

Noel Torres

"Fleas"

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My father used to say
You sleep with dogs the next day
You'll wake in the bed scratching
Those inevitable fleas
At ten years old
You listen to what you are told
But I never felt the itch
I never would
My mother had forbidden me
To waste away my life
I want you to have all the things I could never buy you
So don't stop what I'd begun
You're my one, my only son
Follow what I say not what I've done
Follow what I say not what I've done
Shower, scrub, and shave
Cleanly boys don't misbehave
Follow what I say not what I've done

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