Martin Luther King, Jr. Day

Jim Daniels

My son boxes in our basement with Andre

in the enormous red gloves my father gave him

for Christmas. He is the Great White Hope

for soft blows and hard laughter beneath me.

A day off to dip strawberries in sugar,

then lick whatever sugar’s left.

4° outside. Inside, no low blows, no clutching.

No rounds. No decision. A day to resist

easy messages as I sit in the kitchen listening,

making them a lunch that’s too sweet,

but they’re only nine⎯a little extra sugar now

*Mom is Working a Little Later Today*

Jacqueline Phillips

Sara’s mom drops me off from school,

in a grey minivan that every parent from

this little town owns. A parenthood rite of passage.

I walk up the steps, not yet weathered,

and unlock the door with the pink key

I was given with the utterance, “For Emergencies.”

This is my roof now, I can play by my

own rules. I stick a Mickey Mouse mug

into the microwave before adding a tea bag.

The toast jumps out of the toaster. I spread

a chocolate, hazelnut concoction on top.

I call Mom to tell her about it. She’s very proud.