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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