

Neighbor Kid

BOB DAVIS

Neighbor kid is so weird, that I know his name
but think of him as “neighbor kid”.

If I called him “Ryan” or “Jake”
you might make the mistake that he is normal.

He has a rat-tail growing from the back of his head
that wiggles and teases me while he walks,
like a worm on the dirt after it rains.
I stare the same way a frog’s eyes follow a fly.

It’s actually a nice rat-tail, I would think,
blonde and shiny, with a little wave
like it got lost on the way to Goldilocks and made refuge there,
on the rotund, barren wasteland of neighbor kid’s big, dumb head.

I worry that I might cut his neck
when one day I reach for his tail
and snip it away and toss the hairs in the wind
or instead, wrap it around one finger and yank it free like a leech.

I wonder if it will pull his whole brain out with it,
with a sound like pulling my shoe from deep mud,
or whiz and unwind like a fishing line
from a great, golden spool in his head.