

MY WRITING HELMET TIM DONNELLY



The kid is twelve if that
Skinny, pale, scabby
This battle will be a joy to him
He is a man
See, he has been given a helmet
It will not protect him
He will not save his village
Or his family
His malnourished body will be slopped in two like nothing

He knows it
Smiles into the mirror for hours
The helmet is a useless thing
Strips of leather woven crisscross
Hanging down the back of his neck
It will not save his head
It will not save his neck
He grins as if he were given a helmet made of gold
He is a man

Tim Donnelly is a special ed instructor and poet. Currently he co-facilitates The Last Word poetry series in beautiful downtown Berkeley. His alleged chapbooks include Velcro Heart (Shelf Life Press, 1989) and A Season In Bed (Gettenrad Press, 1998.) Mr. Donnelly is a Leo and wants everyone to know he just celebrated his 40th birthday.

