

I Made You . . . (April Fool's Day Challenge)

by Jon Davies

There's bird crap on your shoulder.
I made you look, from ages
round four to forty, finger
from chest to nose. Your mother--
her knack for laying smack on
your clothes, your graduation
in front of classmates, dirty.
At times I made jests truthful
so that you'd not be certain
what was, what wasn't. Guessing--
the part liked best by others.
We laughed a lot.

Remember
that time when you were seven:
I said your bike was stolen.
For days you moped, your knuckles
to eyes, those tears you cast off.
A week gone past I rode it.
You ran to greet the cycle
as if it were your lover
returned from war.

That lassie
you liked, aged twenty-seven.
I said your friend got carnal
with her. I said it often.
I made you ask her, made you
believe so much you wedded
that girl to keep her.

Mother

expired three times before the
conclusive real Mr.
Death came. Our home burned down, I
explained. You trekked twelve counties
to find me playing golf in
the yard, dog Sparky slapping
at flies atop the stairway
escorting to the cottage
all there, intact.

 You cheat with
a stripper--joke I told to
your wife. I didn't know that
she couldn't take a goof. She
departed, left with both of
your lads. Who needs a lady
like that?

 Today I call you.
You haven't come in twenty-
odd years. I say I'm dying.
You hope it so. You hate me.
But when I start my crying,
you say, "Just kidding, Daddy."
Not sure if you are sneering.
Don't mess with me, my laddie.
I'm practical, a joker.
Remember, kid, I made you . . .

