More Reading Habits

for Graham

My son is suddenly a great lover of books
And is just now tearing through his first novel:
The Brothers Karamazov. Six-months-old,

He rips along page after page, curling
The deconstructed fragments in his fingers.
He waves them overhead to see how they fly,
Then sticks them in his mouth, chews, savoring
For himself the complexities of translation.
Now he pauses, reflective, and decides

If he should swallow the story or spit it out.
For though he’s nobody’s connoisseur, he is
A shrewd poststructuralist who’s founding his own school,

While there, at the kitchen table, his father
Tries to digest what happens to the old man,
Buffoon who gets, alas, what he deserves.

—Nick Norwood