

## Sugar Baby Sonnet

The website for meeting daddys was free to use  
 with a student email address. On the sugar side, of course.

The others paid. Both sides were merely seeking, arranging  
 something with range: six images for pleasure, a curation

dependent on if today's girl would be show, or telling,  
 which story might be borrowed for making – my whole life a dress,

assembled from pattern. A father in jail, a nose made for huffing.  
 Needle in flame. Now, I have a student that always asks

the same questions about the stories we're reading: *Why?*  
*Why did the mother not love her? Why did the child feel alone?*

My father once kicked my sister in the stomach like a dog.  
 When I asked her about it, she said *well, it was more like a shove,*

*right?* Most things we won't ever know. My life was rich and easy.  
 Fate made me an expert in stories that sell.