

**Yuly,  
Magda,  
Jeidy**

**Three girls the size and shape of jelly beans  
appear at my door  
clutching chewy pink balloons  
with faces scrawled on their tacky surfaces**

**They smile up at me  
just like their balloon creatures  
through the crack between my monitors  
past the snow drifts of responsibility on my desk  
begging to play**

**I decide to join their world.**

**We play piano together,  
each to an octave and then not at all--**

**Three cinnamon faces with squished noses  
and half-grown teeth like stalactites  
and wild hair and happy eyes**

**We play piano like stegosaurus,  
pudgy hands smashing keys  
flat feet on ancient earth**

**We play piano like Rhode Island reds,  
pecking out flats and sharps,  
hurling lightning bolts of dissonance into the air**

**Thirty tiny fingers with marker smudges  
and saccharine nail polish  
Suddenly, life is sweet.**