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Thank You But Don't Buy My Babies Clothes with Monkeys on Them

Costco Pulls "Lil Monkey" Doll Off Shelves

—KTLA News headline

"It's so unfortunate because now it's portrayed as a purposeful act to be disrespectful and that's not true."

watch the carriage turn to a monkey cage,
but for now, see the sugared ladies lean
in, the stroller's mouth wide. they are greedy
for toes, for fingers, for lips plump before
those tiny, bright incisors. and why not?
these babies are almost people. ladies
with candy-addled handbags would give, give, give
but the pudgy arms stretch, reach. growing feet
claim earth. lips draw back at the wrong angles,
withholding the grins the ladies demand.
what must they turn into? when do purses,
aburst with strawberry and cherry sweets,
crawl into the ladies' chests, their hearts pressed
up and out into their blenching throats?

“We really apologize. We don’t think in that way.”

see **WHAT IT DO**?
& do say what
IT IS?

if evil
here
WHAT IT DO?
swing some into history’s way

if evil here, who hears it?
a tree falls in the rigged jungle
(nobody here
but us _____)

if evil here, who sees it? **WHAT**
some see what sum gets the get
of the once got. (how much that lil
monnnkey in the window?)

if evil here, who speaks it? **DOES**
retail re-tell the re-tailing of— (nobody here but us.)
history has a way **IT DO** don’t you think?
?

“We don’t operate in that kind of thinking.”

here:

[if] throughout history black baby bottoms’s blue as baboons’s noses.

[if] throughout history black babies get blue black bottoms
’til the stump of their circumcised tails black over.

[&] a circumcised black baby tail must not be discarded but kept
for later for show.

[thus] a circumcised black baby’s tail was often for
showed after removal in a jar or dried on the mantle
below the buck bust.

[i.f.] sing a blues of black bottom! sing a blues of blueblack bottom!

[if] throughout history history has a way with blueing black babies.

[or] say history has a history of blacking black babies.

[or if] a history of blueblacking black babies blue.

[e.g.] peekaboo black babies’s a black mama gut bucket blues.

[i.e.] you wanna see ma’s black baby?

[&] jigaboo black babies is history blacking over a blue black hide.

[thus] picayune black babies’s history’s way
of knowing black babies is discarded
to hide its history of blacking black babies
blue as a baboon’s nose knows tails.

[q.e.d.] pitiful black-at-the-bottom babies!

“We have a really diverse, family operated company that’s been around for 28 years.”

precious
 lil monkeys! curlicued tails troop queries on my babies. curious
 lil monkeys and the uniformed overseer—who can tame them? unruly
 lil monkeys no ways tired with new IDs and bipedal reveries. musing
 lil monkeys’s pointless—stick them with sticks! big leaps
 lil monkeys: go chew on the saw of “fruit-falls-when-ripe.” wait! hungry
 lil monkeys! smiling lil monkeys climbing pajamas.
 lil monkeys pincer the cribs, bent senators my daughter’s onesie. leering
 lil monkeys’ hands all murder sopped! put your hands up! hissing in lil monkey beards.
 lil monkeys shot. love for lil monkeys,
 lil monkeys?! humans over motherfucker!
 lil monkeys over babies, bucking on the lamps,
 lil monkey shadows on my son’s face. messing the light, smearing
 lil monkeys jibber from the nursery, porch, the street.
 lil monkeys —a-ha! freeze! lil monkeys
 lil monkeys foul my babies’ clothes like blood, like shit.
 lil monkeys no no
 thank you no lil monkeys
 noo thanks
 noo o o ooooo



“What would we have to gain for heaven’s sake?”

yes yes black babies’s born already with four-finger
tuxedo gloves over bristling fists of opposable thumbs.

black babies’s born in tuxedos or in tatters
but stay born tuxedo-gloved for their prehensile feet.

when said babies wear monkeysuits over birthday suits they’re
still naked but for four-finger gloves on their bunches of genitals.

every several hours a black baby’s born with a hunger
for what the gloves cover. fling cash to gag its palms.

one such baby may be ID’ed as blacker than not black. tall as not taller.
its four-finger gloves—you’ll discover—seem reddish. it went down that
street!

they found a black baby then we did too. had to get it down with a ladder.
when it was swinging it didn’t need four-finger tuxedo gloves. no cover at all.

Section titles are quoted from Mary Gustoff, CEO of Brasskey Keepsakes.