

## Letters from Daddy (9)

There's more to the famous Seesaw, that little  
contraption purposed for a person  
— one on each side — riding dourly  
in a teetering motion.

The search for a friend  
is what's exciting, a person  
to evenly weigh out balance  
of personality, someone that resembles  
the idea of blue barrettes and doll houses,  
smiles with nothing  
but the crayon's gift to draw a world  
before your lighted eyes.

You hear that everything  
has its meaning like

"Look at the big picture" or "You have to see  
beyond the B.S. in order to understand simplicity."

In play, the mind debunks reality,  
latches on to a dream,  
a hatch on a gate that swings open  
letting you out in the summer.

The concrete chalked for hopscotch,  
jump rope whipping fresh air  
— the games we play  
to know a friend,  
and you catch them by their toes

because there aren't plenty of them  
out there nowadays, especially  
when disloyalty is an Instagram lift.  
So Makidada with your Calie  
before a Mister come marching  
around too early to tell if he checkin'  
or fixin' to make her a woman  
without her consent.

Afterwards, she may not be as fun.  
Afterwards, she may say her up is her down,  
her feet finding anything solid, and her bra full  
would want your up to be your down too,  
and to think such solidity  
is giving in to peer pressure.

Now the Seesaw's a hapscoatch  
of parties in the hood and rooms that fill  
and boys that perch on boughs  
like vultures knowing your  
ground is fresh for the marking  
and numbering. The wind whipping  
against a face who's forgotten.  
The choices we make, the people  
we hunt. If your friend collects you  
before the swoop, the timing  
when double Dutching requires  
a strategic edge, then  
consider her a true friend because

We all know that  
there aren't many out there these days  
to call one.