

## Magnetic Fields

### "Irma"

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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

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