

## Dear Mozart(The Stuffed Monkey I Got on my Second Birthday)

It's hard to say why you're so special to me  
A gift from my uncle the day I turned two  
A stuffed monkey knit of gray, blue, and green  
With striped pants and a big grin  
Of yarn that was still fresh and soft to the touch  
And a body well stuffed and not yet limp  
Around the waist where I would hold you

They always said I'd grow out of my dolls  
And in fifth grade it seemed like everyone else already had  
I wanted to play make-believe and build fairy houses in tree nooks  
But all they wanted to do  
Was sit and play truth or dare  
Talk about boys  
And their favorite celebrities

When we asked about our crushes  
They would say things like, "Pete", "Liam", and "Ryan"  
And I would say my monkey  
Was the only one for me

To which they would laugh because they were used to it  
How could they take it seriously?  
I was young and immature  
And I couldn't understand love like they did

Now my monkey is old and worn  
The soft yarn fraying  
Holes formed and I would lovingly stitch heart shaped patches  
To cover them up  
You were my best friend  
And even if I did eventually grow out of my dolls  
I never grew out of you