

FREE CHEESE & BUTTER

Diana Marie Delgado

Moms are good at waiting.
We can stand for hours
and she won't tie and untie
shoelaces like my brother.

He yanks pigtails and pinches
with his little monkey hands
that smell of sweat and nickel.
Bored, I practice signatures

in the air, mom's is a clump
of curlicues, all the round
letters of the alphabet. Then
my brother yanks my arm

and points to the end
of the line. Patty Garcia's there,
with her eyes that are so big
she blinks a lot to keep them

in, her teeth sticking out her
mouth like the cream-colored
keys on Mr. Sergio's piano.
At school she's the one we chase.