

HelmetKid

a poem by Rose Jermusyk

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Character

SPEAKER, someone with a history of having few friends and each one a gem

HELMETKID, Speaker imitating a childhood friend while holding something up over their head
as a stand-in for the infamous helmet

Scene

SPEAKER (*almost finished drink in hand*): HelmetKid,

I miss you;
your devotion
to your grandma's insistence
that
that thing
never
leave your head;
that your training wheels
remain
permanently affixed
to your bike:
unless I'm wrong
and those were your choices,
in the which case

I miss you even more;
your cool as a cucumber exterior
that time my father
came in from mowing the lawn
sweaty with drips,
staring you down
with the intent to kill:
because you were there
in his spot on the couch,
shoes barely off the edge,
(*lifting chin*) your chin as high as could be
so you could look him
dead in the eye,
out from under
(*lifts helmet stand-in to shade eyes*) that thing,
sipping a Lipton Iced Tea (*takes a drink*),
and said to him
with all the bravery
of a fool named Jack

HELMETKID: It was the last one. (*takes another drink*)

SPEAKER: And he
could do nothing
to stop you,
HemletKid.
(*finishes drink*)
Nothing.