

## **“It’s a Boy”**

said the crinkled cellophane  
trying to contain the crumbling  
Dutch Masters coronas  
The best money could buy  
at the hospital gift shop  
Stored in the tall antique humidior  
along with flaking  
“It’s a Girl” cheroots  
old pesos and Canadian coins  
paper thin pennies placed on railroad tracks  
buttons, toys, tarnished pocket knives  
from long dead relatives  
And the Christmas present,  
cuff links for Grandpa  
(a man with no French cuff shirts)

Wearing freshly washed khakis with hints  
of stains from high pressure grease  
California clay soaked by diesel fuel  
The box unwrapped with care and love  
by sunbeaten scarred hands  
Nine presidents ago

Now slowly placed in the French cuffs  
of the freshly rented tux  
As his scrubbed and polished baby boy  
takes a wife

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2<sup>nd</sup> Place Poetry