

## Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

*Denise Mostacci Sklar*

### **a Cartoon Character Vision Every Day Making Me Smile**

#### **Day I**

This boy stands  
out to me,  
in my  
car like  
a dream  
flash  
gawky, skinny young  
boy I see  
on the way  
to school  
each morning  
running  
with hair brown  
and straight, scraggly  
parted on side-  
tee shirt pink today,  
beige corduroy  
pants, keds sneakers,  
arms free, loose  
wind blowing  
on face  
sleepy eyes  
wide nose  
lips, looking out  
through hair  
teenage face  
still forming

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### Day II

he walks  
to school  
alone in crowd  
thick sneakers  
untied scream  
yellow

light blue  
ocean  
tee shirt  
rummaging  
red back pack-

path from  
middle school  
awkward  
high school  
thick lipped  
smile distracted  
stands at crosswalk  
cars pass  
late today  
with wind  
blowing

Day III

He runs the  
school crosswalk  
white paper assignment  
flutters in hand.

In car at curb,  
my son tells me  
this boy is in his  
Honors English  
class, wonders why  
his hair is so long,  
should cut it,  
one of those kids-  
always smiling so  
genuinely nice  
you can't stand it.

I'm glad he notices  
genuine niceness  
and I'm glad to know  
why he stands out  
to me everyday  
in the crowd of kids  
who rush to school.

Chuckling, my son  
imagines a cartoon  
comparison  
vision of self,  
dark and brooding ,  
serious, cynical—  
I add, well-dressed  
and sensitive.

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### Day IV

Broad stripes  
on sweater  
black and white  
hang on the  
skinny one  
today  
red pants  
and legs  
like sticks  
with  
canvas sneakers  
soft turquoise deep  
paperback  
squeezed between  
thumb and finger  
short quick  
steps breathing  
December air  
smoky cold

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### Day V

teen  
blue jeans  
walk  
on time  
to school,  
olive  
shirt- white  
eagle picture,  
wings  
on chest  
half open,  
long hair thin  
light brown  
bounce  
cartoon  
lips part  
curling  
under warm  
eyes

thick sneakers glide  
like crayon yellow  
blocks on the  
walk path  
in morning  
moment

we pass

ghost vision  
opening my  
smile