

# Monkey

The little stuffed monkey wore underpants  
and somebody named him before she named  
me. It wasn't his fault that the monkey  
came first. My mother cooked roasts  
and my father carved them with a silver, electric  
knife plugged into the wall by my chair.  
Fancy pan. Stucco house. Angry brother  
with the one-eyed monkey on his well-made bed.

