

1×1 Lego

I bought him Legos.
But not at Wal-Mart.
My eyes stung when he asked for them;
such tiny boxes,
\$39.99.
So we moved on
and I stayed up way too late that night,
until well after 1.
Lego.com, Bricklink, Ebay.
Ebay won the auction with a
hurry up, 'Buy It Now.'
Pieces at a time.
Tiny sets.
Just enough to whet his appetite.
Help him leave trains,
get him started
transitioning to Legos.
Life stages marked by types of play.

I bought him Legos.
Hand-picked pieces
that would help us make the most of them.
Three tiny bags
\$1.99.
I was ecstatic.
I asked his Uncle if he would help
when I am gone
sit with my boy and build at the table.
But he's moving on.
He isn't "Dad."
All men miss bachelorhood
and freedom, even Uncles who try their best.
Our family life is much too heavy:
full of need and burdensome.
My eyes stung with understanding,
wondering who would help my boy
transition to Legos the way young boys should.

I bought him Legos.
He's a boy
and boys are foreign to my feminine.
But I understand
him.
He needs a stubbled face leaning over him,
showing him how
to become a man.

Showing him how to move his hands and
the yang mannerisms.
Move each tiny 1x1 and discover
the building blocks
of the differences
he possesses;
deep, unlabeled things he can't learn
watching the painted nails
on Mommy's fingers
as he transitions
from sitting on my lap to sitting on his own.

I bought him Legos.
I imagine
most people don't mark the passages
as I do;
alone,
stumbling through this journey.
A woman raising up a man without a man
is frightening.
I don't care for Legos; the things I understand
are inside a million glass-cut bottles.
Lost bobby pins.
I'm a girl kind of girl.
So I wonder how will he learn to build,
to drive a stick shift,
dock a boat,
catch a fish,
if a man
isn't there to help him when he moves beyond the Legos?