

Parenthood

They're difficult to explain, never fully understood.
The totally unpredictable vagaries of Parenthood.
God gives us just a year and a bit to be gently broken in
Then all hell just breaks out when the little darlings begin
To talk, to beg, to question, to ask over and over again
The same things they asked yesterday and you can never guess when
Their words will cause embarrassment, laughter or delight
When the same little darlings don't get it right.
Their clinically simple logic would try a mastermind.
Real answers to some questions can be devilishly hard to find
But what joy it gives all parents to watch their offspring try
To make sense of our wonderful world with 'who?' and 'what?' and 'why?'

And though you now remember just who said what and when
How good will be your accuracy five years on or ten?
So write down those special quotes, keep a special file.
It may take a little time but you'll find it so worthwhile
To be able to state categorically it was number three not two
Who at the age of two-and-a-half astounded you-know-who.
I did just that myself more than thirty years ago
Along with medical records as I watched my children grow.
I confess I eagerly eavesdropped as they were engrossed in play
Noting down the more outrageous things they had to say.
Be it sill, wise, hilarious I have forever more
Exactly what was said and when by ONE, TWO, THREE and FOUR.

Anne Halbert