

Irma waits by the window,  
Vaguely looking down at her socks  
And humming. Possibly her  
Father will come home with a box  
Of chocolates. Possibly  
Not. Father's memory  
Was never what it once was.  
Shouldn't really drive anymore,

Either. As if in answer,  
With a sound like blowing up your  
Ears, Father's jeep crashes  
Through Irma's wall. She says  
Bad words as several hundred  
Boxes of her favorite kind  
Of chocolate fill her bedroom.  
But she doesn't actually mind