashes
Through Irma's wall. She says
Bad words as several hundred
Boxes of her favorite kind
Of chocolate fill her bedroom.
But she doesn't actually mind