

## Candy for Coco

Every kid  
deserves a piece of candy.  
So after school,  
the ones who could  
stopped at the store  
and pored over the variety  
of sweets, giving back  
the nickels and dimes  
our fathers had been traded.  
Sometimes, if I were lucky  
I'd go in.  
I remember once,  
outside, someone put a  
pocket knife point  
gently into my back  
for a piece  
of what I'd bought.  
After I gave him some  
he became my friend,  
even when I had  
nothing to share.

Every kid  
knows how to share  
nothing.  
You just walk  
with your friends  
into the store  
and someone asks the owner  
about the prices he wants  
you to share with him,  
as if you were all  
born equal.  
By the time  
the ring of metal  
drawers and bells  
on the register  
full of loose change  
stops rattling his skull,  
someone else is outside  
with your share.

We knew something  
was not quite right,  
but the sweet taste  
in our young mouths  
was the American way of life.

—Eric Chock