

# 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 . . .

