

## *The Ice Cream Man*

The taste of salt water runs south,  
And the painful pressure in my throat begins to choke me.  
I'm not the only one who waves down the man.  
The man in van, with sweets for those who pay the price.  
This big, built, broad, man, gives kids sweets.  
Mom gives me money to give this man for sweets.  
I don't need money.  
He gives me sweets for another price.  
He has a son, same age, and size as me.  
He wants to know if the undies fit just right.  
My sweets come free, if I try them on for him.  
They fit perfect. Better than they should.  
The man gets sweaty, And the van gets hot.  
He gives me my push-pop, and sends me on my way.

--Kimberly Salazar