

## Our Toddler

~ Robert Thomas ~

So, the infant we cuddled, the baby we knew,  
In a phase not too distant, in months that were few,  
Well, he's bigger and better, and wow this is neat -  
Now a child on the go, now a boy on his feet.

From his lips come the words that amuse and astound,  
He explores in his banter, his thoughts roll around,  
And we goad and we question and draw him along,  
Let the words fall out rambling - no wording is wrong.

And he'll play as a builder with blocks on the floor,  
He is building a tower, he'll build it up more,  
Or the blocks will be cranes or a boat or a car,  
And I smile to be told what he's building so far.

Let him prance in the halls, let him brandish a rake,  
He'll assist with the laundry, I trust for its sake,  
In the kitchen he'll putter, arranging the bowls,  
And the dishes concocted from air he extolls.

But his climbing concerns us, with cautions declared,  
Though he's cute as he clambers up cupboards unscared,  
Just to gain the far faucet to wash his own hands,  
And my awe of his movement subdues reprimands.

And he jumps in my arms and I squeeze him alright,  
And I seethe in my joy and I squeeze with my might,  
In his ear I proclaim that I'll squeeze to my fill,  
And assure him he'll ever be squeezed as I will.

And he's sought my embrace just to cry on my chest,  
In an angry wet moment he gives me a test,  
Then he giggles at length when I tickle his chin,  
And I hoist him on high and I savour my win.

At my job, at my desk, in some tedious work,  
I'll be seized and I'll stop and I'll mull with a smirk  
As his frame comes alive and I see his big smile,  
And I dwell on my fortune - light headed - a while.

Yet I constantly think of the years just ahead,  
All the challenges pending, the things to be said.  
Though imperfect my skill - and I learn every day,  
May the counsel and wisdom I feign guide his way.

For, the toddler who babbles and tumbles and cries,  
Well, he shines in my future, my life's in his eyes -  
As he seeks and he grows and he chides, and we're  
charmed,  
Immortality triumphs and time is disarmed.