“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 humidor
    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

Dan Reed England
    2015
2nd Place Poetry