

MICHAEL HILL

STUTTER

Sometimes when my son speaks
a word gets stuck in his mouth
like it was gum on a hot summer sidewalk
stuck to the bottom of a shoe,
one syllable stretching all the way out
to the breaking point, whereupon
he resumes what it was he was saying.
Other times he just stops
and starts over again, eyeing
that particular square of concrete warily
as he re-approaches, and not just for gum,
but for splits, heaves, cracks
and anything else that words can get lost in.