

**THOSE BRIGHT BROWN EYES**

I put my fist out toward his nose...  
    bright brown eyes opened wide...  
    he backed warily away.  
He was a little guy not yet 2...  
    closely watched by mother and brother...  
    I was an old guy stranger.  
We were all in the optometrist's waiting room...  
    passing time...  
    being a little silly.  
The little guy eyed me carefully...  
    I put out my fist again...  
    inviting him toward me.  
I never know why little one's like this game...  
    a poke-in-the-nose game  
    I've played with children for half a century.  
He came close so my fist gently touched his nose...  
    he smiled and backed away...  
    then moved toward me for another poke  
And again and again and again...  
    first shy smiling then laughing...  
    we were friends I think.  
I guessed them Hispanic maybe Mexican...  
    possibly Guatemalan or other Central Americans...  
    bright-eyed people buying glasses.  
I gave a last passing "poke" as we left...  
    those bright brown eyes following me  
    all the way out the door.  
We read news of people around the world...  
    seeking refuge from situations we can't imagine...  
    some at our own borders.  
Many living among us for many years  
    fear the I.C.E. agents (why do I keep thinking "SS"?)  
    even taking little guys like this away from parents.  
We're told that compassion must submit to law...  
    People who believe that  
    have never looked into those bright brown eyes.

Art Morgan, June 9, 2018